

SKETCHES
of DECEASED
LAYMEN.

The title is presented in three horizontal bands. The bottom band, 'SKETCHES', is on the left and is supported by a decorative bracket with a diamond-shaped tassel hanging from it. The middle band, 'of DECEASED', is centered and features a sunburst design above the text. The top band, 'LAYMEN.', is on the right and is supported by a decorative bracket with a diamond-shaped tassel hanging from it. The entire title is framed by ornate, symmetrical flourishes on both sides, including a stylized plant on the left and a decorative finial on the right.

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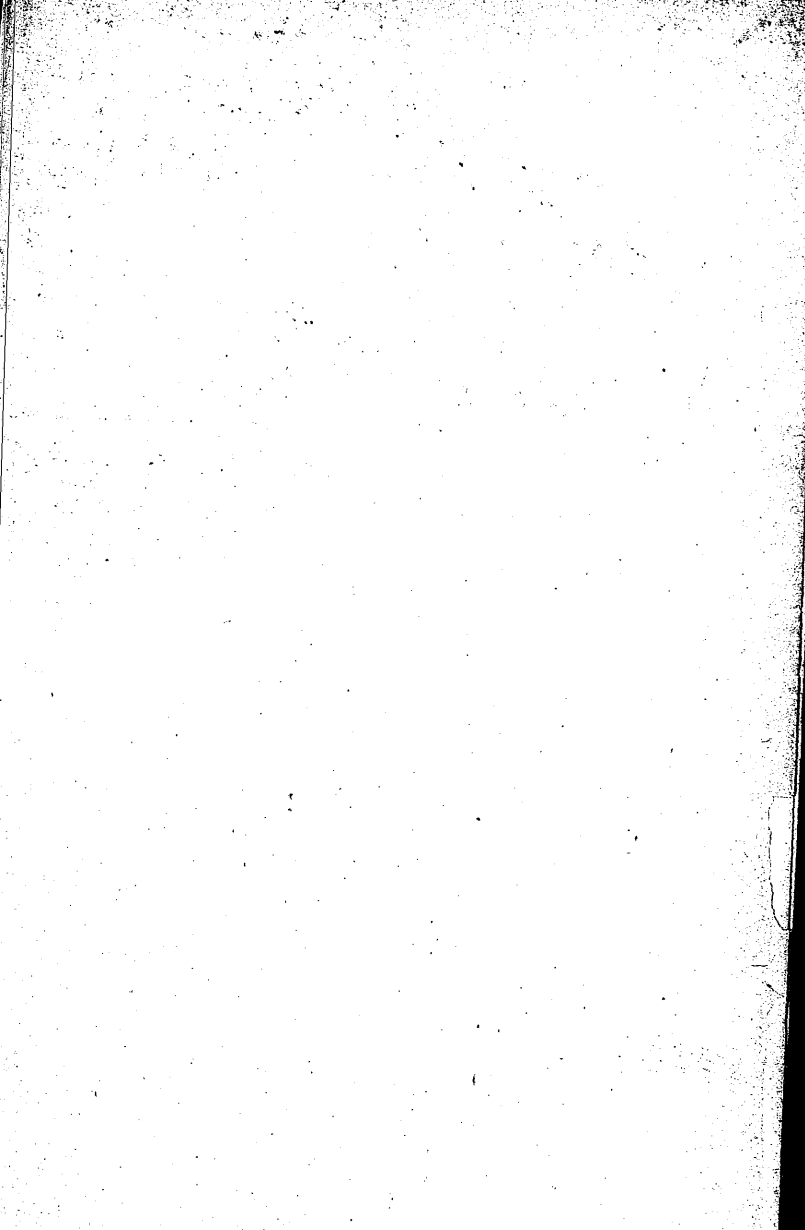
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II

PILLARS IN THE TEMPLE;

OR,

SKETCHES OF DECEASED LAYMEN

OF THE

Methodist Episcopal Church,

DISTINGUISHED AS EXAMPLES OF PIETY AND USEFULNESS

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

BY REV. WM. C. SMITH,

OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY C. C. NORTH.

NEW YORK:

CARLTON & LANAHAN.

SAN FRANCISCO: E. THOMAS.

CINCINNATI: HITCHCOCK & WALDEN.

1872.

B X 8491
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PREFACE.

THE sketches of the men whose narratives are recorded here we have felt were too valuable to be lost.

An earnest desire to embody them in a permanent and available form for the comfort and satisfaction of surviving friends, and the spiritual benefit of all who may be pleased to read them, led to the conception and execution of this work. This, indeed, has been the all-inspiring thought.

Next to the Bible, religious biography contributed more to my salvation in childhood than all the other books I ever read. Never while memory endures can I forget its influence in molding my character, and shaping my destiny when a Sunday-school boy, more than forty years ago.

These men, with "single eye" and fixed purpose to glorify God, worked their way up in the world, surmounted difficulties, attained distinction and honor among men, became "Pillars

in the Temple," and now, "being dead, yet speak."

The preparation of this volume and giving it to the public has been attended with considerable labor and anxiety. Besides personal acquaintance with many of the subjects of these sketches, we have had recourse for our material to correspondence, Church journals, published reports, and public and private libraries.

We also acknowledge important aid from many prominent ministers and laymen of our Church.

If our work shall bring consolation to the bereaved, do good in the world, and thereby accomplish the design of the author, all who have in any way aided us in its preparation will not lose their reward.

W. C. SMITH.

NEW YORK.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Church stands aghast at the sudden death-shocks which of late have come upon her. Forms of strength and beauty, to which the eyes of the people have turned with confidence and delight, have rapidly disappeared, and as the hosts of the Lord pass on with sublime tread, the heroic mien and cheering voice of many a leader are seen and heard no more. As Methodists, we are passing through a new and sad experience.

Until a short period our standard-bearers have disappeared one by one, like single stars in the heavens; but recently they have gone out in clusters, leaving vast spaces which God alone can fill. The fact that three of our Bishops have gone down under the burdens of the Episcopal office within two years has perhaps attracted the gaze of the Church more particularly to the ministry; but the havoc has been really no less among the laity. With each fallen minister lies a prostrate layman. Having kept company in the Church militant, they go up in couples to the Church triumphant. Kennedy and Moore, Thomson and Wright, Hagan and Odell, Kingsley and Ross, M'Clintock and Cornell, Nadal and Cobb, Foss and Halsted, Clark and Stout—these, and such as these, have co-operated in the work of the Church; they have sprung from the same Methodistic origin, have exhibited the same devotion, have glorified God in

the same fields of labor; why then should they of the ministry alone be perpetuated in biography?

The author of the present volume has seen and felt all this. Having given to the public "Sacred Memories," wherein he selects from the ministry the names he would render illustrious, he now turns to the larger hosts of the laity, and gathers for the Church the rich treasures with which this volume abounds.

It is of necessity a work of selection. The author might have found in every community subjects worthy of biography. From his central position in the metropolis of New York he needed only to raise the inquiry, and every Church would have offered the records of some venerated founder. But he has wisely confined his choice of names to a few only, and especially to those best known to himself. It is to be hoped that the present work is the forerunner of others. The field of laborious lives and triumphant deaths among the laity is rich and ripe, and a thousand sickles will not exhaust the harvest.

It is opportune to bring out this volume in this epoch of our Church history, since, by the recent concurrent action of the great body, in form and substance the ministry and laity in legislation and labor are to be one.

As this record of honored laymen is pondered, may a new inspiration fall upon us who survive! and may the courage and zeal which marked their lives be so infused into the whole body that every man's life shall be a record of labor, and every man's death a moment of victory! C. C. NORTH.

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PILLARS IN THE TEMPLE.

HENRY MOORE.

HENRY MOORE, son of Samuel and Naomi Moore, was born in Fort Lee, New Jersey, July 29, 1797. He experienced religion when sixteen years of age, in the old Duane-street Church, New York.

While attending a series of revival meetings in this Church he became deeply awakened. His friends tried to induce him to go to the altar; but he said, "I want religion in the pew; Lord, bless me here." But he said afterward that a voice kept saying, "Go to the altar and get it." He finally made up his mind to go, and accordingly followed his brother Richard. Scarcely had he put his hands on the altar-rail when the Spirit of God met him in great power in the pardon of all his sins. He joined the Church, and lived a faithful member of the same until death.

Rev. J. A. Roach says, "It is always a matter of grief for a Christian pastor to be con-

strained to record the death of a worthy member of his flock ; but rarely is the duty so painful as in the case of our Brother Henry Moore. He was so intimately associated with every thing that is good in the Church of his choice, so prompt and active in the discharge of all the obligations of his spiritual vocation, so untiring in the various enterprises that engaged him, so happy and useful in the diversified spheres of his benevolent and Christian activities—such was the light of his example that shone on us, the ardor of his piety that warmed us, the force of his character that inspired our reverence, kindled our zeal, and sustained our purpose—that his death is felt to be a public calamity, and his removal from the Church on earth justifies ‘great lamentation.’ In all that constitutes the highest moral excellence, he was a prince and a great man in Israel. He was converted to God in the seventeenth year of his age in Duane-street Church. At eighteen he experienced ‘the blessing of perfect love,’ and for more than forty years was a living witness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. He was appointed class-leader in 1819, and was licensed for exhortation in 1824. He died on the 15th of February, 1860, in the sixty-third year of his age. He left a wife and four children, all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church ; and the Seventeenth-street charge, of

which he was an official member at the time of his death, mourns with them their common but irreparable loss. In the simplicity of his heart, in the singleness of his aim, in the purity of his spirit, in the consecration of all his powers to God, we might say of him as Jesus did of Nathanael, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.' He was a ripe Christian. Though abounding in charity to others, he had no reservation of spirit or substance. He was a holocaust to God. He admired the temple of Christianity as presenting both strength and beauty; and it was his delight to enter her courts, approach her altars, and feel her fires. His religion was eminently spiritual; while he was scrupulously exact in the observance of the external duties of the Christian, he feasted upon the marrow and fatness of the Gospel, and spoke of religion as 'sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.' One that had narrowly observed him in daily intercourse for the space of ten years, though of a skeptical mind, after seeing him in the relations of business, of social, of domestic, and of public life, abandoned his unbelief, and yielded his heart to God. Who ever knew him, in the days of his youth, to neglect attendance upon his class? At what time, as a leader, did he fail to be present and improve his charge? When did he feel exhortation was demanded, and decline the duty? What

object of merit ever appealed to him without a satisfactory response? Under what circumstance in the pursuit of business was he diverted from the straight line of holy principle and practice?

“Henry Moore, as a man, had his frailties; but they were amid such an association of bright virtues, they were so manifestly the incidents of human nature, and were so happily concealed from those who best knew him, that they afforded but little room for the criticism of even the captious. His last affliction was painful and protracted, and though at its commencement he felt no premonition of his early departure, he said he was ready for his Heavenly Father’s will. During his sickness he enjoyed ‘great peace and gracious assurance.’”

Among his last utterances were the words, “Salvation, full, free, complete! Salvation, salvation!” Living and dying, this was his theme. As his numerous friends called to see him, his uniform expression was, “I am on solid rock.” And though amid the winds that blew, and the floods that fell, the earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolved, his spiritual house knew no dissolution, for it was founded upon a rock. “When you look at my body,” he remarked, “do not say Henry Moore is dead, but that he lives in a more congenial clime.” When asked if afraid to die, he answered, “I

have the victory over death." Strength failing him, unable to do more, he raised his hands in token of triumph, and tried to pronounce, "Victory, victory! halleluiah, halleluiah!" So lived, so died, this precious saint of God, whose praise is in all the Churches of New York city; and the future generation, who cannot, like the present and the past, enjoy the advantage of his example, shall nevertheless find in his memory an illustration of the truth of the Scripture, that "a good name is better than precious ointment," and that the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" What son of the prophets, what disciple of the school, has taken up his fallen mantle?

When dying his brother sang the hymn commencing,

"Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

When he came to the last verse,

"Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure,
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure,"

the dying man joined in the singing, and repeated the last words of the last line several times, *Must endure, must endure!* These

were his last words. He then lifted his hands twice toward heaven, and, like Stephen, "looked up steadfastly into heaven," and that moment the "Lord Jesus" received his spirit. Those who were standing around his bed and witnessed the glorious scene, involuntarily exclaimed, *Victory, victory!* This they felt was realized in the triumphant death of Henry Moore.

His Christian character was such as readily convinced *strangers* that he was a true Christian, "A living epistle, read and known of all men."

Once a stranger in the city who had started out on a Sabbath morning to find a Church, saw a man walking along on the sidewalk. He said to himself, "That man is a Christian, and I will follow him." He at length found himself in the old Allen-street Church. The man unconsciously guiding the stranger to the house of God was Henry Moore.

The stranger was not mistaken in his man, and was led from that circumstance to seek God.

Among other sayings of the dying saint were these, "When I cease to breathe, and when you take your last look of me, don't say, *He is dead*. No, I shall not be dead, but alive forever more; and no doubt my spirit will then be present and endeavor to administer comfort to the loved and bereaved ones."

David Demarest, a friend of the deceased, embodied these dying expressions in the following lines:

"Say not '*He is dead*,' though lifeless here

You see this mortal body lie ;

'I shall with Christ, my Lord, appear ;

My soul, myself, can never die.'

"Say not '*He is dead*.' 'It is not me

You see enshrouded for the tomb ;

O'er death I have the victory,

And live 'mid Eden's fadeless bloom.'

"Say not '*He is dead*.' 'Companion dear,

Submissive bow to heaven's will ;

In Jesus trust ; be of good cheer,

His promise will be with thee still.'

"Say not '*He is dead*.' 'Dear children all,

Brothers beloved, and sisters too,

I heard my blessed Saviour call,

And now his glorious face I view.'

"Say not '*He is dead*.' It cannot be.

'I live with Christ, my living head ;

From earthly woes he set me free,

And now the plains of light I tread.

"'No, *I'm not dead*, nor distant far,

That I can ne'er to you return ;

For we God's ministering spirits are,

And with his purest flame we burn.'

"Then when the Master calls for thee,

You'll cheerfully say, Here, Lord, I am ;

And, with the blood-washed company,

Ascribe salvation to the Lamb."

One that knew him well said he was the second Carvosso of our Church.

HON. JOHN M'LEAN, LL.D.

JOHN M'LEAN, an eminent jurist and statesman, was born in Morris County, New Jersey, March 11, 1785.

When he was about four years old his father removed to the West and settled first at Morgantown, Virginia, and then removed farther west, and resided seven years in that part of Virginia which was soon after erected into the State of Kentucky. In 1797 he removed to the North-western Territory, and settled in the southern part of what is now the State of Ohio. Here at a very early age John was sent to school, and, for one whose opportunities were so limited, he made very great proficiency. His father could not send him from home to be educated, and he was employed in the labors of the farm till his sixteenth year.

At this age, with the hearty concurrence of his parents, John determined to leave home and place himself under the instruction of teachers who were competent to impart to him a knowledge of the languages, and other branches of an academical course.

Under the direction and aid of these teachers he made rapid advances in the acquisition of a thorough education. He generously declined

all assistance from his father, and determined to rely upon his own resources to sustain him in his favorite pursuit of knowledge. While under the instruction of Mr. Stubbs he taught school one quarter, and cleared a piece of land for a farmer, to raise funds to meet his expenses for tuition and board. This honorable course on the part of the youth clearly indicated the certainty of his success, while blessed with life and health, and furnished assurances to his friends of his future greatness.

When about eighteen years of age he engaged to write in the office of the Clerk of Hamilton County. Having determined to study and pursue the law as a profession, this employment not only enabled him to support himself and aid his father, but invited him directly into the practical part of the law. In the agreement he reserved a portion of each day to be applied to the study of his profession, which he prosecuted for three years with good success under the direction of Arthur St. Clair, an eminent counsel, then of Cincinnati.

During young M'Lean's continuance in the clerk's office he was faithful and indefatigable in the performance of his double labors. He was a member of the first debating society formed in Cincinnati, and took an active part in all its discussions. Here he carefully trained himself in those habits of analysis, logic, and extempo-

aneous speaking, which prepared him for his future and more important duties of statesman and jurist. Here, too, it is probable his aspirations led him to determine that he would aim at an exalted mark, and make the highest intellectual development and distinction the prize of his ambition.

In the spring of 1807 Mr. M'Lean was married to Miss Rebecca Edwards, daughter of Dr. Edwards, formerly of South Carolina, a lady of most estimable character. Soon after her marriage there was added to her amiable disposition and other excellent qualities experimental and practical religion, so that she was thoroughly prepared for the distinguished position she was called to fill; and for thirty-three years she presided over the domestic affairs of her large family with much wisdom and discretion. In December, 1840, she peaceably passed away from earth to her home in heaven.

In the fall of 1807 Mr. M'Lean was admitted to the practice of the law, and settled at Lebanon, Ohio. Here his talents, business habits, and agreeable manners immediately attracted the attention of the people, and he was very soon introduced to a lucrative practice at the bar. For a time after entering upon the practice of his profession he inclined to be skeptical in his views of religion. His character, however, for integrity was well established, and before his

conversion he maintained in that community an unblemished reputation. Under the ministry of Rev. John Collins, of precious memory, one of the most faithful, eloquent, and successful pioneer Methodist ministers in the western country, he was rescued from the dangers of infidelity, and brought to a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. This extraordinary change took place in 1808 or 1809, on this wise: Mr. Collins had an appointment to preach in a private house at Lebanon. At the time fixed the people crowded the rooms, and many had to stand about the doors. Among these was Mr. M'Lean, who stood where he could hear distinctly, though, as he thought, unobserved by the speaker. During the discourse, however, he fell under the notice of Mr. Collins's keen eye; and his prepossessing and intelligent appearance attracted, at the first glance, the notice of the preacher. He paused a moment and mentally offered up a short prayer for the conversion of the young man. After Mr. Collins resumed, the first word he uttered was "eternity." That word was spoken with a voice so solemn and impressive, that its full import, it seems, was felt by Mr. M'Lean. All things besides appeared to be nothing in comparison to it. He soon sought an acquaintance with Mr. Collins, and a short time after this accompanied him to one of his appointments in the country; and, at the

close of the sermon, he remained in class to inquire "what he must do to be saved." On their return to Lebanon Mr. Collins told his young friend that he had a request to make of him which was reasonable, and he hoped would not be rejected. The request was, that he would read the New Testament at least fifteen minutes every day till his next visit. The promise was made and strictly performed.

At first Mr. M'Lean laid his watch on the table before him, so as to be exact as to the time, but the interest in the Scriptures so increased that the time spent in reading was increased daily. After this a covenant was entered into by the parties to meet each other at the throne of grace at the setting of the sun. The agreed suppliants had not continued their daily, united, and earnest prayers long before Mr. M'Lean was justified by faith, and realized the great blessing of "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

It seems his growth in grace was commensurate with his political advancement, so that, amid the temptations of nearly fifty years of public life, he was enabled to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, and "keep himself unspotted from the world."

Mr. M'Lean had a high appreciation of the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a faithful attendant on

her public services, and found rich enjoyment in the use of the means of grace generally. He was always an ardent lover of his class-meeting, and, whenever practicable, was constant in his attendance at those weekly meetings. When at Washington city it was his uniform habit to attend class at sunrise every Sunday morning. His leader once said, owing to the heavy cross he had to bear, he desired the Judge might sometimes fail to attend ; but the wish was vain, for he was present at every meeting as certainly as the leader himself. For a length of time the Judge, while in Cincinnati, found a class, met by Christopher Smith, of precious memory, that suited him exactly ; it was at the hour of sunrise, and it is believed he was never absent when at home. It is sincerely desired that this example will have a good influence on some modern Methodists who, so far from attending class at *sunrise*, fail to attend at more convenient hours.

Judge M'Lean was ready on all suitable occasions "to give a reason of the hope that was in him with meekness," and to defend the truths of the Bible, throwing the whole weight of his influence into the scale of genuine piety. Indeed he was one of those living epistles that may be "known and read of all men," walking worthy of his high vocation. He and his family were once in attendance at a camp meeting in

Ohio. One of his children, being affected by the heat in the crowd, was fretting, and he took it into a cooler air near the border of the large congregation. While there the person conducting the meeting called aloud upon all to join in prayer. Mr. M'Lean complied by kneeling before the Lord. A man who knew him looked at him with perfect astonishment. He inquired in himself, "What motive can influence that man to bow down in that humble attitude, surrounded here with a careless multitude who incline to scoff at him and his religion? It can not be a desire for popularity, for he has as much of that as any man need to have, and that does not seem the right direction to secure an increase." Finally he was conducted to the conclusion that there was an invisible, fixed principle in his heart and conscience, by which he was influenced to try to please his God, and implore the divine blessing on his fellow-men. And he added in his thoughts, "I suppose this is what they call religion. If it be worth the acceptance of M'Lean, I ought to receive it. If he needs it I much more." At that moment, through the agency of the Divine Spirit, he was awakened to a sense of his condition and danger as a sinner, and commenced praying for pardon and salvation, and never rested till he was a happy Christian. Some time after he related in a love-feast meeting the manner he

was brought to Christ. Mr. M'Lean may never have heard of this case; yet in the developments of the day of judgment he may know that through the agency of the Spirit one sinner was saved by his silently worshipping God on his knees.

For several years prior to the declaration of war with England the whole country was greatly excited with the question, and all were expected to take sides either for or against the measure. Mr. M'Lean identified himself with what was then known as the Democratic party, and cordially approved of President Madison's administration, including his recommendation of war. In 1812, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, Mr. M'Lean became a candidate to represent his district in Congress of the United States, and was elected by a large majority.

His first appearance in Congress was at the extra session called in the summer after the declaration of war. At this session he originated a bill, which afterward became a law, to indemnify individuals for property lost or taken for the public service during the war. At the ensuing session he introduced a resolution instructing the appropriate committee to inquire into the expediency of granting pensions to the widows of officers and soldiers who had fallen in the military service of their country. This measure of justice soon became a law, and initiated that

generous policy to which the veterans of the Revolution and of the war of 1812 and their widows and orphans are indebted for the pensions and bounties so liberally bestowed upon them by their grateful country. These important measures were in exact accordance with the benevolence of his nature, and contributed largely to the well-earned popularity which he already possessed. His able and effective speech in defense of the prosecution of the war was delivered at this session. It was published in the leading journals of that day, and furnished an earnest of that eminence which he was destined to attain. Though young, his marked ability secured for him a position on the two leading committees of the first Congress of which he was a member—on Foreign Affairs and the Public Lands.

In the fall of 1814 he was reëlected to Congress by a greatly-increased and overwhelming vote. In the following winter he was solicited to allow the Legislature of the State to elect him to the Senate of the United States. This he declined, preferring to retain his position in the House as an immediate representative of the people, not only because it was more agreeable to his democratic sentiments, but because, also, he thought he could serve his country to better advantage in that relation.

Mr. M'Lean was a zealous advocate of Mr.

Madison's administration, and warmly took sides with the Democratic party. Not that he blindly committed himself to all the measures proposed by his party; for he who will take the trouble to turn over the public journals of that period will find that his votes were mainly given in reference to principle, and that the idea of supporting a dominant party merely because it was dominant did not influence his judgment or deter him from the high path of duty which he had prescribed for himself. This independent course of action on his part, never in the smallest degree lessened the consideration in which he was held by his party. Nor did it diminish the influence which he so justly acquired and exerted among his own immediate constituents. Party lines were not so tightly drawn then, nor was there any attempt made to control the private judgment, independence, and consciences of men, as now. Combinations of men are often necessary for the accomplishment of important ends; but when party power is abused, and its spirit interferes with matters beyond its legitimate bounds, it becomes a despotism which is to be dreaded and shunned.

In 1816 he submitted to become a candidate for the bench of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and was unanimously elected to that office. He brought to the discharge of the duties of

this new position every necessary qualification for a judge, and his services in the judiciary were appreciated as a public benefit to the whole State. In the meanwhile his reputation became more widely extended throughout the country.

In 1822 he received from President Monroe the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land-Office. This he accepted, and removed to Washington City. He, however, remained in this position only till July, 1823, when, in consideration of his well-ascertained ability and peculiar fitness for executive duties, he was appointed by Mr. Monroe Postmaster-General. He entered upon this responsible and difficult trust in opposition to the advice of many of his friends. And, although it was argued that no one could acquire reputation in that office, he determined to trust, as he always had done, the virtue and intelligence of the people, and entered the office with a fixed purpose to devote his days and much of his nights to the discharge of its duties. The finances of the department were in a very low condition, and it had utterly failed to secure the good-will and confidence of the people. Under his administration of the office order soon came out of the chaos, and the respect and confidence of the public were freely accorded to his superior management. Inefficient and improper contractors, postmas-

ters, and other agents of the department were dismissed, and their places supplied with men capable, efficient, and trustworthy. The entire action of the complicated machinery of this department was controlled and regulated by him in person, being done under his immediate supervision and with his own sanction. In a short time the finances of the office were in a most flourishing condition ; great dispatch and regularity were given to the mails ; and, as far as the state of things then existing would allow, the commercial intercourse of the whole country was carried on with the utmost celerity, certainty, and ease. Thus was the wisdom of President Monroe clearly exemplified in the selection of the ablest officer ever placed at the head of the Post-Office Department. And no one can now estimate how much the whole country is indebted to the eminent executive ability of John M'Lean for the establishment of that system and order which have since made the administration of the office comparatively easy, and rendered it so great a convenience and blessing to all the people of these United States. It is not too much to say, that, since the complete and triumphant success of Mr. M'Lean in the management of the Post-Office Department, we believe no one capable of appreciating the strength of evidence has ever doubted his patriotism, his integrity, his ability, or his

energy and decision of character. And will it not be readily admitted that he had every requisite qualification for the discharge of the duties of any department of our government?

The high satisfaction Mr. M'Lean had rendered his country as Postmaster-General secured for him the respect and esteem of all parties; and so universally popular was he among all the people that President Adams, on his accession in 1825, seems never to have entertained a thought of supplying his place with another, but, with true nobility of soul, which can appreciate virtue in a political opponent and tolerate an honest difference of opinion, Mr. Adams urged him to continue in the Post-Office Department, and Mr. M'Lean consented. Both these patriotic gentlemen did themselves great honor in agreeing to unite, each in his appropriate sphere, to administer the government for the promotion of the welfare of the whole nation. This was, no doubt the great end that secured the harmony and employed the stupendous powers of these two honest men in their country's service.

After accepting the position under Mr. Adams Mr. M'Lean took no active part in politics, as he considered it incompatible with the strict administration of his office to do so. Party feeling did not run as high then as now. He definitely stated to President Adams that he would not use the office for his reelection or

for the election of General Jackson to the Presidency in 1828. This honorable course, which he deemed just and proper, he deliberately prescribed for himself, and scrupulously and faithfully adhered to it. At that time the Postmaster-General was not a member of the council of the President, nor had the custom, "more honored in the breach than the observance," of removals for opinion's sake, become the practice of successful parties; so that the office did not then partake necessarily, as now, of the character of a party appointment.

When Mr. M'Lean accepted the office the salary was four thousand dollars; but in 1827 a proposition was made in the House to increase it to six thousand. It passed both houses almost unanimously. The eccentric Randolph, of Roanoke, in most complimentary terms remarked that "the salary was intended for the officer and not for the office, and that he would vote for the bill if the salary should be made to cease when Mr. M'Lean should leave the office."

In 1828 the severe contest between the advocates of Messrs. Adams and Jackson for the Presidency terminated, and resulted in the election of the latter. On the arrival of General Jackson at Washington, preparatory to his inauguration, on the 4th of March, 1829, and when he was about selecting the members of his cabinet, he sent for Mr. M'Lean, to ascertain if he were

willing to remain in Washington and take part in the new administration. In the interview thus sought by General Jackson, before any proposition was made, Mr. M'Lean frankly avowed the principles by which he had always governed himself in the exercise of the appointing power. General Jackson, with warm expressions of regard and confidence, urged him to remain in the office of Postmaster-General. This offer, after full deliberation, he felt constrained to decline. In subsequent interviews the War and Navy Departments were successively tendered for his acceptance, and pressed upon him with unbounded professions of friendship. Arrangements had already been made which precluded it, or the Treasury Department would have been tendered also. Mr. M'Lean respectfully declined them all. The spirit of party had become exceedingly bitter and acrimonious, and threatened to overleap all the bounds by which it had hitherto been confined. He saw it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to take part in the new administration, without the sacrifice of some of those fixed principles which he had long practiced with credit to himself and advantage to his country. Retirement from public life seemed to him, under the circumstances, not less necessary to the consistency of his character than congenial to his inclinations. Providentially, as we believe, the services of this "hon-

est man" were secured to the government and people of these United States. The very position was then vacant the most agreeable to his feelings, and one that he was in every way suited to and qualified to fill. General Jackson, three days after his inauguration in 1829, nominated him to fill a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court. The nomination, we believe, was confirmed by the Senate unanimously.

The Supreme Court of the United States is the highest judicial tribunal in the country, and, we suppose, in the wide range of its jurisdiction, takes cognizance of far more questions, and possesses more extensive powers than are intrusted to, any other court in the world. It may be said to constitute the great balance-wheel of the happily-adjusted machinery of our government; and on a faithful discharge of its functions, to a great extent, depend the harmonious workings of the whole and the prosperity of the country. To be elevated to the position of Associate Justice of this Court must, therefore, be regarded as a high distinction and honor. But on those who possess that honor there rests, also, a fearful amount of responsibility. And, indeed, if they faithfully meet their obligation and discharge their duties, their labors will be equal to their responsibility and their honor.

The labors of Judge M'Lean were exceedingly onerous, not to say oppressive. He remained

at Washington throughout the entire sessions of the Supreme Court, and from that time till the Court met again he was almost constantly engaged in the labors of his circuit, which was far more extensive, and embraced a much larger amount of business, than the circuit of any of his colleagues. Indeed, it seems almost impossible that any other man could endure the same amount of physical and mental labor which he performed annually without sinking under it.

For several years Judge M'Lean had been the only survivor of those venerable men who were on the supreme bench when he was appointed. Chief-Justice Marshall, who had long been the ornament of that tribunal, and Justices Story, Washington, Johnson, Duval, and Thompson, had all been cut down as by his side. It is a singular fact, attesting alike his unshrinking fidelity to his public trust and the vigor of his physical constitution and sound health, that, except for a few days, Judge M'Lean had never been absent from the sessions of the Supreme Court since he first took his seat on the bench, twenty-nine consecutive years.

Justice M'Lean took a prominent part in all the leading questions which had been decided by the Court. In a large share of the cases he delivered the opinion of the Court, in others he gave his individual opinion, coinciding with the majority, and in some he dissented,

and assigned strong reasons for his non-concurrence.

He had always been known as an antislavery man, considering the slavery of our country sectional, and that it subsisted only by virtue of the law of the place where it existed, and derived no sanction from the law of nature, to which it was repugnant. These views were consistent with the whole tenor of the decisions and opinions of the Supreme Court from its establishment up to the date of the decisions and opinions of a majority in the Dred Scott case.

Chief-Justice Taney, after deciding the question of jurisdiction, which he might have included in a few short paragraphs, elaborated at great length the proslavery doctrines, and said many things which startled the nation, and shocked the feelings and moral sense of millions of his fellow-citizens; but these things were not constituted law, and, as Judge M'Lean distinctly said, "were no authority." His argument, in which he dissented from the majority of the Court, is a master-piece of judicial and legal reasoning.

The bereavement of Judge M'Lean in 1840, by the loss of the wife of his youth and the mother of his children, was the severest affliction which such a man can endure.

We deem it very proper to say that in 1843 he married Mrs. Sarah Bella Garrard, daughter

of Israel Ludlow, Esq., one of the founders of Cincinnati; a lady extensively known and admired for the graces of her person, the amiable charms of her manners, and the accomplishments of her refined and cultivated intellect. She too had applied herself to the great interests of religion, which is woman's richest treasure and her brightest ornament.

Judge. M'Lean was tall, well-proportioned, and commanding in his person, with an appearance indicating great physical and intellectual energy that promised many years of usefulness. His general habits of life had always been simple, abstemiously temperate, and free from ostentation. His temper was highly cheerful; his manners frank, pleasing, and dignified; and his conversation instructive and eloquent. He possessed in a rare degree those excellent qualities and that happy faculty, which at once inspired the confidence and respect, and won the warm attachment, of all with whom he associated; being courteous to all of every class. Diligent justice and benevolence guided him in his entire career as a citizen, a lawyer, a statesman, and a judge. His was a distinction which will endure while the Constitution and the Union have a place in the memories of men.

His name was prominent among the candidates for the presidency in 1856 and 1860. His health was infirm during the January term of

1861, and after his return home his disease rapidly increased till his death, which event occurred at Cincinnati, April 4, 1861, aged seventy-six. He died in peace.

His departure was sudden. Only two days before his death he rode into the city and seemed not only to enjoy the ride, but to be refreshed by it. The next day his disease developed itself in great severity. During his sufferings he was much in prayer; his soul seemed to be going out after God, the living God, in whom he had so long trusted. Again he rallied and gave promise of recovery. But it was only a delusive promise. Relapse soon followed, then a sinking into unconsciousness, and that unconsciousness deepened into the dread slumber that knows no waking till the resurrection morn.

Judge M'Lean is now numbered with the illustrious dead. Most of his early associates in the public service had already preceded him to that "country, from whose bourne no traveler returns." Madison and Monroe have long been numbered with the dead. Jay and Kent, and Story and Spencer and Shaw have passed away, leaving behind them monuments of legal erudition which can never perish. Marshall, too, whose mighty intellect towered in majesty and strength, compelling the homage of the great and good of the land; John Quincy Adams, the

able statesman and the invincible patriot; Andrew Jackson, the man of iron, whose most brilliant victory on the battle-field is eclipsed by the splendor of that glorious sentiment, "The Union must and shall be preserved;" and Webster, the great advocate whose eloquence stripped error of its disguises and lent even to truth an additional charm; and Henry Clay, Kentucky's great son, whose every heart-throb was true to his country, and to whom is awarded the immortal honor of preferring to do right than to being President of the United States—these and others now form the stately galaxy of our national sky. In that galaxy another star has been placed, and there in undimmed brightness shall it shine forever. About twenty years ago, when dedicating the beautiful cemetery where his ashes now slumber, Judge M'Lean said, "In a short time I too must become a co-tenant of this domain, and visitors will look upon my grave as I now look upon the graves of others." That prophecy is now fulfilled. In that same address he said, "But we look for a better inheritance. The Saviour has sanctified the grave and broken its chains." Illustrious man! ennobled by virtue and enriched by faith, the consummation of thy hope has been reached, the problem of thy destiny is solved, and thou art "forever with the Lord!"

ALFRED A. LA DUE.

ALFRED A. LA DUE, the son of Samuel and Mary La Due, was born in East Fishkill, November 27, 1817.

His father was a pious man, and became a very acceptable Local Preacher.

Alfred, being blessed with religious education, was early led to give his heart to God. He became a pious young man, and early gave promise of usefulness. But leaving home while yet in his youth, and coming in contact with the cares and temptations of the world, his religious zeal was greatly abated, and the fine gold became dim.

O how many young men have made shipwreck of the faith during the forming stage of their Christian character! Alas, how many have been totally wrecked! Not so with the subject of this sketch. In after years, and under favoring influences, the good seed sown in his young heart by his pious father sprang up and appeared in rich and abundant fruitage in after years. When he had come to years he committed himself anew to God and the Church. The Methodist Episcopal Church was his choice, and to it he devoted his best energies with the

greatest vigor during the closing years of his life. He was actually a Pillar in the Church at Cold Spring, on the Hudson, where he resided, and his remains now repose. In the spring of 1861 the writer was appointed to the charge of the Church in Cold Spring, and had an opportunity of knowing Brother La Due intimately. I ministered at his bedside and performed his funeral rites. O what a loss the Church sustained when Alfred A. La Due died ! But on his loving companion and three little children the blow fell seemingly with terrible severity.

He prospered in business, and was liberal in the support of the Church. He filled with great acceptance the offices of leader, steward, trustee, and Sunday-school secretary. The Church deeply mourned his loss ; he was one of her best members.

Scarcely less was he missed in the business community. He had a growing popularity as a citizen in the town. He was filling the office of civil magistrate, to which he had been elected for a second term, at the time of his death.

He was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and extensively known in business circles, among which his death was regretted as a great loss. His illness was short, and his death sudden and unexpected to all. The day before he died, as we inquired with reference to his prospects, he

said, "My trust is in God." He was never very emotional or demonstrative. So in his closing hours he was calm and tranquil. About three o'clock on the morning of his death he said, "How dark it grows!" And "he was not, for God took him." At this writing his widow and children still survive, and mourn for him, who, though "absent from the body is present with the Lord."

He died in Cold Spring, N. Y., November 4, 1861, aged forty-eight.



JOHN B. EDWARDS.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

JOHAN B. EDWARDS was the son of James R. and Alice Edwards, and was born in the town of Trumbull, Conn., March 4, 1804. He was the seventh of a family of ten children—three sons and seven daughters. Removing with his father's family to Middlebury, Vt., during a revival in that place his sisters Maria and Anna experienced religion, and he received his first religious impressions, and "felt the need of a change of heart." He was then about twelve years of age. From that time until he "obtained mercy" his young heart was greatly

agitated by conflicting emotions. At Woodbury, which place the family had removed from Middlebury, "while old Father Sherman was exhorting the people, and weeping over them, he formed resolutions to go home, enter his closet, and pray to God; but mixing with his young companions on the way home, his resolutions were forgotten." The Holy Spirit nevertheless continued to strive with him, and one day, while plowing in his brother's field at Huntington, Conn., the terrors of death and judgment so seized his mind that he kneeled by the side of his plow, and, raising his eyes toward heaven, he cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" But he found at that time no relief. Feeling the importance of acquiring an education that would qualify him to teach a district school, he applied himself to his studies closely, and received certificates of recommendation and the necessary legal credentials.

Encouraged by these testimonials, he left home in quest of a school. To this circumstance he very touchingly alluded in a letter, written to his oldest son in 1849, thus: "I have passed through scenes, especially in the earlier part of my life, that you have never known—never can know, on account of your more favorable situation and circumstances. With but a very limited education, without means, without religion, without influence, I started with my little

bundle in my hand from home, for a destiny I knew not what, among entire strangers. There were nine chances out of ten that I should go astray and make shipwreck, and but for a gracious Providence, I should have done so."

He crossed the Hudson to Newburgh, thence traveled northward about eight miles, but failing to find a suitable school he returned to Beekman, "considerably cast down."

After he had left home—and when he was in the nineteenth year of his age—his sister Maria wrote him a letter, dated Trumbull, July 2, 1823, in which, as a true Christian sister, she said: "My dear brother John, you are now setting out in the world, and I heartily wish you may become a useful and respectable member of society. My anxiety for you is beyond description. As a sister, deeply interested in your welfare, I cannot avoid saying a few words with regard to your associates: let your companions be few, and those few of the highest order. Keep good company." This letter, so full of sisterly affection, was as the voice of an angel to his young heart. When he received it he was teaching his first district school in Pawlings. It proved to be the guiding star of his destiny. His sister Maria probably failed to realize the influence of her pious, earnest pleadings, and that her silent voice was destined to control his future conduct. In alluding to

this letter, he wrote in 1849, "After I left home, I received a letter from my sister Maria, in which she said to me, 'Let your associates be of the very best kind.' This short but comprehensive lesson I observed with much tenacity, and this, in part, accounts for the stability of character I have been enabled, in some degree, to sustain."

In the twentieth year of his age he commenced teaching a district school in the town of Dover, New York. His employers were so much opposed to the Methodists that they sent word to his father that if his son was a Methodist they would not hire him. As, however, he had not made a profession of religion, they employed him. At the expiration of the first three months "God again awakened his soul." And, although opposed and persecuted, "he resolved to serve the Lord." Trembling on account of his sins, he cried to God for mercy, obtained favor in his sight, and angels carried the tidings to heaven, that the dead was alive and the lost was found. For about three months subsequently his mind was afflicted with doubts, but God then spake to him in accents of mercy, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." Alluding to this circumstance, he wrote in his diary, "O how sweet was redeeming love to my soul! I rejoiced continually in the love of God, and had

an abiding witness that I had passed from death unto life. One half was never told me.

“O, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break.”

“I now thought it my duty to join society, that I might enjoy the privileges of the Church, and be established in my principles. Accordingly I joined class.” Desiring to apprehend the perfection of the religious character, he groaned after it. “I used to pray for it [says his diary] six or seven times in a day constantly, and it appeared for a few weeks as though I was back-sliding all the time. But in a little prayer-meeting one evening, the Holy Ghost filled all the house, and I rejoiced in perfect love.” In his wife, daughter of Abram Charlock, to whom he was married by Rev. Noah Bigelow, November 15, 1826, he found a helpmeet in his religious life, as well as in all other respects. And the Church believing him qualified, by gifts and grace, to be useful as an exhorter, he received from Rev. Noah Bigelow an exhorter’s license, January 30, 1827. He studied the science of book-keeping in New York, and afterward occupied the position of book-keeper in the well-known firm of Parker, Wilson, & Childs, hardware dealers.

In April, 1842, he obtained the appointment of book-keeper in the Methodist Book Concern,

which he retained, with credit to himself and the satisfaction of the Agents, until his death. During his residence in New York he was connected with the Willett-street Church, Second Wesleyan Chapel, in Mulberry-street, Thirtieth-street, and the Central Church. When he removed from the city he took his transfer from Central, and united with the Church at Yonkers, of which he was a member when he died.

On the 7th of September, 1858, his wife went to her final rest. Three of their children had gone before her. Mrs. Edwards's declining health was a subject of painful solicitude to him, and in earnest supplication he besought God in her behalf. April 25, 1858, he wrote to his son: "I have never seen the hour but what I felt it my privilege to entreat our heavenly Father to spare her. I have trusted him for thirty-four years, and witnessed his power and love in my behalf, and in the behalf of my own dear family. Shall my faith give way now? The past year has been one of intense anxiety, sometimes of sorrow, though not of despair. I mean to trust in God, though he slay me and mine. Now and then I hear his voice above the tempest, and feel the power of his promise, 'Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God.'" But death came at length, and the spirit of his beloved wife was transferred from her children on earth to those

who were already garnered in heaven. She had been a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a humble Christian. Those who knew her, esteemed and loved her for the qualities of her mind and heart. To her kindly influence Brother Edwards was greatly indebted for the molding of his religious character. "In all the higher, nobler attributes of a wife and mother she shone pre-eminently. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her; she had done him good all the days of her life, and her children rose up and called her blessed."

"Two weeks previous to her death we received the melancholy tidings, by telegraph, that our dear Freddie was drowned. While our dear boy was playing on a raft in a pond near the house at New Hackensack, Dutchess County, he lost his balance and was drowned. When I received the above telegraphic message at my office, I feared to go home to tell the sad news to my dying wife. But when I communicated it to her, she struggled, and moaned as only a mother can for her youngest born; then remaining silent a few minutes, she clasped her hands, and looking me full in the face said, '*It is all right*'; how much better that this should happen while I am with you to help you bear it; and then the thought of leaving that darling boy has cost me many a struggle. It is all right.' She continued from that time to sink

slowly, suffering mostly from extreme debility. Her confidence in God was unshaken ; she said she was not afraid to die, and on the morning of September 7, 1858, without a struggle or groan, fell asleep on the bosom of Jesus." Sustained by the consolation of religion, and cheered with the assurance that the departed were at rest in heaven, Mr. Edwards applied himself, as a true father, to his business, and watched with ceaseless vigilance over his motherless children.

He was married to his second wife, Miss Mary S. Edwards, an estimable lady of Oswego, September 22d, 1859. She was worthy of the companionship of so good a man, and became to him a cheering light during the sequel of his life. His marriage was also pleasing to his entire family.

His character was well balanced by a combination of those qualities of mind and heart that constitute amiability ; and grace had so adjusted the attributes of his nature as to produce symmetry of form and harmony of action. He greatly assisted in originating the German Mission enterprise in New York, and took a deep and active interest in aiding those Christian women who founded that noble charity of the Methodist Episcopal Church known as "*The Old Ladies' Home.*"

Punctual and untiring in his business engagements, as well as in the performance of his duty

to the Church, home was nevertheless ever sweet to him. He loved his family circle; and instead of spending his leisure hours in other associations, he returned from his business to the companionship of home. A cheerful, devoted wife and affectionate children, ever ready to welcome him, rendered home—what every man's home should be—attractive; and true to the affections of a husband and father, he joyfully yielded himself to its gentle influences, and the domestic circle was the center of his social being—his chosen bower for repose—the place of his retreat from the bustle of life. In the diaries which he kept for the years 1849, 1855, 1856, “at home,” “at home this evening,” frequently occur.

He was careful to provide for the temporal wants of his children as well as to counsel them concerning their business affairs, but the subject of their salvation absorbed every other consideration. Regarding them in their relation to another world, and perceiving the connection between a religious life on earth and eternal life beyond the grave, he wept, prayed, and counseled that they might become the children of God.

In a letter dated July 20, 1844, to his oldest son, he wrote: “O, my dear son, don't delay devoting yourself to God and his Church, for this must be the great regulator of your

heart, your education, and your life. Much may depend on you with regard to your dear mother and brothers. If I should be taken from you, who will that mother lean upon but her eldest son. And how it would comfort my heart, and soothe my dying hour to feel that my sons had embraced the religion of the Bible; that they were under the watchful care of the Church, and would pursue that course which would do honor to themselves and the memory of their father. Let the Bible and the closet have their appropriate share of your time and studies."

Again he wrote, November 12, 1844: "My dear son, do this winter, while you are preparing to launch out into the world, seek the God of your father. Spend some time every day in your closet on your knees, and reading the blessed Bible. How has your father gained his character and standing? Not by dollars and cents, but mainly by embracing religion in his youth, and exhibiting a Christian character in riper years."

February 25, 1845, he wrote another letter to one of his sons, who was then a student of that estimable Christian gentleman at Newburgh, Mr. John Alzamora, of which the following is an extract: "Your letter, with Brother Alzamora's, came to hand, and its perusal gave great satisfaction to your anxious parents. Jacob said, 'If I am bereaved of my children,

I am bereaved ;' and if our children take a vicious course it is much more than bereavement. I wept over your letter with tears of comfort, and be assured, my dear son, I have one deep, controlling anxiety about you, and that is, that you may be a Christian. Last Sabbath evening, while on my knees in secret, the thought of my dear son pressed upon my heart, and the reflection came over me, 'Perhaps at this hour of prayer he may be reflecting upon this very subject, and resolving to be a Christian.' Was it so ? "

Humble in spirit, gentle in disposition, and kind in feeling, he was an agreeable companion. He had no need to study the rules of politeness. That which art produces is cold and stiff. His was warm and plastic. In the conferences on official business, at his office, and in all the walks of life, his genial spirit beamed from his eye, lighted up his countenance, gave vitality to his words, and warmth to his extended hand. Never obtrusive nor dogmatic, he avoided giving offense. His urbanity was not confined to clerical circles and the associations of the grave. It was in him as light in the sun—lighting up the pathway of old age, and cheering the heart of childhood ; and long will he be remembered as a noble type of a Christian gentleman.

As an exhorter, leader, trustee, superintendent of a Sunday-school, etc., he was earnest

and faithful; his counsels pathetic, and his supplications ardent. Unostentatious, he was, nevertheless, prompt in meeting his religious obligations. He was frequently importunate in prayer, and unyielding in his faith. Many, groaning beneath the burden of sin, have obtained mercy while, upon his knees, with crying and tears, he interceded for them. During revivals of religion he was always active. The minister could rely upon him at all times as a co-laborer. He was ready to every good word and work. Evangelical in his religious views, and tenacious of his doctrinal sentiments, he was emotional also. His heart was warm. With those who mourned on account of sin, he mingled his sympathizing tears; and with those who had "obtained redemption," he praised God with joyful lips. The spirit of religion pervaded and sanctified all his relations in life. It ennobled his nature, refined his social feelings, intensified his home affections, made him a cheerful friend, an attractive superintendent, an efficient exhorter, and an effective leader. His feet stood "within the gates of Zion," and he loved the "courts of the Lord's house." In his diaries allusion is frequently made to his religious enjoyments. "My soul happy in God;" "Good day to my soul;" "My soul is prospering;" and corresponding phrases, often occur.

For the 31st of December, 1855, there is the

following: "No watch-night in Tarrytown to-night. I was very much disappointed, as I have not missed being present at watch-night before in thirty-one years. I close the year in peace with God and all mankind."

His religious devotion was not mere zeal for denominational success, but the devotion of a renewed and honest heart. It was devotion produced by the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. It was devotion to Christ, and for the glory of his cross. It was a living flame ever burning on the altar of his affections. And the light of that devotion, though it shone humbly, shone brightly. With no disposition to covet the observation of others, his light, nevertheless, was set on a candlestick, that it might give light to all that are in the house. Many were cheered by its radiance, and were able to discover its relation to its infinite source. He was extensively known, respected, and loved. His beautiful handwriting, in the filling up of Missionary Certificates, may be found in the families of thousands; and his memory will be respected and cherished, not only by his relatives, but by an extensive circle of Christian brethren in the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

On Thursday, April 10th, 1862, he left his office at the Book Concern, at twenty minutes to four o'clock, for the purpose of taking the four o'clock train for Yonkers, where he resided. In

attempting to get on the up-car, at the corner of Canal and Watts streets, another car coming down at the same time placed him between the two. In trying to get out of the way of the down-car he was knocked down by the car he was striving to reach, and was caught by the wheels of the other. He was immediately taken up by a policeman and some citizens, and carried to the nearest Station-house. He did not speak ; opened his eyes but once, and, without the slightest indication of suffering, died in about three minutes after the accident occurred. His funeral services were conducted by his Pastor, Rev. Mr. Keyes, Revs. Dr. Foster, G. S. Hare, J. B. Wakeley, and others, at the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, a large congregation of sympathizing friends being present to participate in the solemn exercises.

His remains were taken to Nichols' Farms, Conn., where they were laid down among his kindred, to await the resurrection "of them that sleep in Jesus." O that he had been permitted to pronounce his farewell blessing on those he was leaving. But Providence directed otherwise. And with the thought of home, as a sunbeam lighting up his way, his spirit was transferred to his more glorious home in the better land. 'Twas well ; he was ready. "Be ye ready also, for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

Mrs. S. J. Goodenough, an intimate acquaintance and friend, pays the following tribute to his Christian character: "Among the leading characteristics of his religious life were great fervor and power in prayer. There were in his forms of expression a loftiness and reverence truly impressive and sometimes sublime. As a class-leader and exhorter he had but few equals. There was always something in the depth and richness of his religious experience suited to every phase and circumstances of life, and the young, as well as those of more mature years, seemed conscious that he who addressed them held intimate relations with Deity. Another characteristic was a tenderness of conscience that held no compromise with practices equivocal or ambiguous in their tendencies. He was as true to his enlightened conscience as the needle to the pole.

"He was very sympathetic with every form of physical and mental suffering, and many can attest to his gentle ministrations at the bed of the sick and dying.

"A more affectionate and devoted husband and father it was never my privilege to know; and the thousand little nameless cares and duties which men generally ignore, but which contribute so much to the comfort of the home circle, he as naturally performed as if they were a part of his daily life."

AMZI DOOLITTLE.

AMZI DOOLITTLE was born in Cheshire, Conn., August 18, 1788. When a little boy his parents removed from the East and settled in a pleasant ravine on the western slope of the Catskill Mountains. Here he spent his boyhood, riper years, and old age. Here he lived, died, and was buried. Amzi, being bereaved of his parents, who were in humble circumstances, was early thrown upon his own natural resources. These were a discriminating and sound judgment, prudent foresight, self-reliance, caution, honesty, industry, and perseverance. With these attributes of character, he contended manfully and heroically with the toils, privations, and varying fortunes incident to all settlers in a comparatively new and wilderness region. But to these, and all subsequent allotments of Providence, he bowed with uncomplaining submission. From obscurity, his temporal circumstances gradually arose to those of comfort and competency, while his Christian character, the meanwhile, stood in the midst of the community like a tower of strength. Convinced of the truth and importance of the Christian religion, and that, in order to be happy and useful, he

should "seek first the kingdom of God," at the age of seventeen, without any revival influences prevailing in the community, he earnestly commenced seeking the salvation of his soul. One day in the autumn of 1805, while out in Nature's own temple all alone, wrestling with God as did Jacob, suddenly he "prevailed." He found the precious "pearl" for which he had sought so diligently and prayerfully. The internal change was so striking, that, looking up and around him, every object looked as if burnished with fine gold. Every plant, shrub, and tree seemed to praise God. To use his own language—"As I looked up, my soul overwhelmed with the love of God, a gentle breeze stirring the leaves and trees around me—all seemed to be praising God, when these words came into my mind, and I exclaimed,

"Rejoice! rejoice! all ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.'"

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and lived and labored, a consistent member of the same, until his Master said, "It is enough, come up higher!" The evidence of his conversion was so strong and clear that he never doubted its reality during his whole life. He was often heard to say that he could no more doubt his conversion than doubt his own existence. He said the evidence of his acceptance

was as clear as the sun. Soon after he joined the Church he was elected to the office of trustee, and appointed steward and class-leader. These offices he continued to fill with great acceptance through almost the entire term of his Church-membership. He filled the office of trustee when the old church was built; and in that office his name stands on the deed as one to whom the Church property was first conveyed to be held in trust. His name appearing on various instruments and legal documents of the Church, shows plainly that he was fully identified with all her temporal interests.

He filled the office of steward for more than forty years, and when he became so infirm that he could not render efficient service, and requested that his name should be left off from the list, it was still retained out of respect for his former efficient services. His brethren said they would excuse him from active service, but desired to retain his name on the list of stewards while he lived. He continued to fill the office of leader until his death, excepting for one or two short intervals, when he was relieved, by his special request, for a brief period.

In colloquial discourse he was especially gifted. His conversation invariably seemed "seasoned with grace," and ministered to the edification of all who were privileged to enjoy it. We think it no exaggeration to say he was

“filled with love and a sound mind.” In prayer and exhortation he was “mighty.” These were characterized by such a degree of strength and divine unction that those who listened to them could say, “How dreadful is this place!” “It is none other than the house of God.” The united sentiment of those who knew him best, I believe, is, that if he had followed his impressions of duty and the guidance of the Spirit of God fully, he would have made a useful minister of the Lord Jesus. Diffidence and distrust of his own abilities would not allow him to enter upon that work, to which he and others felt that he was early moved. As it is, the laity of the Church has seldom had a more humble, pious, and devoted example.

With him and his kind family the weary itinerant always found a cordial welcome and a hospitable hand. In the long list of names we could give of those who shared in the hospitalities of his Christian home stand the names of Rev. Henry W. Reed, and Rev. Francis Burns, late Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa. The former, now a prominent minister in the Iowa Conference, made his home at Father Doolittle's while traveling the Windham Circuit many years ago. Among those whose names are more familiar to our readers, and who shared the hospitality of Father Doolittle, were Brothers Ostrander, Rice, Jewett, Martindale,

Buck, and others. Bishop Burns spent much time in his family when he was yet a young man, and teaching school in this vicinity previous to his entering on the work of the ministry. It was here that he was converted.

A few years ago, when Bishop Burns returned from Africa to a visit to this country, he spent several weeks with Father Doolittle's family, for the double purpose of recruiting his health, and enjoying the reminiscences and associations of days long since gone by.

The disease of which Father Doolittle died, and from which he had suffered more or less for fifteen years, was consumption. He was able, however, to ride out occasionally, and walk out of doors, and about his room, until nearly the last day of his life. He retained his gentleness fully till his spirit took its flight. The Sabbath before he died he sent farewell messages to the class of which he was a member, and of which he had so long been the leader.

When asked, "Should you be taken away what word would you leave for absent friends?" he replied, "Tell them to take care of their souls, is the substance of what I have to say." Being asked how he felt, after a little he said, "I feel strong in the Lord, no condemnation; yet I do not feel that joy that I could desire. I have thought the Lord would dispel this gloom; perhaps I shall die without it. The Lord do as

seemeth him good. I do not know as I have any fears respecting the future."

Conscious that his end was drawing near, he prayed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." On the morning of his death his son asked him if Jesus was precious; to which he bowed his head. His dear family had now gathered around his bed to see him die. He looked on his children affectionately, and in broken accents said, "Farewell."

His weeping wife was standing on the other side of the bed; he turned toward her and said, "The Lord bless you, give you supporting grace, and bring you safe to glory. Farewell." He breathed shorter, and expired without a struggle or a groan.

He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, and a confiding friend. He maintained the character of a Christian in his family, in the Church, and in the world. He and his house served the Lord. He lived to see all his children, six in number, converted. These were early taught to fear God and keep his commandments, and said when they came to years, "My father's God shall be my God, and his people shall be my people." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Mr. Doolittle was twice married. His first wife was Miss Betsey Lewis, of Greene County,

New York, in whom he found a worthy companion and excellent helpmeet.

On February 28, 1832, he married for his second wife Miss Betsey M. Bouton, daughter of Mr. James Bouton, of Delaware County, N. Y. She was a most estimable Christian lady. She was every way worthy of so good a husband. To her the words of the Wise Man are highly appropriate: "She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

He was brother-in-law to Rev. Sanford Bouton, missionary in the Valley of the Delaware, in 1829, and Rev. James D. Bouton, of the New York East Conference.

He died in Ashland, Greene County, N. Y., November 6, 1863, aged seventy-four.

In the life, character, and happy death of Amze Doolittle, we have a most striking illustration of what genuine piety can do in elevat-

ing its possessor from humble circumstances to those of comfort, usefulness, and honor. It secured to him a hundredfold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. Let all who knew him follow his bright example.

DAVID DEMAREST.

DAVID DEMAREST was born in the town of Hackensack, New Jersey, March 7, 1803. His father, James Demarest, and his mother, whose maiden name was Maria Westervelt, were among the earliest Methodists in this country. They removed to the city of New York when David was but seven years of age. Being blessed with pious parents who were careful to train up their child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, he earnestly sought and found the Saviour when but eleven years of age. Having given evidence of sound conversion, he at once connected himself with the Greenwich Village Church, which subsequently became known as the Bedford-street Methodist Episcopal Church, and is now the largest Church, numerically, in the metropolis. In this Church he continued many years, acting most of the time as leader and chorister. Subsequently he

united with the Jane-street Methodist Episcopal Church, where he also served as chorister. It was in this Church that the writer became acquainted with him in 1854. David Demarest was one of the most popular Methodist singers and choristers in New-York city.

Here he was greatly beloved by the Church and Sunday-school; and though years have elapsed since the term of his active service closed, yet till this day the memory of David Demarest is fragrant, and his name is as ointment poured forth.

He subsequently resumed his membership in the Bedford-street Church, where he lived a consistent and devoted member until death. His talent as a singer made him popular. His services were much sought after, and thousands will recollect his majestic voice on the old Sing Sing Camp-ground.

He possessed considerable poetical skill. The writer has been held for hours in a state of mingled surprise and delight in the examination of a large book of original manuscript poetry, which, if printed, would make a large and respectable volume. The themes are various and well chosen. The music, as well as the poetry, is original, and is set to nearly all the pieces.

Did the plan of this work permit, we could not delineate his character better than to give extended quotations.

His work, I judge, must have been intended for publication. It begins with an introduction embracing twenty verses, from which we quote the following :

"No claim do I make to poetical skill,
But still I've a mission no other can fill;
Though humble the effort, I have a design
To instruct, if I can, both with music and rhyme.
I never can reach to Parnassian heights,
Or shine with our modern poetical lights.
As well with a taper illumine the sun,
Or a snail in a race with an antelope run."

From a poem entitled the "Worship of the Forest" we make the following extract :

"When wandering in the lonely wood
Or, mid the shady bower,
In sweetest meditative mood
How pensive was the hour.
The lovely flower whose head was raised
Above the scattered leaves,
Its Omnipresent Author praised
Beneath the waving trees.
It drank the sweets of dewy morn,
Rich blessings from above,
Its beauty did the place adorn —
An emblem of God's love.

The following lines were written on the death of Willie Cornell, little son of the late W. W. Cornell. They embrace his dying expressions :

"Mother dear, the cloud is breaking;
Father, see! the angels come!
Listen! hear sweet music waking;
They have come to bear me home.

"Yes! O yes! the cloud is breaking,
Shining ones are drawing near;
Soon my spirit they'll be taking
Where, with Jesus, I'll appear.

"Look up, view my spirit-brother!
Eddie has a crown for me:
Don't you see him father, mother?
Soon with him in heaven I'll be.

"I am going! come and kiss me;
Hurry up! good-bye, good-bye!
Soon, dear pa and ma, you'll miss me,
But we'll meet above the sky.

"Now again they are appearing,
Hosts of angels—Eddie too!
O, he speaks, so sweet and cheering,
'Willie, I have come for you.'

"Yes, dear pa, I must be going,
But we'll come again for you;
There from living fountains flowing
Joy we'll drink forever new.

"I am ready; yes, I'm dying;
Sister, come and kiss good-bye.
Hurry up, I hear them crying;
Soon with me they'll homeward fly.

"Now I see my mansion yonder,
Crowns of glory sparkling there;
O, I'm filled with joy and wonder!
Robes of spotless white we'll wear!

"We a triune band of brothers,
Moses, Eddie, Willie—three,
Soon will come for you and others
Of the broken family.

"Then when we have all ascended
To the heavenly plains of light,
Mortal with immortal blended,
We again shall reunite."

The following specimen, entitled "The Rock that is Higher than I," was composed in April, 1860, when the author was near the close of life and in great heaviness :

"When clouds of thick darkness portentous arise,
Enshrouding with blackness the threatening skies,
To Jesus, my Saviour, for refuge I'll fly,
And hide in the Rock that is higher than I.

"While storms of adversity on me descend,
And fiery trials my pathway attend,
Though none to deliver may then venture nigh,
I'll hide in the Rock that is higher than I.

"What though the rude winds of affliction assail,
And round my lone spirit incessantly wail;
I'll cheerfully then that wild tempest defy,
Secured in the Rock that is higher than I.

"My heavenly Father will wisely direct
All things to his glory, both cause and effect:
Then passive as clay in his hands I will lie,
And dwell in the Rock that is higher than I.

"His promises are a munition of rocks,
In them is protection 'mid life's fearful shocks,
And when threat'ning billows shall tower on high,
I'm safe in the Rock that is higher than I.

"Ah! soon shall earth's conflicts and troubles be o'er,
When these shall disturb and distract me no more;
Then homeward to glory triumphant I'll fly,
To Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I."

Rev. S. D. Brown, his Pastor at the time of his death, says: "He was a man of peculiar equanimity, and his piety was of an even, steady character." A Christian brother, who knew him intimately from childhood, remarked that he never saw his temper ruffled but once, and that in his early boyhood. He was an earnest and humble Christian, and a faithful and efficient class-leader through a long series of years. As the leader of the choir in the Churches with which he was associated, he rendered signal service to the cause of Christ. His singing was, upon his part, an act of devotion. He ever entered into it with his whole heart, and with the feeling that this part of divine service was not to please, but to draw the soul nearer to its God. In his last illness he manifested unshaken confidence in Christ, and during a great portion of the time was filled with joy. For several days he was so feeble as to be able to speak only in a whisper, and none expected that he would ever again bear testimony to the power of religion, save in broken accents. But a few hours before his death his strength strangely returned, and he spoke of the love of Christ revealed to his soul in words that will not soon be forgotten.

He said to Christian friends at his bedside, "Sing some of those beautiful hymns we used so often to sing together." He then commenced

and sang the following words, with the beautiful chorus annexed. His friends joined in the singing :

“ Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name? ”

CHORUS.

“ I'd rather be the least of them,
Who love the Lord alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.”

He then commenced, and sang with a clear voice, and countenance beaming with delight :

“ Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless!
Jesus is mine! ”

He literally sang himself across the river, January 20, 1866. He is now singing with the angels on the other side.

MOSES F. ODELL.

MOSES FIELD ODELL was born near Tarrytown, on the Hudson, in the year 1818. He was descended of an old Huguenot family which has become numerous in Westchester County, and has thence spread out through the whole country. While he was yet a child his father's family removed to New York city, and afterward to Brooklyn, which became the place of his after residence to the end of his life.

Mr. Odell's parents were Methodists, and reared their children among the influences of the Church. Having always been of a blameless life, and a constant attendant upon the services of the Church and the Sabbath-school, Moses F., shortly after the removal of the family to Brooklyn, was converted, and united with the Sands-street Church, with which he remained till his death.

As a Christian Mr. Odell was eminently simple in his faith. Religion presented itself to him as an immediate power in the soul, producing an unfailing consciousness of the Divine presence. It did not seem possible, at any time, to detect in his mind a doubt either of his own present

salvation or of the truth of Christianity. So far he "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." This gave him a great advantage, by keeping him ever ready for Christian labor. It was easy for him to confess Christ; it was a pleasure to engage in religious worship; and it seemed impossible to turn him aside. This remarkable simplicity of faith was disclosed every-where. You saw it in church as he sat in the gallery at the head of a restless Sunday-school. His emotions awaited the touch of the preacher's word, ready to brim over in a succession of smiles, in hearty responses, and even in a gentle clapping of his hands. If you followed him to the prayer-meeting the same simplicity characterized him there. For a prayer-meeting the singing of Mr. Odell was worth a dozen choirs. He was the unvarying leader of all the singing at Sands-street, except that of public worship on the Sabbath. His smooth, round, sweet voice sung out the boldness and simplicity of his faith, and drew every thing about him into its own current. Prayer-meetings with and without Mr. Odell were very different things. He was a bold man who attempted to lead the music in Mr. Odell's presence, and he on whom the task fell in his absence was sure of the compliment of pity. Upon his return to Brooklyn, at the close of his first term in Congress, there was a sly and inquiring look among the brethren, which seemed

to ask whether or not Brother Odell would be as demonstrative in the church as before. They judged rightly that he had been in the fire ; but they did not wait long to see that its flame had not harmed him. He had not changed even on the outside. He now brought all the energies of his active nature into exercise in religious duties, and especially in the work of a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent. Under his direction the school of the Sands-street Church became one of the most successful we have ever known, in whatever properly belongs to a genuine Church Sabbath-school ; and probably a larger proportion of its pupils have become Church members than in almost any other school in the land.

With peculiar mental and moral adaptation for that calling, seconded by an untiring zeal in its prosecution, the Sunday-school became the great work of his life, and that on account of which his memory will be longest and most affectionately cherished.

In other departments of the Church he was also eminently active and successful. As a leader of prayer-meetings he had few equals, and as a class-leader he was held in high esteem. He was for a number of years connected with the General Missionary Board, where he rendered effective and valuable services.

It was, however, chiefly as the superintendent

of the Sunday-school that Mr. Odell excelled. If he was at home in the church and the prayer-meeting, he was a prince in the Sunday-school. We have never known his equal among the children. It is hard to tell what gave him his wonderful power. We incline to the opinion that it was rather a combination of qualities than any single excellency. The profound and simple reality in which religion came to his mind made him natural in every thing that related to it. In the little children he met a corresponding simplicity. There was nothing in them to suggest criticism, so that his whole power acted without a clog. But besides this simplicity of faith and grace, there was, after all, another of nature. Moses F. Odell had brought with him from childhood up to man's estate his boy-nature; he still saw with a boy's eye, with a young fresh heart, and was in the closest and most joyous sympathy with interior youthful life.

His mind, utterly foreign, and even hostile, to every thing abstract, saw things only in their living connections. A story to him, as to his children, was at once a feast of the heart and an incitement to good. I never knew him to get up in the Sunday-school as if to make a speech. He talked rather than spoke, and the children listened without a suspicion of a speech. They thought Mr. Odell was only working their

school, and that they must listen or they might lose something. Or rather, he converted the whole round of exercises into a pleasure and a privilege, even for the very young. This may sound extravagantly, but it is even less than the plain truth.

But Mr. Odell did not finish the work of a superintendent with the ordinary routine of Sunday-school instruction. The spirit which lent attraction to the exercises could not stop or rest in them. It pursued its divine aims by other methods. Hence, in order to gather the fruit of Sunday-school toil, Mr. Odell held meetings with the Christian members of the school, and invited such of the scholars as might be serious to attend. These were known as "the little meetings." They were held at the close of the afternoon session. The serious were invited forward for prayers; numbers were converted, and the gracious revivals which have marked the history of Sands-street Church for years past have nearly all begun here.

The interest of the superintendent did not cease even here. He was at great pains to find situations in business for such as needed his assistance, and wherever his scholars went he sought to perpetuate the bond between them and the school. It often happened that persons who had been lost sight of by the Church sent for Mr. Odell to visit them upon a sick-bed, and

the story of such visits, told in the school, drew many and many a tear, and gave rise to many a good resolution. Such recitals were not mere newspaper incidents, and sounded as little as possible like stories. They were, indeed, part and parcel of the very life of the school, and were told with such inimitable art, or rather with such a genuine touch of nature, as to appear like precious passages of family history. In a word, Mr. Odell was a born Sunday-school superintendent. It was the element in which he found his most joyful life. He was the same in this respect through the week as on Sunday, abroad as at home. He sought to inspire all his family connection with his own spirit, to bring all his friends to his aid, and, to a great extent, succeeded.

He received his education in the public schools of New York and Brooklyn, and while yet a young man was appointed to a position in the New York Custom-house, in connection with which he spent most of the active years of his lifetime. From the associations of his childhood he was brought into sympathy with the "Democratic" party, into whose interests he cast the whole force of his impulsive and generous nature, and of course soon gained the favor of his associates.

He was a member of Congress during the four years of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and

few names of those holding that responsible position during that critical period have a more honorable record.

In public life he never forgot or laid aside his religious character, or departed from the scrupulousness of his profession. His four years' residence at Washington will long be remembered by the leading Christians of that city for his earnest activity in every religious interest, and in the Sabbath-school cause especially. His religiously assumed pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks was as sacredly observed in Congressional circles as among his Methodist friends at home. All his official associates knew him as a steadfast and consistent Christian, and respected him accordingly.

His connection with the Committee on the Conduct of the War gave him large opportunities to exercise his generous impulses in behalf of the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, and his unostentatious recitals of his army experiences have been among the most thrilling war stories we have ever listened to. Scarcely any agent of the Christian Commission went more heartily into that peculiar work, and probably none more effectively discharged the offices of a comforter to the suffering and dying.

His Congressional record we have spoken of as especially honorable. Others did as well as he, but not in circumstances that so thoroughly

tested their integrity. Elected as an opponent of the Administration, and with very strong party affinities, he nevertheless followed duty at all needed sacrifice to party ties. To do so, confessedly cost him a great struggle, but conviction of duty prevailed. He voted, almost alone of his party, for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and for the Constitutional Amendment for the prohibition of slavery in the country.

Between himself and Mr. Lincoln there had grown up a more than political friendship, for two such hearts brought into contact were naturally drawn toward each other. With President Johnson he had an intimate and favorable acquaintance, formed while the two were fellow-members of the Committee on the Conduct of the War; and among the appointments made by the latter soon after his accession to the Presidency was that of Mr. Odell to the office in which he died, that of Naval Officer for the port of New York. During his many years of official life, though most of the time an active partisan, and while charged with the most delicate public trusts, and constantly exposed to the temptations by which so many public functionaries are swayed from their integrity, no word of suspicion against his honesty was ever breathed. His case is indeed as remarkable as it is honorable; and though the heart of personal friendship

may not blind us to the fact that he had the infirmities of a man, and the imperfections of human nature, yet we know that very few have passed through life exposed to so many temptations, and have died with so blameless a record ; while, on the other hand, few have more faithfully than he occupied the talents with which they have been endowed.

In his public life, in Congress and in other positions, Mr. Odell was a Christian "without fear and without reproach." I shall not soon forget with what prompt indignation he repelled an intimation from a party tool that a few hundred dollars would secure the vote of a hesitating ward or two. His quick, stern answer was, "Not a cent!" In Congress it was thoroughly understood, not only that he was a Christian who made a serious profession, but also that he was a Methodist. His custom, while in Washington, was to visit two or three Sunday-schools every Sabbath, always making addresses and offering rewards to the children for bringing in new scholars. In addition to this he usually attended church twice, and was present at one class-meeting at least. Theaters, operas, and dances he carefully eschewed. The freedom of his position, as a Christian, from all doubt, warned off the usual temptations. His purity and industry as a Christian shamed and roused some of his fellow-legislators who were profess-

ing Christians, and he was in the habit of enlisting their aid in his pious labors. He felt a keen shame, bordering on contempt, for professors of religion who allowed the Christian to hide and sleep under the robes of office. He was "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

But in all this zeal for religion and the Church there was nothing morose or pretentious. Just the contrary. Mr. Odell commended his religion to his fellow-Congressmen by the cheerfulness it inspired. They knew he would not drink with them, or swear, or brawl; and yet they saw in his happy face a genuine human sympathy that inspired fraternal confidence. There were men of greater stature in Congress, but none, we think, for whom the majority had a heartier *liking*. His religion fitted him closely, but had an easy set.

It does not fall within the range of this narrative to characterize Mr. Odell's general public services; but we may be allowed to touch two or three points relating to it. It is well known that, though a life-long Democrat, he was the ardent and most serviceable advocate of the war against the Rebellion, and on all the main questions acted with the great Union majority. When he made his celebrated speech in favor of the Constitutional Amendment forever abolishing slavery some of his political friends were quite unhappy over his position, and after the

speech addressed him in words of anger mixed with profanity, to which he returned cool and sedate answers. Others of his party, however, were quite differently affected, and enough of them were induced to cast the right vote to secure the requisite two thirds. And there is good reason to believe that, but for Mr. Odell's aid, the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery would have been obliged to wait for the next Congress. He gave aid as a Democrat which he could not have given from the ranks of the other party. Democratic votes were absolutely essential.

In looking over Mr. Odell's life every one must be struck with its rare blending of the emotional and practical. This holds both in his religion and business life. As a Christian, his heart seemed to stand for the whole man; but he had no need to stir it by artificial stimulants. He did not have himself wrought up into fervor, and stop then as at the goal. The blaze within was not a mere bonfire, lighted only for holiday occasions; it generated the ardor of practical life and turned the machinery of labor. He had in him the work of the thinking man and the heat of the emotional man. If you saw him in church, you would say his emotions predominated—you would be sure of it; but if you saw him working in the great enterprises of the Church, you would conclude

that the practical was foremost. And the same is true of his public life. Not a theory of the Government, but a noble and generous heart, rallied him to the flag of his country and to the deliverance of the bondmen, and yet he wrought with unsurpassed steadiness and perseverance. He showed that the roots which fix themselves in the heart may be even more vital than those which grow in the brain. His day is ended at mid-afternoon; a joyful life of work is crowned by the almost visible coming of the heavenly chariots.

Bishop Janes says: "Our deceased friend was one of those who accomplished the object and secured the interests of our probationary state. He early comprehended the designs of his beneficent Creator in placing him in this condition of trial. He understood these purposes of God to be the securing of his present and his eternal interests, and the glorifying of his Maker. He was a happy man while in this world. His was not the happiness of dissipation, the pleasure of sensuality, the enjoyment of indolence; he found his happiness in the cultivation of those intellectual and moral attributes with which God had invested him; in the exercise of the social and the religious affections with which he was gifted; in the discharge of those duties which devolved upon him, and to which he was providentially called. In these

he found a happiness which satisfied his highest nature. That he secured his future well-being, his Christian life, his beautiful sickness—for it was beautiful to see him struggling with disease and enduring agonies for weeks and even months, while his soul was as tranquil as a summer evening—his Christian life, I repeat, his beautiful sickness, his peaceful and triumphant exit from the world, leave us no room to question that he secured to himself, through grace in Jesus Christ, the felicity of the eternal world. So far as he is concerned, then, he has fully accomplished the objects of this probationary state.

“He also, in our judgment, accomplished the other great purpose of our earthly being: he glorified God upon earth. He did this by acknowledging God—acknowledging his belief in God—every-where, and always, and under all circumstances, declaring that he recognized him as his creator, as his rightful sovereign, as the source of his blessings, and the proper object of his obedience and devotion. He honored God by worshiping him, by rendering to him his best and his highest affections, by rendering to him his cheerful homage, his holiest and most ardent adoration, thanksgiving, and praise. He honored God by serving him in his generation; he served God in his Church. One of his spheres of activity, and, perhaps, his favorite one, was the Sabbath-school. When a mere child he re-

quested his father to take him to Sunday-school, and from that period until the close of his life he was associated with that institution as a scholar, as a teacher, as a teacher of the infant class, and as a superintendent.

“He was most patient, most constant, and most zealous in this sphere of Christian activity. When the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, in 1852, he was one of the original incorporators, and from that time until his death he was one of the Managers of the Union, and one of its Board of Directors, and gave thorough and constant attention to all the duties of that office. There are many whose hearts will exclaim, ‘How inadequate is this description of his character and work as a Sunday-school laborer!’ We feel ourselves how inadequate it is, but time will not allow us to linger any longer here. .

“For fourteen years he was a Manager of our Missionary Society. His punctuality, his discretion, and his zeal, made him one of the most influential and useful members of the Board.”

The Board of Managers ordered unanimously that the following paper be entered upon their records, and published in the “Christian Advocate:”

“MISSION ROOMS, *June 19, 1866.*

“The Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church have

convened in their stated session to-day under a sense of sore bereavement.

"The Hon. Moses F. Odell, one of the vice-presidents of the society, and frequently one of its representatives in the General Missionary Committee, and for fourteen years a faithful co-worker in the Board, died at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 13th day of June instant, after a long and painful illness.

"Deeply sensible of the loss they have sustained in his decease, and cherishing an affectionate remembrance of his worth, the Board desire to inscribe an appropriate record to his memory.

"They acknowledge their gratitude to God for his goodness in permitting them to enjoy so long the pleasant companionship, the excellent counsels, and the valuable co-operation of Brother Odell, as an associate in the Missionary Board; and, though they now mourn his departure, they are consoled by the reflection that he has joined the higher fellowship of the just made perfect.

"In reference to his private life, as well as to the important public positions which he held for many years, the Board unite in the universal testimony which ascribes to him the traits of true manliness, incorruptible integrity, and Christian principle; and especially do they concur in the commendation of his course while a

Representative in the Congress of the United States, diligently exerting his energy and influence to uphold our national Government, then imperiled by rebellion and civil war.

“The portraiture of his character will be enriched by the evidences of his official fidelity, his conscientious rectitude, his patriotism, and his Christian usefulness.

“Nor was the light of his religious life a transient gleam; it was the sun which rolled over its horizon from the morning to the evening, attaining at last a glory unknown before, and illustrating the truth that ‘the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’

“His survivors in the Board would with like fidelity serve the same adorable Master, and with like faith attain at length, through infinite riches of grace in Christ Jesus, the same victory in the decisive hour.

“It is ordered that this minute be engrossed in the journal of the proceedings of the Board, and that a copy be forwarded to the bereaved widow of the deceased.

“E. S. JANES, *Vice-President*.

“DAVID TERRY, *Recording Secretary*.”

He was also found ready for every good word and work in Brooklyn—in ministering to the poor, in assisting young men to acquire an edu-

convened in their stated session to-day under a sense of sore bereavement.

“The Hon. Moses F. Odell, one of the vice-presidents of the society, and frequently one of its representatives in the General Missionary Committee, and for fourteen years a faithful co-worker in the Board, died at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 13th day of June instant, after a long and painful illness.

“Deeply sensible of the loss they have sustained in his decease, and cherishing an affectionate remembrance of his worth, the Board desire to inscribe an appropriate record to his memory.

“They acknowledge their gratitude to God for his goodness in permitting them to enjoy so long the pleasant companionship, the excellent counsels, and the valuable co-operation of Brother Odell, as an associate in the Missionary Board; and, though they now mourn his departure, they are consoled by the reflection that he has joined the higher fellowship of the just made perfect.

“In reference to his private life, as well as to the important public positions which he held for many years, the Board unite in the universal testimony which ascribes to him the traits of true manliness, incorruptible integrity, and Christian principle; and especially do they concur in the commendation of his course while a

Representative in the Congress of the United States, diligently exerting his energy and influence to uphold our national Government, then imperiled by rebellion and civil war.

“The portraiture of his character will be enriched by the evidences of his official fidelity, his conscientious rectitude, his patriotism, and his Christian usefulness.

“Nor was the light of his religious life a transient gleam; it was the sun which rolled over its horizon from the morning to the evening, attaining at last a glory unknown before, and illustrating the truth that ‘the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’

“His survivors in the Board would with like fidelity serve the same adorable Master, and with like faith attain at length, through infinite riches of grace in Christ Jesus, the same victory in the decisive hour.

“It is ordered that this minute be engrossed in the journal of the proceedings of the Board, and that a copy be forwarded to the bereaved widow of the deceased.

“E. S. JANES, *Vice-President*.

“DAVID TERRY, *Recording Secretary*.”

He was also found ready for every good word and work in Brooklyn—in ministering to the poor, in assisting young men to acquire an edu-

cation and business positions, and in promoting in all possible ways their welfare; also in sustaining the institutions of the Church, giving his presence and his services to the social meetings, long officiating as a class-leader, and for years leading two classes, giving special service in times of revival when the presence of God was peculiarly manifest in the Church, and when the Spirit of the Lord rested upon the people. His record is not only in heaven, but in the hearts of many on earth.

He also served his generation by serving the State. He was for a long number of years connected with the Custom-house of this port. He commenced as a clerk, and by his merit soon secured promotion to the office of Assistant Collector. He was also for several years appraiser-general, a position of great responsibility, involving in its duties great delicacy and difficulty. And few men, if any, have passed through this class of offices and stood in these positions for so many years with so clear and so pure a record as our departed brother.

By the suffrage of his fellow-citizens he was elected a member of the Thirty-seventh and also of the Thirty-eighth Congresses. In these bodies he was a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs; he was Chairman of the Committee on the Expenses of the Treasury Department, and a member of the Committee on Military Affairs,

in all which Committees he was found to be most faithful, earnest, and useful in the discharge of his duties. His greatest responsibility, however, while a member of Congress, was involved in his being a member of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. On that committee he rendered to our nation, he rendered to our then chief executive officer, he rendered to our army, a service which the world cannot yet perceive. He was not lashed to the mast of the ship-of-war as she went into action, but in the retired committee-room, where all the movements of the war, where all the interests of the war were considered, and where advice was prepared and given to those who more openly conducted the campaigns, were performed services which can never be appreciated until the history of this generation shall be fully written. At the time of his death he was the Naval Officer of this port; an office of great responsibility, which, on account of his illness, he resigned more than once to the President, who, however, declined acceptance. In all these public positions he was found to be prepared for his responsibilities.

The first element of his success, both in Church and State, unquestionably was, his capacity. Circumstances and influential friends may sometimes, even in this country, place a man in a position for which he is not qualified; but we in-

sist that here, where all these places of power and of influence are held by the suffrage of the people, no man can begin in a humble sphere and rise to the higher positions and maintain himself and fully discharge his duties, who has not capacity. Our deceased brother was a man of quick, clear perception ; he was a man of intuitively sound judgment ; he was a man of resolute and determined will ; he was a man of indomitable perseverance and ceaseless activity ; and by these qualifications he was prepared for the places of trust which the people proffered him.

Another element of his success was integrity—thorough uprightness before God and the world. At this hour there are thousands of young aspirants to place and power in this nation, who will fail utterly because they are wanting in moral integrity. And, though cunning and craft may sometimes secure a temporary advantage, I want to say to all young men that integrity and worth are the only forces which can be permanently powerful. The wicked have ruled this world about as long as God intends they shall rule, and his providence, his word and his Spirit declare that the wickedness of the wicked shall have an end, and that truth and righteousness shall prevail. His moral integrity and his truthfulness gave our departed friend his permanent power in the Church and in the State.

Another element of his success was found in his order—his system of life and business. He was in the place of business at the right hour, every thing was done at the right time, and every thing was put in its right place, every duty received its due attention, and by his orderly and systematic life he found time for every thing. When filling his highest public offices in the nation, he found time for all his religious devotions, and for all the duties which he owed to his Church. There was nothing hap-hazard, nothing left to chance. It was plan and purpose, it was system and order, adopted and adhered to, that gave him his usefulness.

A further element of his success was found in his sympathy with humanity. It was this that inspired him with his unusual love of childhood, and gave him his intense interest in the Sunday-school. What a heart of sympathy he had! His sympathy led him to seek constantly and by all means the conversion of sinners, to speak to them in private, to exhort them in public, and with tears and prayers to endeavor to lead them to Christ. How he pitied the unthinking, the reckless, the imprudent, whose steps, in his eyes, took hold on hell! How strong and earnest was his desire to snatch them as brands from the burning! This, too, was the mainspring of his patriotism. He saw what great problems of civil and religious rights were being worked out

in this country. He apprehended, to some extent at least, the immensity of human destiny that is to be affected for weal or woe by the future of this land. A chaplain in one of the hospitals at Washington once gave me this narration. Said he, "After the battles of the Peninsula large numbers of wounded and sick soldiers were brought to the hospitals. Mr. Odell went through the hospitals, one after another, seeking every-where to find if there should be one of his Sunday-school boys, whom he had here known in his place of accustomed worship. One day he found a soldier, wounded and suffering, who recognized him as his Sunday-school superintendent. Mr. Odell learned from the surgeon that in all probability he must die. Every day, at the adjournment of Congress, he went straight to that hospital and to that Sunday-school boy, and talked with him, and prayed with him, until he professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and Mr. Odell was at his side when he died declaring his trust in Jesus and his hope of heaven."

When in Congress he voted for the removal of slavery from the District of Columbia; he voted for the change of the Constitution which forever prohibited slavery; and not only voted for it, but gave also his declarations on the floor of Congress in behalf of that measure. Many of his friends have seen a picture in which the

photographs of all those members of Congress who voted for emancipation are clustered together. One of those pictures hung in his sick-chamber. In his last and dying days it was a joy to his heart that he had spoken and voted in behalf of that great measure of national justice. I need not enlarge on this topic, as there are so many who have witnessed these manifestations of sympathy with the interests of humanity, and who understand so well his character in this respect.

Another element of his success in life was his simplicity. He was one of the few men, even in the Church, who are not damaged by prosperity. When he attained to wealth and social position he neither changed in his feelings nor his habits. He was not so silly as to suppose that he could only maintain and enjoy social consideration by pomp, and circumstance, and show. He maintained to his dying day the plain, simple manner of an unostentatious Christian and a pure republican citizen; and we delight to hold up our brother in this respect before the world, that all may look upon and imitate his bright example. May the young people in this age look at him and remember him. He prospered in the world, and filled a high position in society, and yet he was plain and simple in all his manners and in all his life. I would that I could photograph this aspect of

his character before the whole Church of which he was a member.

Another element of his success was his social excellence. He was a happy man, a joyous spirit. Sunlight was always upon his countenance—kindness and hope for all were in his words—consequently, his very presence anywhere and every-where was a sign of good cheer. But more than this, he was attentive to the wants and wishes, the circumstances and interests, of all with whom he was associated. His love, his kind words, his genial spirit, made his social circle one of the happiest spheres in which mortals move on earth. His bright countenance, his kind looks and affectionate expressions, gave the children of the Sunday-school and his teachers associated with him to understand that he had a heart of love for them all. Never did Moses F. Odell meet a poor, wicked, but needy, person for whom he had not a word of kindness and an act of benevolence. The highest and the lowest, the wisest and the most ignorant, the most religious and the most vicious, were alike the objects of his attention and interest. He said upon his sick bed : “As I look back over my past life and think what kindness I did to such a one, the little service I rendered such a one, the help I afforded to such a one, it gives me such pleasure now, such satisfaction now, that I cannot express it.” Referring to one

young man whom he had assisted in acquiring an education, and who had become a Christian minister, and through whose preaching many sinners had been converted, he said to me, "That pays! How rich is this reward! How good is God to give me to see such results of my imperfect doings in this world!"

Another, and the highest element of his success, was his Christian consistency. Even before he made a profession of religion he identified himself with the people and with the cause of God. He was superintendent of this Sunday-school before he was a member of the Church, carrying out the principle which Peter Böhler advised Wesley to practice upon—"Preach faith until you get it." This, perhaps, would not be safe as a general rule; in his case it had a happy effect. Soon afterward he became a professor of the Christian religion, united himself with the Church of Christ, and from that time forth he every-where was open, humble, but positive, in his profession of his faith. He was never ashamed to say anywhere, in any company, "I believe the Bible to be the word of God; I believe that Jesus Christ died to redeem sinners; I place my hope of immortality and of eternal felicity in the vicarious sufferings of Christ on the cross; I believe in the Holy Ghost, which has renewed my heart, which has illumined my mind, which has made me a new creature in

Christ Jesus. I love God, and I delight in his service and work." I repeat it: every-where, in every company, under all circumstances, he was ready with meekness to give a reason of the hope that was in him. In this adherence in practice to profession was found the explanation of much of the confidence which the Church and the nation reposed in him. There is no more certain way of destroying our influence and thwarting our plans than to be inconsistent in our profession and practice of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Odell at Washington was just as public in his attention to the Sunday-school, just as frequent in his attendance upon class-meetings and missionary meetings, as he was in New York or Brooklyn. It was understood by the President and his Cabinet, by Congress, and all public men in Washington, that he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, that he claimed to be a Christian, and that he was determined to act upon Christian principles. He trusted in the cross—he wears the crown. Our friend, our brother, the disciple of Jesus, the servant of God, the Christian philanthropist, the Christian patriot, sleeps; his spirit is with God. May his Saviour be our Saviour, his glory our glory.

"But for the war," says Dr. Crooks, "we should never have known the full force and

nobleness of his character. The inspirations of patriotism gave him a power which he had never before developed.

“Manly to the core, he would have made any personal sacrifice to preserve the integrity of the Union. He forwarded, with all the energy of his practical talent, the raising and equipping of volunteer regiments.

“He associated himself almost personally with the soldiers who went to the field from his Congressional District, following them with solicitude through all their varied fortunes, and having the name often applied to him of ‘Soldier’s Friend.’

“I had always heard that the sight of the effusion of blood singularly affected him, producing in him a sensation of faintness. And yet, after the terrible battles of the Virginia Peninsula, one of the first to hasten from Washington to minister to the wounded and dying was Moses F. Odell.

“I have heard him describe, with irresistible pathos, a scene which must have deeply touched his religious feeling. In the cabin of one of the large steamboats employed by the Government to bring away from the field the sorely wounded, while he was ministering to the suffering and dying who filled the berths and covered the floor, a soldier began singing, to a familiar Methodist tune, ‘On Jordan’s stormy banks I

stand.' Almost instantly the strain was caught up by a score or more of the sufferers, who found in this way an alleviation of their pain and an expression of their trust. In the midst of such scenes Mr. Odell was in his element. Repulsive as war was to him, his quick Christian sympathy found active employment in relieving the miseries that follow in its train. His ministrations to the sick severely taxed his bodily energies, and in the end sensibly impaired his health."

In person Mr. Odell was of the average height, round and full, his face smooth, and his voice sweet and without harshness. No one who knew him can ever forget his cheery laugh. His entire manner was buoyant, and yet marked with decision and energy. A great force of will was in him, tempered by an equally great fund of good-nature. His decision was free from irregularities and crotchets. He worked well in association with other men, and yet without seeming to mean it. He advanced rapidly to the position of leadership. His dying experience was a remarkable illustration of the power of saving faith. But we will let his Pastor, the Rev. Charles Fletcher, describe the closing scenes:

"Sometimes when lying as if he could scarcely speak or move, when teachers and some of the larger scholars would gather around his bed, and

I would be standing perhaps within the range of his vision, he would suddenly spring up as if he had all the strength and vigor of a stout manhood and exclaim, 'Mr. Fletcher, there is not such another sight as this outside the Christian Church! There is not one of these that I have not prayed with; not one of them that I have not talked with; not one of these that I have not tried to lead to Jesus. Mary, you remember the time you bowed at the altar? Joseph, you remember the time when you came weeping?' And so he would go on from one to another. They were all his children, and he loved them as affectionately as any father ever loved children. But I cannot stop to multiply these anecdotes; I have a great many of them, which have come into my possession, partly from my own observation, and partly from reports of them.

"He rode out past the church where our Conference was in session in April, and it was with difficulty that he could be restrained from going into the Conference room. 'I want,' said he, 'to say halleluiah to the preachers;' and as he passed by the church he put his head out of the window and shouted, 'Halleluiah! God is with me.' He wished to tell every body it was so. He went up to visit the bank where he was a director, and went into the President's room, and began to tell the President how happy he was. He shouted halleluiah until all the busi-

ness of the bank stopped—clerks wondered what was the matter. The President and Mr. Odell were weeping, yet gladness and joy were in their hearts, and in every heart that knew how to sympathize with the triumphant Christian. In this way he went down to death. This is the substance of what we have to say. On the morning on which he died, when I visited him, he clasped his hands in token that he heard the prayer that he might fall into the divine embrace and be held there eternally. He clasped his hands and looked up, intimating that the divine Father held him in his arms, and that he felt assured of his everlasting safety in the keeping of that eternal God.”

Mr. Odell died on the 13th of June, 1866, and on the 15th, a multitude of those who had delighted to do him honor in life gathered in the church where he had so long labored, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to his memory.

Such men as Moses F. Odell never die. The fragrance of their memories remains with us; the spirit in which they lived and worked remains with us to animate us to walk as they did in the path of duty, of heroism, and of sacrifice.

ALLEN NEWMAN.

A LLEN NEWMAN, son of Zebulon and Priscilla Newman, was born at Long Ridge, Connecticut, October 29, 1803.

He was not born to affluence, and was favored with but a few months' attendance on a common-school; yet, by the dint of personal application to study, wisdom in the economy and use of time, and perseverance in a course of well-doing, he worked his way up from obscurity, won to himself many friends, reached an honorable position among men, and became an example worthy of imitation. His name must be placed in the honorable list of self-made men. By his noble life he wrote his own diploma, and the Church and the community in which he lived virtually signed it as a testimonial to his manly character and moral worth.

He experienced religion at the age of nineteen, and joined the Allen-street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. He rose rapidly to influence and position in the Church, and "was counted worthy of double honor."

He held the office of trustee for many years, and aided, both officially and by his own means, in the erection of churches in Carmel, Sing Sing,

and Tarrytown. He was an excellent steward, and took a deep interest in both the temporal and spiritual interests of the Church. He was one of the best financiers; and such was his ability and success in this department of Church work that the financial interests of any Church enterprise were readily placed under his supervision and direction. He was forty years a class-leader.

He also held the important office of Sunday-school superintendent in Tarrytown for many years. In this relation he was eminently successful and greatly beloved.

His influence was always salutary. He won and enjoyed the respect and confidence of the entire community where he lived.

He was always happy in his family and domestic relations. He and his house "served the Lord."

He was first married to Miss Martha Waring, May 25, 1828. Being early bereaved of a most excellent companion, he was again united in marriage, June 24, 1846, with Miss Catharine R. Burnett, a most estimable Christian woman. She was remarkable for her piety and devotion to the Church as well as to her family. She survived her husband's death but a short time. They were devoted to each other in life, and only separated from each other by death for a little.

He was an efficient manager of the Westchester County Bible Society for some time.

Few excelled him in the acquisition of knowledge. Mathematics was his specialty. When very young he outstripped his elder classmates, and seemed to gain a knowledge of figures almost by intuition.

He was an excellent disciplinarian and educator of the young. He was proprietor and principal of a large and flourishing boarding-school in Tarrytown for many years; and it is thought by those who knew him best, that by the means of his excellent school, and other influences which he employed, he did more to shape the settlement, form the taste, and mold the character of Tarrytown, than any other man.

Punctuality, order, and honesty marked all that he did. He was conscientious in all his dealings, consequently not most buoyant or joyous in his feelings.

He was a firm and liberal friend of the Church to the last. Unselfish; he lived to benefit the world, and was ever actuated more by principle than impulse.

His last illness was protracted, and his sufferings very great. His fear of death gave place to complete victory over the last enemy.

He died in Tarrytown, of disease of the heart, August 6, 1866.

Just before his death his pastor said to him,

“Resignation is the top round of the ladder of Christian graces.” He triumphantly answered, “I am on that top round, sing halleluiah! The sweet rivers of redeeming love lie just before my eyes. I feel free.” Then that sweetest of all names, Jesus, was gently whispered, and he calmly fell asleep.

FRANCIS HALL.

FRANCIS HALL was born in the town of Taunton, Somerset County, England, on the 12th of March, 1785. His parents were both pious and consistent members of the Wesleyan Church, on whose ministry the son regularly attended. Thus he was reared amid many prayers, and under a strictly religious influence.

At the age of fourteen he came to the United States, and soon took steps to become a citizen of his adopted country. Coming over at so early an age, when his habits and tastes were scarcely formed, and while the country was yet in its infancy, he readily drank in the spirit of the nation, conformed to its character and views, and became thoroughly Americanized. This transformation, if, indeed, it could be called such, was facilitated by the rapid growth and

improvement of the country, going on under his own eye, in which he was personally concerned both as an advocate and an actor. In fact he always desired to be regarded not as an Englishman, but as an American, for such he really was in every fiber of his heart.

This feeling was increased by the fact that it was in the United States that he was brought into sonship with Christ, and became a member of his visible Church. It was on the 7th day of March, 1807, when he was twenty-two years of age, that he became a full member of the John-street Methodist Episcopal Church. He at once entered into the entire confidence and esteem of his brethren, as was evinced by the several positions of importance to which he was appointed.

In the same year in which Mr. Hall joined the Church was organized the society for the relief of the sick and poor, known generally as the Assistance Society. In this he at once became an active visitor, and for many years served as its secretary.

In 1812 he was appointed class-leader in the place of Mr. Bakewell, who was obliged to leave the city in the time of the war with Great Britain, in consequence of not being a naturalized citizen. It may, even at this distant period, be interesting to some to know that soon after the close of the war Mr. Hall was ap-

pointed leader of the large class of colored persons belonging to the John-street Church. They met nearly opposite the Reformed Dutch Church in Ann-street, at the residence of Sarah Paul, familiarly known as "Aunt Sally." She was a very devoted woman, who, for many years, used to be visited by pious persons of different denominations for her godly counsel and wise instruction in things pertaining to religious life. She lived to the extraordinary age of one hundred and fourteen years.

Mr. Hall was among the most active in the formation of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was in the year 1819. All the ministers then in the city took tea at his house, whence they proceeded to the Forsyth-street Church, (then known as Second-street,) where this society was organized. Of this society our friend was elected clerk or recording secretary, an office which he retained for thirty years. He was subsequently elected a vice-president, being the first layman ever chosen to that position. He was afterward constituted a life patron. In connection with this office he was deputed to visit the Indian missions in Upper Canada, in which visit he was accompanied by Mrs. Hall, whose whole heart was imbued with the missionary spirit, and who entered most cordially into all her husband's plans of benevolence. This was a deeply inter-

esting visit, though unfortunately we find not the slightest record of the incidents connected with it.

The first Bible Society formed in this city was the Young Men's Bible Society of New York. It was formed in the office of Robert M'Cartee, Esq., afterward the Rev. Dr. M'Cartee. Of this society Mr. Hall was elected vice-president, and afterward was elected treasurer. He was accustomed to tell of the trepidation with which he took the chair, in the absence of the president, to preside at one of the anniversaries held in the assembly room of the City Hotel. It was not until he had made unavailing efforts to get some one to take the place. The eloquent Dr. John M. Mason, then recently returned from Europe, was one of the speakers on that occasion. This society was subsequently changed to the New York Bible Society, which in 1829 became auxiliary to the American Bible Society. Of this Mr. Hall was, in 1823, elected a manager, and was subsequently appointed a vice-president.

He was also a vice-president of the American Tract Society, to which he was nominated by the Rev. John Summerfield. For many years he was also a manager of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He was also long a manager of the New York Colonization Society, of which some years ago he was elected

a vice-president. He was also a member of the Council of the New York University.

With all these public trusts it will be easily seen that his life must have been a very busy one. For these offices were not merely nominal. He made it a point of conscience to fulfill the duties of any office that he consented to hold, and those who were accustomed to serve with him can bear testimony to his fidelity and punctuality. In a brief memorandum found among his posthumous papers he says, "I have no recollection that I ever kept a meeting waiting for me. It was my aim to be at the place appointed at the moment appointed for the meeting."

Some years after coming to this country Mr. Hall became connected with the "Commercial Advertiser" and the "Spectator," of which he subsequently became chief proprietor and publisher. This gave him great notoriety, and secured to him very extensive influence. It brought him into close connection with many persons of distinction, both native and foreign. Had he written down his recollections of distinguished men he might have made a most interesting and instructive volume. Few persons had such materials at command. He was urged by more than one of his friends to undertake this work. But the multiplicity of his engagements and the pressure of his affairs left him no leisure. It is much to be regretted.

In about the year 1833 Mr. Hall united with some other excellent and enterprising gentlemen, among whom were the venerated names of Suckley, Innes, and others deceased, and a few yet living, in organizing a pewed church. This was a novelty in New York Methodism, and brought on its originators and co-laborers no little opprobrium. But they believed the time for this movement had fully come, that the interests of religion and of Methodism demanded it, and that God would bless the undertaking. From this arose the First Wesleyan Chapel, as it was called, located in Vestry-street, which gave a great impulse to improvement in church architecture in our Zion. Rev. J. Holdich was the first pastor of the precious little flock gathered together in that fold. It was here that he became personally and intimately acquainted with Mr. Hall. He was one of the choice spirits in that circle; ready in every good word and work, full of Christian chastened zeal, judicious, sympathizing, faithful in all official as well as private duties. As a class-leader, steward, and visitor of the sick and destitute, he was every thing that a Christian pastor could desire. It was said of Jonathan that he went to David to the wood and strengthened his hands in God; so did Mr. Hall often to his pastor. He was just one from whom sympathy and counsel might be had in times of need.

Next to his duty to God and deep conscientiousness, the two qualities that shone most brightly among his virtues, were two that seldom exist together to so great an extent—sympathy and judgment. He was a man of uncommonly deep sensibility, and yet his feelings rarely, if ever, led his judgment astray. He had the tenderness of a woman, blended with the judgment of the mature and well-developed man. These conjoined gave him wonderful power of attraction. He was a magnet drawing all hearts to himself, and pointing them to Christ.

Mr. Hall was not a man to court distinction or seek for honors. Without his seeking or connivance, even without his knowledge, but urged to it by several gentlemen of influence, the Wesleyan University, at the Commencement in 1854, conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. But such was his modesty that he never consented to use the title, and was unwilling to have it ascribed to him.

During the latter period of his life our deceased friend passed through a fiery ordeal to which few of God's children are subjected. For over a year and a half he was confined to his bed or to his sick-chamber. During this whole period he had but few hours free from pain, while often his sufferings were most intense.

During this long period we saw no symptom

of impatience, or loss of confidence, or diminution of Christian love and hope. These shone brighter and brighter to the last. It was a very deeply affecting occasion when, on the 8th of February, 1865, Bishop Janes, who was a frequent and most profitable visitor of Mr. Hall, with his pastor, Dr. Fox, and some Christian friends, met in his sick-chamber to unite with him in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. His heart was deeply affected, and he entered with intense earnestness into the spirit of the ordinance. A sweet female voice sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and a tender hymn on a Christian death, to which he listened with evident delight, and responded with deep emotion. It was delightful to see and feel how the power of grace could sustain a departing soul. He proved, however, not so near his end as we all supposed. But though his life and sufferings were unexpectedly prolonged, neither his patience nor his faith once failed. At one time he was about to express a desire to be released from his sufferings, but he checked himself, saying, "No, the will of the Lord be done. Let me willingly bide his time."

While racked with excruciating pain, so protracted and wearing to the spirits, it was wonderful how his mental faculties retained their vigor, and how he kept up his interest in every thing that had engaged his attention. His

almost only earthly solace, aside from the attention of his family and his friends, was in reading, in which most of his time was spent. His conversation was chiefly on the interests of religion, the state of our country, and the condition of the several religious and benevolent associations with which he was connected. He never seemed to forget them; always, on every visit, making inquiries as to their condition, progress, recent movements, and the like, showing that his interest in them knew no abatement, and that he kept himself informed on their affairs to the last.

When the symptoms indicated a speedy close of his earthly career, Mr. Hall commenced jotting down some memoranda of his life, but so briefly and modestly as by no means to do justice to himself. Of these we have availed ourselves in drawing up this imperfect sketch, giving such expansion to them as our space permits. The few final entries we here insert entire, with scarcely a verbal alteration:

“*May 23, 1866.* What a change has come over me! Yesterday and to-day my severe pains have nearly left me. Indeed, my whole system seems to have changed. Whether it is from the use of morphine or not I cannot tell. I am thankful to my heavenly Father for present ease, and whether the change portends a near dissolution or not, I will trust to Him that

hath so many years been my protector. One of my greatest comforts has been the full belief that when I am called from my earthly friends I shall meet and recognize those I have loved on earth who have passed to their heavenly mansions. I was a little startled yesterday in reading a passage in the 'Life and Letters of Rev. F. W. Robertson.' That gentleman, on being questioned as to our knowledge of departed friends, said 'that he saw no oause either in Scripture or reason for believing that there was (is) any universal law of recognition.' On the other hand, I soon after read the memoir of that excellent minister of Christ, the Rev. James Wood, a well-known Wesleyan minister. Just previous to his departure, when in the full enjoyment of his mind, he said he believed he had more friends in heaven than on earth, and he rejoiced in the prospect of again seeing his old companions who had gone before him. Surely our knowledge will not be less in the spirit-land than it is while living in this world.

"*May 19, 1866.* Truly, I can sing of mercy. I have been now seventy-two weeks confined either to my bed or to the sick-room, and most of the time in great distress of body, but cheerful in mind. Many of my friends, during the time, have been called away. I have suffered, yet many have suffered much more. Most of

the time I have been able to read ; thus I have acquired more information than I should have done had I enjoyed good health. No one could have had more attention from endeared friends, male and female ; and I know the Lord will reward them for their acts of kindness. And here, let me say to all Christians, do not forget the sick."

These are the last words in his journal, and probably the last he ever wrote. Soon after this he was confined entirely to his bed, and lingered on until the 11th day of August, 1866, when he quietly breathed his last, and went up to the bosom of his God, in the eighty-second year of his age. He died at his residence in Brevoort Place, New York.

Dr. H. J. Fox describes the closing scenes of his life as follows :

"It having been my privilege, as the pastor of this venerable man of God, to visit him with great frequency during his painful and protracted affliction, I deem it to be my duty to give the Church of which he was an honored member for more than threescore years a reminiscence or two of his death-bed experiences and sayings. I am sure that they will afford evidence of the continued truth of the old affirmation, 'Our people die well.'

"For nearly two years our now sainted brother was confined to his room by a most

malignant and agonizing disease. Never, however, during the whole of that long period did the writer hear him complain, or 'wish his sufferings less.' He was not only patient in suffering, but triumphant over both disease and death. I shall just record some of his sayings without troubling the reader with any connecting remarks.

"'O,' said he to me one day, 'to be so high and yet so low! to be allowed to hold such communion and yet to be so unworthy! I have peace, great peace. Do you ever, my dear pastor, think of what heaven really is, where angels surround us, 'angels ever bright and fair?'"

"He spoke almost with rapture, on one occasion, of the visits of Sisters Barry and Skidmore, and the Brothers Halsted, and then exclaimed, 'O, to be so thought of, so comforted, so sustained! I have heaven all around me. All the heaven I expect is just such feelings increased and made eternal.'

"He inquired of me a few days after, if I thought that Jesus would be seen by us as we now see men. On my expressing my opinion that he took our humanity with him to heaven for the very purpose of enabling us to behold him, 'Yes,' said he, 'he will be a king; but not a king in the sense in which men are kings. There will be nothing to awe, nothing to repel.' He then sang, urging me to sing with him:

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.'

Still later he said, 'O what a sweet day I have had! My mind has been stayed upon God. It is a great comfort to me that my grandson Frank speaks in his letters of the Protestant Church in Florence, and calls it *our* Church. He conducts the musical part of the service, and O to think that I have a descendant singing the praise of Christ in three languages, English, French, and Italian!'

"We sang together, 'No chilling winds,' etc., 'Though Jordan's waves,' etc.; and then he said, 'O read to me the twenty-third Psalm, for that Psalm contains my experience.' On another occasion he said, 'I have spent a dreadful day! I was fearful that I might give way to murmuring, but I have been saved as by fire. The pearly gates will soon burst open. There will be singing in heaven, will there not?' He then talked of his intercourse with Bishops Asbury, George, and M'Kendree, and of his anticipated pleasure in meeting them again.

"At one of my visits he said, 'Last night, while my son was holding my head, which was drooping through weakness, I thought I had come to the river of which we have so often spoken. I said, "Is this the margin from which we shrink? Why, it is so narrow I cannot even

sit on its banks. I must make haste to enter."

A voice said, "I am thy strength, and will be thy Redeemer." I shouted out, "I will launch away!" But the voice said, "Not yet." I answered, "Lord, thy will be done. Thou wilt be my strength and my portion forever." I think I am getting the better of the dread I had of going down to the grave. O why should I doubt him?' After singing, 'Other refuge have I none,' etc., the conversation led him to indulge in several reminiscences connected with Tom Paine, whom he well knew, and with whom he often had business intercourse. 'Paine used to say of death,' he remarked, 'that it was a leap in the dark.' But, thank God! it is not so to me. No! 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Blessed be God, who giveth *me* the victory?'"

"I spoke of the joy and faith which my interviews with him inspired within my own bosom. 'Yes,' said he, 'let us sing:

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!"

"'I feel,' (said he at another time,) 'more and more anxious to fix the locality of heaven and make it literal. I wonder if I shall be permitted to talk with this group and then with that, and so until I have talked with all. And whether,

if, having talked with them once, I shall be permitted to do it again.'

"He often spoke of Mr. Wesley, whom he frequently heard preach when living near Bristol.

"'It was no ordinary pleasure,' said he, 'to fix the vestry for him, to prepare the candles, and provide the water. When he went up into the pulpit I used to feel very proud, and seemed to say by the manner in which I carried myself, See what a preacher I've got. My grandfather used to pray leaning on the top of his staff; and I remember once, when Mr. Wesley's bands got awry, I pulled at his staff to call his attention to the fact, and unfortunately brought the old gentleman to the ground. Mr. Wesley could sing well himself, and once when the person who had charge of that part of the public worship chose an inappropriate tune, Mr. Wesley said, "Sammy Chubb! Sammy Chubb! let us have better singing than that, or none at all." The words which Mr. Wesley read were :

"'Thee we adore, Eternal Name, etc.,'

and Sammy had selected a lively tune. Mr. Wesley himself selected a minor.'

"'To-morrow,' said he to me one Saturday, 'is your communion; I shall commune with two Churches, the Church on earth and the Church in heaven.'

“When he was supposed to be very near his end, the holy communion was administered to him at his request. There were present the family, Bishop Janes, Dr. Holdich, Mrs. Skidmore, and his Pastor. As soon as his eye rested on Mrs. Skidmore, he broke out, ‘There is a fountain filled with blood,’ intimating that he would like to hear her sing it. It was sung. He then exclaimed,

“‘O how good it is to be blest
And dwell where loving Jesus is.’

Afterward he clapped his hands together and cried out:

“‘Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song,
that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem even rebels like me.’

“The last time but one that I saw him he was reading Cowper’s Poems. He repeated with great feeling a few lines, and said, ‘That is my favorite verse, and it is my experience:

“‘My home henceforth is in the skies,
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes
I have no sight for you.’

“There are few men in the Methodist Church whose removal would leave so wide a gap as:

that created by the departure of the good man to whose memory this tribute is penned."

The funeral services were performed at the Central Methodist Church in Seventh Avenue, which is the successor to the Vestry-street Church, with which our deceased friend retained his connection from its first organization. An appropriate and admirable address was delivered by Bishop Janes, who had so often visited him, and administered to him during his illness, other ministers present taking part in the exercises. A large congregation of friends filled the church, among whom were many from the Boards of Managers of the Bible, the Missionary, and other societies, in which he had so long taken an efficient part. Thus a good man rests from his labors and his works do follow him. May we follow him as he followed Christ!

ALBERT N. BROWN.

ALBERT N. BROWN was born in Newark, N. J., in 1804. When a mere boy he removed to the city of New York for business purposes, where he remained until 1826. He then removed to Boston, where he lived for twelve years; then to Chelsea, where he lived for eight years. In the year 1847 he returned to Newark, and very shortly to Irvington, from

whence he was removed, January 3, 1867, to the better land.

His parents were religious, and members of the Presbyterian Church. His own religious life began when he was about twenty years of age. He was awakened and brought under conviction by observing the piety and consistency of a good man with whom he was brought in contact in business. While seeking religion at the Forsyth-street Methodist Episcopal Church in New York he was tempted, as a result of his early education and prejudices, to believe that he was predestinated to eternal death. For three whole months he battled among the clouds of the Calvinistic theory of redemption; then God had mercy upon him, and he saw Christ as a universal Saviour, and never afterward, in all his life, did he love or countenance the notion of a limited atonement.

Some idea of his abilities for public usefulness, and the weight of his Christian influence, may be had from the fact that in every Church of the many with which he had been connected, except the one in which he remained for one or two years as a convert, he has held all of the official relations which it is in the power of the Church to confer upon a Christian layman. And we do not write at random now, or without data, when we say that in all of these places of responsibility he excelled, and succeeded as few

men ever succeed. In the temporal and spiritual interests of Christ's kingdom he was an example for all the Churches. To him to hold an official relation in a Church was no sinecure. We believe it to be absolutely true, that at the moment he accepted, as a duty, the official relation of a trustee or steward in the Methodist Church, from that very moment he considered that he was responsible for, and that all his personal influence and all his private property were involved to secure and to preserve, the credit, the honor, and the usefulness of the Church, even to a pecuniary risk: and upon what other theory than this can any man accept any such office? It was, no doubt, because of this that he has been known to take thousands of dollars at a time from his private purse in the Church's emergency, that its permanent usefulness might not be impaired. The record of his exertions to establish Churches will be found in the volumes of the transactions of the New England Methodist Historical Society.

Perhaps few men may be found who have succeeded so nearly in reducing the work of saving souls to a sacred science as he. His method, and prayer, and faith, and toil, made success almost certain. He was deaf, and could not hear himself; but he was in the habit of taking his seat in the church where he could have a good view of the congregation, and

watched the people to see what was the effect of the sermon, and when he could detect in the countenance of any one or more persons the sign of emotion or contrition he marked that one, and so soon as the service was ended, and before the good impression was likely to be gone, he sought an interview, and with earnest entreaty urged the importance of coming to Christ *now*. It was a rule of his life never to allow a day to pass during which he did not make a personal effort to secure the salvation of some soul.

Brother Brown was eminently successful as a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent. He secured the religious culture, and, under the Master, the conversion, of his scholars; and it was said that when Brother Brown's Sunday-school scholars were "born again" they were always two years old, so thoroughly were they educated in the *plan* of salvation, and so indoctrinated in the great fundamental truths of religion and Methodism. As a member of the Methodist Church, aside from his many useful official relations, he loved the Church and its doctrines and discipline. The very thoughts of any modification in either caused him real grief. Salvation only by faith in Christ, the witness of the Spirit, which he declared he was never without, and the power of Jesus's blood to cleanse from all sin through the entire sanc-

tification of the Spirit, he both believed and experienced. Yet he seemed to be clothed with humility, and to tremble lest he should assume too much. No doubt he had far humbler views of himself than any candid Christian could possibly have of him. He had compassion on the weaknesses of other men, and was in the habit of seeking to put the very best construction upon every thing.

During the far greater part of his life he was an invalid and a great sufferer. More than once he had been thought to be at the very gates of death. He thought that more than once he had been restored only in direct answer to prayer. Once he was so near the other world that he said he was "obliged to pray mightily, not for grace to die, but for grace to continue in the world."

He had wonderful energy, which it was painful for him to restrain unemployed. During the last months of his life he had not the use of his voice above a whisper. This was a sore trial to him. Standing in the midst of his parlor, filled with friends come from the church to hold a prayer-meeting with him, he exerted himself to be heard in saying that he was "ready to die, and patiently waiting," though if he had had his own way, perhaps not the best, he would have asked God to take him right in the midst of his work, without remaining inactive on earth.

The last time he was in the church was about three months before his death. It was upon the Sabbath day devoted to the Centenary celebration, in which he was deeply interested, and in which he was a most cheerful contributor. He was especially thankful to God that he had been permitted to see the Centenary of American Methodism, in the establishment and extension of which, in his earlier days, he had been so successful a worker, especially in New England. Yet no heart responded more heartily than his, "Give all the glory to God."

During his last days on earth he suffered intensely, but bore his great pain with patience. He took great comfort in the presence of his family, one member of which is a member of the Newark Conference. But most of all, he seemed to receive great strength from the constant presence of his Saviour. And concerning the divine character of Christ, and the fullness of his redemption, he said he had the most glorious views. His conception of these great truths and their magnitude seemed to widen and brighten as his strength failed. And so praying for the Church, blessing his family, and exhorting his physician and friends to come to Christ *now*, he passed away to his eternal reward.

THOMAS SCHUYLER.

THOMAS SCHUYLER was born in the city of Albany in the year 1811. He commenced his business life as cabin boy on his father's vessel, plying between Albany and New York, and from this humble position rose up through the different grades of his profession to the highly prominent and influential position that he occupied at the time of his death. In 1842, through the earnest prayers and influence of a godly sister, he was brought to feel his need of an interest in the Saviour's cleansing blood. And soon, under the ministry of Rev. S. Remington, in the old Ferry-street Church, he found peace in believing, and from that hour until the time of his decease he remained a humble, devoted Christian. He was eminently a pious man. Piety—deep, fervent piety—throbbed through every avenue of his soul, impelling him onward in the grand work that he accomplished for God and the Church. He was ever kind to the poor, giving away thousands of dollars to alleviate their wants. He was never known to speak an unkind nor hasty word to any one. He seldom missed a class or prayer-meeting when in the city, unless prevented by

sickness. He was a faithful leader, and as a Sabbath-school superintendent he had no superior. It was through his instrumentality that the Ash Grove Methodist Episcopal Church was erected. He gave his personal supervision for two years to its erection, and more than twenty thousand dollars of his money. It will ever stand a monument of his greatness and Christian benevolence. His last illness was severe, and death soon followed; but he died triumphant in the Lord. Gathering his family around him, he gave them words of exhortation and farewell, bidding them all meet him in heaven. He then charged his friends who had gathered around him to be true to the Church that he had loved so well. When asked by one of them, as he neared the cold stream of death, how it looked, he answered, "It is all glorious;" and soon, without a struggle, he passed over to the other shore.

Captain Thomas Schuyler departed this life in the city of Albany, September 26, 1866, aged 55. He was buried on Saturday, the 29th, from the Ash Grove Methodist Episcopal Church, weeping thousands attending his funeral, and following his remains to their last resting-place. No one in that city will be more missed and mourned than he. In speaking of his character one has said, "That he was held in the highest esteem, by business men for his enterprise

and integrity, by the religious community for his unostentatious piety and generosity, and by the poor for his uniform kindness and benevolence. He had no enemy in the world, and was universally beloved. We never knew a more symmetrical character. His life was useful, his death peaceful, his rest glorious." "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

SAMUEL S. DAVENPORT.

SAMUEL S. DAVENPORT was the son of William and Frances Davenport. He was born in Phillipstown, Putnam County, N. Y., August 5, 1811. The old homestead where he was born is about one mile and a half east of Cold Spring, on the Hudson, and is still retained in the family, being occupied by his brother, Stephen Davenport. His father's house was known for its hospitality and as the resting-place of the itinerant.

Here Samuel, when about eighteen years of age, found peace with God while wrestling in prayer in his own room. His experience was deep, and his evidence of the divine favor bright and clear. He soon after joined the Church, and never wavered in his attach-

ment to all her interests to the day of his death. He was ever the devoted friend of the ministers of the cross, and many of them, both among the living and the sainted dead, have often found rest and refreshment in his hospitable home. He was "given to hospitality."

He grew in favor with the people, and, as a citizen, occupied the highest position in the confidence and esteem of his townsmen where he so long resided. An opposing candidate for any civil office was almost always sure of defeat. He was a general favorite with the people, and such was his honesty, impartiality, and fidelity, that he was constantly discharging the duties of some important office in behalf of his fellow-townsmen.

So of the Church. She committed to his care her highest official trusts, and well she might. In short, he was ever true to all the important interests committed to his hands, both in the Church and community. Ever esteemed in the Church, he also ever had a "good report among them that are without," and hence was "counted worthy of double honor."

A great loss was sustained when Samuel S. Davenport died. His sickness was short, ending fatally on the ninth day, but he was ready. As death approached his natural timidity gave place to a calm, victorious faith. None could wish to die more peacefully than he. He died

in Nelsonville, Putnam County, N. Y., February 12, 1867. His pastor, Rev. Z. N. Lewis, in writing of him, said :

“ As a Christian, he was modest and retiring, pure in his motives, very reliable and faithful to the last. He loved the Church while living, and did not forget her in death. He has perpetuated his own good name and usefulness on earth by leaving a liberal bequest for the erection of a new church in the village where he was so long accustomed to worship.* His dying testimony was meekly uttered, but strong and joyful. He said to his pastor, “ I sought the Lord many years ago, when a boy, and I thank God I have never deserted his cause. If my time to die is come I am ready ; the Lord is with me to comfort and sustain me.” Thus passed away an honest and good man, after having served God and his Church faithfully for thirty-eight years. “ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

*The church has since been erected and dedicated to the worship of God. It is a fine large brick structure, standing on beautiful grounds overlooking the Hudson, West Point, and the surrounding country. It has a tall and well proportioned spire, and one of the most commodious Sunday-school rooms. It is a worthy monument to the memory of its noble founders.

HON. JOSEPH A. WRIGHT.

GOVERNOR WRIGHT was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, April 17, 1810, and removed with his parents to Indiana in 1818, when the country was an almost unbroken wilderness. His early years were passed upon a backwoods farm, and he was compelled to rely almost entirely upon his own exertions. His evenings were usually spent in the perusal of books, thus storing his mind with useful knowledge; at the same time he was earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

In 1829, at the age of nineteen, he had prepared himself to enter the legal profession, and was admitted to the bar. He removed to Rockville, and entered into the practice of law with General T. A. Howard, one of the ablest and purest public men in Indiana. Mr. Wright soon found himself in the midst of an excellent practice. In 1833 he was elected to the State Legislature, where he at once took a high position, and attracted attention by his eloquent and thorough-going support of various measures for the social improvement of the State.

The first measure which he introduced into the Legislature, and upon which he made his first

speech, was a bill to allow each county in the State the privilege of sending a student free of charge to the State University, then but just established. Our young statesman was fortunate in his first effort. The bill became a law, and the policy of the State has not been changed to the present time, except that the law now allows each county to keep two students at the State University free of tuition. Not a few of the ablest men in the State have benefited by this measure introduced by Mr. Wright.

In 1840 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1843 he was elected member of Congress. At the expiration of his congressional term, in 1849, he was chosen Governor of the State. As an evidence of the confidence his fellow-citizens reposed in him, and of his personal popularity notwithstanding the heat of political excitement and the strength of party drill, he ran largely ahead of his party ticket. However able a governor his opponent might have made, time proved that the public confidence was not misplaced in calling Mr. Wright to the chief magistracy of the State. Indiana has had no more useful citizen than Governor Wright. He impressed a salutary and abiding influence upon the institutions of the commonwealth. He ever gave a warm support to schemes for educational and agricultural improvement. He uniformly advocated economy in the public ex-

penditures, and a development of the resources of the State, and was active in repressing and putting down a spirit of lawless speculation at the expense of the credit and means of the State, which for awhile threatened to paralyze the State at home and her credit abroad. At the expiration of his term he was re-elected Governor of the State, again running largely ahead of his ticket, although his opponent was a gentleman of acknowledged ability and favorably known. At the expiration of his second term he retired to private life. But the term of his retirement was short. As a statesman who had already won a national reputation, and who was known to be one of the wisest and most conservative men of his party, the eyes of the country were upon him. And the Administration at Washington did itself and the country an honor by appointing him minister to a European Court, and intrusting him with a share in the foreign polity of our government.

As Governor Wright began his political career by the advocacy of popular education, so he continued that advocacy without abatement.

In his first message as Governor of the State to the General Assembly, December 6, 1849, we have the following language: "Another subject of primary importance is that of common schools. Men of intelligence can best and most safely exercise the sovereign prerogatives of the elective

franchise, and to secure general intelligence among men they must begin to learn while they are children.

“It seems to me, therefore, that we should consult every legitimate effort to accomplish this end, bestowing all the means at our command to the promotion of this common good in the most expansive form; that we should first endeavor to extend common schools to every neighborhood, so far as may be done without the infliction of burdensome taxes upon the people, while we leave the county seminaries and the higher institutions of learning to individual or associated enterprise, by which it is believed they will be best sustained.”

Governor Wright was a liberal contributor to the different colleges in the State, and especially to the Indiana Asbury University; of which institution he was an active trustee for most of the time from its establishment to the time of his appointment as Minister to the Court of Prussia. He was rarely absent from the meetings of the Board, aiding by his counsel in the management and investment of its funds; and at the inauguration of Dr. Berry, as President of the University, July 16, 1850, he delivered the charge on behalf of the trustees.

The following sentiments, taken from that address, will show his appreciation of the religious element in connection with religious cul-

ture: "The doctrine of a special Providence should be taught in all our institutions—I mean that system of instruction that not only teaches that an unseen Eye watches and guards all the affairs of men and nations, but scans minutely the falling sparrow, the hairs of your head, and that spirit of reliance upon a special Providence that holds man accountable for every act. If Cicero could say in his day, 'If the gods observed not what is transpiring here below, what would become of religion and holiness, without which human life would be replete with trouble and confusion'—if such instruction was extorted from a heathen philosopher in his dark day by the evidence that surrounded him, how well does it become us in this day, with the evidence around us, as a nation and as individuals, of a special Providence that has kept and preserved us thus far, to proclaim this great truth in all places and to all men! The mere dissemination of information is a small part of your duty. It is yours to train the youthful mind to be able to concentrate its whole forces upon any question that may be presented, to bring the mind to act vigorously, with thought, reflection, and discrimination, on any subject, and that by system. When the young man leaves this institution you hand him the keys of the store-house of knowledge, and you should qualify him to know the road and time that he can apply for

supplies to aid on the journey of life. I know of but one method of exhibiting the greatness of the human intellect—but one road to tread, to show the powers a kind Providence has given to any man—and that is, to be able at all times to bring the full powers of his mind to bear upon any question or emergency that may arise.”

When Governor Wright reached the executive chair a spirit of speculation, amounting almost to frenzy, had seized the mind of the masses, and the interests of the State demanded a man of his sound, practical sense, to save it from utter bankruptcy. Instead of fostering the visionary schemes which promised speedy wealth without much labor or merit, he pointed to the fireside of the homestead, to the fields and workshops of the laborer, and urged that by proper appliances, that which was dear to every citizen could be made better, higher, and more useful, and that simultaneous individual effort would result in one great common good. His influence led to the enactment of laws for the encouragement of agriculture, and the farmer and mechanic were called to compare and exhibit their skill at fairs to be held in each county and at the State exhibition, where tests of skill in mechanic arts and agriculture should be annually made, arousing the energies of the State, which had before little to excite, and no

occasion to challenge, comparisons. His enthusiasm and success gave a force to public opinion which soon overflowed the bounds of his own State, and several of the States caught the spirit with which he invested the subject, and he was solicited to deliver addresses in the older States of the Union at their anniversaries to exhibit and compare the results of labor in the various departments of life. His address before the State Agricultural Society of New York, delivered at the State Fair at Elmira, October 5, 1855, chiefly on the grasses of our country, has become a text-book on that subject. He was invited to be present at the trial of skill in several of the States, where the power of mechanical and agricultural implements was to be tested, and was solicited from several of the States to send the most skillful of our fellow-citizens to act on committees to determine the value of mechanic powers and agricultural improvements upon which awards were to be made. He delivered frequent addresses to large assemblies of his fellow-citizens in different parts of the State, by which means he not only infused into them a spirit of enterprise, but diffused among them a large amount of valuable information.

An address delivered by him at Carmeltown, a thriving manufacturing town in Indiana, in 1851, has been largely quoted by the leading

journals of the day, and is replete with valuable information and sound principles in political economy. He contended that the working mind of the country must settle from time to time the articles that are suitable for our soil and climate, what will yield the most, in what manner the soil should be cultivated, what should be the size of farms, etc. His kindly intercourse and visits to the executives of other States begot a spirit of fraternity between the States of our great national commonwealth.

In 1850 Hon. J. J. Crittenden, then Governor of the State of Kentucky, paid a visit to Indianapolis, upon an invitation from Governor Wright, and was introduced by Governor Wright to a large concourse of citizens in the beautiful green in the State-House yard. After paying a beautiful tribute to the family of Mr. Crittenden, whose father was a soldier of the Revolution, and of the service they had rendered Indiana in her Indian wars, Governor Wright remarked: "But this reception to our distinguished fellow-citizen is peculiarly appropriate from another and higher consideration. This is a time of peace, and we are now enlarging our boundaries, extending our territories. Peace and prosperity is in our midst, and yet to some extent there is a dark cloud rising that threatens to destroy the peace and harmony of the Union. Our sister State of Kentucky, divided only from

us by a noble river, differing from us somewhat in her municipal government, meets us to-day by her first officer, her favorite son, and says, in the language of her representative, 'Kentucky, under the auspices of an overruling Providence and the precepts of Washington, will be the last to leave the Union!' To that sentiment we respond: 'Indiana knows no geographical boundaries, and that we, the survivors of that day, and the sons and daughters of those who were brethren in arms in 1812, and shared together common dangers, are yet of one mind, one heart, and will share together a common destiny. The planets in their orbits are not more permanently fixed than are Kentucky and Indiana and the great West in their attachment to the Union; and it is right, it is meet, it is proper, that at a time like this they should meet together and renew their covenants upon a common altar. . . . We are told in ancient story, that the rope which formed the famous Gordian knot was so folded, and knit with many knots, and so wreathed one within another, that no man could perceive the manner of it, neither where the knots began nor where they ended. In like manner it may be said a thousand influences combine to make us one and inseparable. We are bound together by the strong ties of love, of honesty, and of patriotism. We are linked together by religion, by language,

and by the ties of kindred; by the memory of mutual trials; by the memory of mutual sufferings; by the memory of mutual triumphs; and by the ten thousand cords and avenues of commerce that bind together in one vast brotherhood the people of every climate, soil, and production of this Union. Our Union is a Gordian knot which no man nor sword can sever."

In 1849 the General Assembly of Indiana authorized the procuring and forwarding to Washington a block of native marble, to be deposited in the Washington Monument. In alluding to this subject, in his message in 1850, Governor Wright said:

"The General Assembly did not authorize any sentiment to be placed on the block. I took the liberty to have inscribed the following: 'Indiana knows no north, no south—nothing but the Union.' I did so because I believed, as I still believe, that the sentiment thus engraved in enduring marble was written also on the hearts of our people."

Governor Wright made a profession of religion, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his early manhood. His house was ever the home of true Christian hospitality. His social, moral, and religious practices, as well as professions, stood out pre-eminently; he was decided and efficient in each. He was also a zealous advocate and an earnest worker

in the cause of Sabbath-schools. When Governor of the State he regularly taught a Bible class in the Sunday-school, and when Minister at Berlin he had his Bible class in the mission school of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During his last embassy to Berlin he took great interest in the building of a Methodist church, in which there might be preaching in the English language, for the benefit of American residents and visitors. To this enterprise he and his family gave their sympathy, their services, their money, and their influence. Since his death it has been consecrated to Divine service, and a beautiful marble tablet in it perpetuates his name and his love. •

He was a strong friend and advocate of the cause of temperance, and strictly adhered to its principles, whether in court circles or in private life. In 1863 Bishop Janes was present with him in Europe at a national dinner gotten up by Americans in honor of their national jubilee. On that public occasion, Governor Wright, true to his well-known principles, with goblet in hand, containing only pure cold water, drank the health of the King and the President.

In 1857 he was appointed Minister to the Court of Berlin by President Buchanan.

In 1862 he was appointed United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of an expelled Senator. In 1863 he was appointed by

President Lincoln Commissioner to the Exhibition. In 1866 President Johnson nominated him a second time Minister to Prussia. The Senate unanimously confirmed his nomination.

While in the faithful discharge of the duties of his office his health failed, and finally, amid usefulness and honor, he closed his brilliant career. During his long illness his religious experience was very rich. When the announcement was made to him that his disease might terminate fatally, he received the information calmly and with his accustomed fortitude. Referring to his spiritual state he said: "I am utter helplessness. I have no strength to subdue or conquer my own will in this great matter of life and death; but I have an Almighty Saviour, and he is my advocate. In the Lord is my strength and righteousness. Jesus can give me the strength I need. He does not desire that I should climb this mountain, but will carry me up in his arms."

On the third Sabbath in January a few Christian friends assembled in the room, and united with him in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. During the service he desired them to sing the hymn commencing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and the one commencing, "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine." While they were singing,

"Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend,"

he looked up, beckoned his wife to him, and exclaimed, "He floods my soul with light and love." "The great transaction's done." "Jesus is mine, and I am his." From that time until his death he had no doubt of his salvation.

An infidel friend was present at one time, conversing with him on the subject of Christianity, and expressing to him his disbelief in the claims of Holy Scripture. The Governor, smiting upon his breast, said to him with great emotion, "*I know* I am right. I would not exchange this assurance I have of salvation in Jesus Christ for ten thousand worlds. Nothing can destroy my faith in God."

To the young ministers who visited him he said, "Preach Christ, and only Christ." To Dr. Jacoby he said, "I am not excited; I am very quiet, but I am very happy.. I have the full assurance of heaven and glory." Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New York, called on him and inquired how he felt in regard to a change of worlds. He replied, "I have no more fear than of going to my father's house. I have no fear of death." At another time he said, "I feel that my union with Christ is complete. My faith fastens upon him as with hooks of steel."

These are only a few of the remarkable utterances of this dying servant of God. When he awoke on the morning of his death he remarked

to his wife, "I feel better than I have done for a week; I can spend the day on the balcony." Mrs. Wright led their morning prayers, in which she prayed to God to bless the means used for his recovery. He stopped her and said, "Pray, my dear, that God's will may be done." In the other petitions he joined responsively. As he was preparing to rise, and sat on the side of the bed, he said suddenly, "O, my dear wife, open the windows; I am faint." She hastened to do so, and returning to him quickly, said, "My precious husband, speak to me once more; tell me if Jesus is present now." But no response came from his lips. A look of mingled surprise and sweetness passed over his features, then a smile, then a look of rapture, and peacefully he passed away without a word, without a groan.

He died rather suddenly but peacefully, in the city of Berlin, Prussia, May 11, 1867, aged fifty-seven. Such was the life and such the decease of our departed friend.

Religious and civil services were held in his own residence in the city of Berlin. His funeral was attended by the diplomatic corps, and by the American residents; and the simple and impressive "Order for the Burial of the Dead," contained in our Discipline, was read by Rev. Prof. Bennett, who chanced to be in Berlin. Dr. Jacoby preached his funeral sermon in German in our new church. The remains were

deposited in the vault of the new State Church in Dorotheaen Strasse, where they remained until brought to this country.

There was also held a civil meeting in Arnim's Hotel, which was largely attended, and at which Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, was present. A committee was appointed to report a minute for adoption by the meeting. In the absence of the committee, Governor Curtin spoke in chaste, complimentary terms of the deceased, whom he claimed as his personal friend. The committee reported the following :

"The Americans in the city of Berlin are drawn together by a mutual sympathy and a common sorrow at the decease of the honored representative of the United States at the Court of Prussia.

"The hopes and fears which during a protracted illness have alternately cheered and distracted the hearts of family and friends, have found their solution. Hopes have been crushed, and fears have been painfully realized. With one gentle but 'signal blow' the fell destroyer, death, has severed the immortal from the mortal part, and the spirit of Joseph A. Wright has taken its flight from this to another and a better world.

"With the simple yet impressive funeral rites of Monday fresh in our minds, we may not inappropriately turn from the closing scene of his life to some of its earlier incidents.

“ We find that, like our Franklin, our Clay, our Lincoln, our Douglas, and others of our distinguished worthies, he also, without the aid of family influence or pecuniary means, simply through his own untiring energy, raised himself by successive and rapid strides from a humble position to some of the highest and most responsible offices within the gift of the people and the government.

“ In early manhood admitted to the bar of Indiana, we find him a little later member of the Legislature; then her representative in Congress; then her highest executive officer; and then American Minister at the Court of Berlin; afterward a member of the Senate of the United States; and finally, nominated by a President elected mainly by the votes of his earlier political opponents, and unanimously confirmed by Senators of all parties, we have found him again at his former post in Berlin, devoting his best and his last energies to the interests of his country, to the protection and welfare of his fellow-citizens, adopted as well as native born.

“ That he was able to discharge the duties of these several offices with credit to himself may be attributed to his active and superior intellect; but his elevation to these high places was owing more to his persevering energy, and to his strict integrity and inflexible honesty.

“Hereafter his life may be regarded as another of the numerous instructive and encouraging examples we already have, as cumulative evidence of the fact that under the genial influences of our republican institutions it is possible for the youth of our land, by proper exertions, to elevate themselves from any station in life to those of usefulness and honor.

“Viewing him in the more retired walks of private life, and remembering his many Christian virtues, and, above all, the inexhaustible goodness of his heart, we are painfully saddened by the reflection that here upon earth we shall hear the cheerful voice, we shall see the pleasant and expressive countenance, of our departed friend no more forever.

“Fully conscious how difficult it is to offer words of consolation to those whose hearts bleed freshly over the loss of a near and dear relative, we yet respectfully tender to the afflicted family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy with them in this the hour of their deepest anguish; and we earnestly commend them to the mercy and kindness of the good Being ‘who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.’

“Requesting the officers of this meeting to transmit a copy of this memorial to his bereaved family, we ask of them the further favor that they communicate the same to the

numerous friends of our departed countryman, here as well as in America, through the press or otherwise, as they may deem fit and proper."

Bishop Janes says, "His life of usefulness should serve as a meteor and guiding star to not only the sires, but the sons of the present and future generations. The high positions of honor, trust, and distinction which he held were held with an unspotted reputation; and no impurities of these high positions left a stain on the beauty, simplicity, and piety of a character that retained these distinguished traits through all the trials, troubles, and temptations of a busy political life to this, its Christian close.

"Previous to his illness he purchased a lot in our beautiful Greenwood as a place of interment for himself and family; and our last office of love is, with devotion, and loving and Christian remembrance, to carry out this his pleasure concerning his remains by interring them in that place. It is a further duty we owe to him and to ourselves to cherish his remembrance, to profit by his example, to follow him in his Christian life, and to aspire after that glory into which we believe he has already entered. We feel our loss. We feel bereaved, and yet we cannot but magnify the grace of God in him. 'An honest man's the noblest work of God;' a true Christian the richest trophy of the cross

of Christ; a glorified saint the greatest wonder of the universe. May God give us grace to attain that same beatitude, and enjoy with him forever the felicity of heaven, and render homage, adoration, praise, and thanksgiving unto his God and our God for ever and ever."

Mrs. Wright arriving in New York with the body of her husband, the funeral obsequies over the remains of the Hon. Joseph A. Wright, late United States Minister at Berlin, Prussia, were observed on Thursday afternoon, August 22, at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. Mrs. Wright, the children of the deceased, and numerous family friends, were present. The coffin was placed in the center of the chancel, covered with a large United States flag, on which were laid a floral crown and wreaths. The pall-bearers, occupying seats on either side of the coffin, were Major-General Vodges, Major-General Butterfield, M. C. Morgan, Esq., Austin Baldwin, Esq., J. B. Cornell, Esq., Daniel Drew, Esq., W. B. Skidmore, Esq., D. L. Ross, Esq., Oliver Hoyt, Esq., A. V. Stout, Esq., and J. D. Lanier, Esq. The lid of the coffin bore the inscription, "Joseph A. Wright, born April 17, 1810; died May 11, 1867, at Berlin, Prussia, aged fifty-seven years."

Bishop Janes, and Drs. Durbin, M'Clintock, Foster, and Holdich, occupied seats in the

pulpit, together with the pall-bearers, and all wore the emblems of mourning. After an opening anthem by the choir, the first Scripture lesson was read by Rev. E. L. Janes, Dr. Foster led in an impressive prayer, and Dr. Holdich read the second Scripture lesson. During the preliminary services Dr. M'Clintock read the following letter, received from Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and dated Washington, D. C., August 19. It was addressed to Messrs. Daniel Drew, Oliver Hoyt, Austin Baldwin, and D. L. Ross, the committee having the supervision of the funeral services :

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter inviting the President and Secretary of State to attend the funeral of Joseph A. Wright, late United States Minister Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of Prussia. The President directs me to express his profound sympathy with the friends of the deceased on the occasion of the great loss which not only they, but the whole country, have sustained by the death of that distinguished and excellent man. It is the President's desire, as well as my own, that we may be able to accept your kind invitation. I will advise you later by telegraph."

The memorial address was delivered by Bishop Janes.

At the close of the Bishop's remarks, Dr. Durbin, Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, made a brief and pertinent address, specially referring to the religious life and influence of Governor Wright. He stated that during last summer, when traveling in Denmark, Norway, Switzerland, and Germany, he was struck by the widespread fame, as a Christian gentleman, which Governor Wright enjoyed. His position as United States Minister at Berlin, the heart of Germany, gave his opinions a prominence that, while exerting unbounded influence by force of such high example, should compel us to revere his memory.

After singing, the services, which were solemn and deeply interesting throughout, were closed with the benediction by Dr. M'Clintock.

Governor Wright was a man of intelligence, energy, self-reliance, and perseverance. His success in life abundantly proves this. As a friend he was affectionate, sincere, generous, and constant. These characteristics attached his friends to him with corresponding fervor and fidelity. He was a true philanthropist. He sympathized in all the interests of humanity. Both in public and private life human want and woe ever found a ready response in his heart, and, as far as possible, relief from his hand. He was a patriot. He loved his country. In all the offices he held in the State and

National Governments he earnestly and honestly sought the public good. He was incapable of bribery. When Governor a company offered him a bribe of \$50,000 if he would give his official sanction to a certain railroad grant. He indignantly spurned the bribe and those who offered it. In his last sickness he said, "If I thank God for any thing it is that I never received a bribe or did violence to my conscientious convictions of duty in any public position." This genuine philanthropy, this manifested interest in the people, and this sterling integrity, were among the principal elements of his long-continued popularity.

The active and prominent part which he took in the Evangelical Conference at Berlin showed that his interest in religion had not abated by his going abroad. He gave the whole weight of his personal and official influence in that conference to the cause of evangelical religion throughout the world.

Neither did his interest in the State of his adoption and his early home diminish by his residence abroad. In a letter from Berlin under date of December 11, 1858, among other valuable things, he states the following: "It is my conviction, often expressed before, and strengthened by my experience abroad, that the hope of perpetuating our institutions and giving heed to all of our diversified and con-

flicting interests, rests upon the adoption of such a system of State legislation as shall tend more and more to the development of the internal and national resources of the several members of our happy Union. It should be the policy of our State to make more at home and buy less abroad."

Governor Wright was thoroughly American in his views and feelings. He advocated protection to American citizens returning to the land of their birth in Europe, and he is reported to have said to a friend on the subject, "I feel degraded to see the ruler of some petty principality in Europe about the size of a Hoosier's corn-field, whose revenue is derived from some gambling establishment, calling in question and setting aside the broad seal of the Republic." Intellectual power, firmness, a love for the truth, and deep and earnest human sympathies, were among the prominent traits in his character. In youth an earnest student, next a lawyer at the bar, a member of the State Legislature, member of the National Congress, twice Governor of the State, head of the Agricultural Department, and finally United States Minister to the Court of Berlin.

Governor Wright was three times married. In early life he wedded Miss Louisa Cook, of Montezuma, Indiana, by whom he had one son. Rev. F. C. Holliday says: "I had the pleasure

of several years' acquaintance with her, and always found her a spiritually-minded, intelligent, enterprising Christian lady; and I have no doubt that Governor Wright owed much of the strength of his religious principles and habits to the gentle but powerful influence of the wife of his youth." His second wife, Miss Hattie Burbridge, daughter of General Burbridge, of Paris, Kentucky, was also an excellent woman, and a worthy companion of this great and good man. She lived but eleven months after marriage, leaving twin children. On the 11th of October, 1863, Mr. Wright was united in marriage to Mrs. Caroline R. Deuel, of New York, Bishop Janes and Drs. Newman and Ridgeway officiating. She is one of the most highly-honored women of the Church. She has been connected with the Ladies' Home Missionary Society from its organization; while the Five Points Mission may be said to owe its existence largely to her efforts. She accompanied her husband in his last mission to a Foreign Court, was his ministering angel in his final sickness, listened to his dying testimony, and accompanied his lifeless form across the Atlantic to the land of his fathers.

Mr. Wright's remains lie in "Greenwood," where his widow has erected an appropriate monument to his memory. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him.

STEPHEN B. WICKENS.

STEPHEN B. WICKENS was born in Rye, England, May 1, 1811, of Methodist parents. He came to this country with them in 1829, taking up their residence in this city, where they joined Vestry-street Church. His father was an original abolitionist, and, being a man of positive convictions, he made no secret of his views, though at that time such a confession was not altogether convenient. The son inherited his father's opinion; but his quiet manner saved him the odium that otherwise he could not at one time have escaped. From a child he was thoughtful and serious; and the strictness of moral conduct and outward religious observances taught him in childhood and youth, was never forsaken. Yet he did not make a public profession of religion till 1839, when he united with the Vestry-street Church, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Charles A. Davis. About the same time he was first employed at the Methodist Book Concern, where he continued, with only one brief exception, till called away by his last short illness, filling chiefly the positions of proof-reader and assistant editor of the "Christian Advocate." In the latter rela-

tion he served under Drs. Bond, Peck, Thomson, and Curry; and we believe that he not only gave satisfaction in his work, but also commanded the respect of all of his principals. As a proof-reader he had few equals; and many a writer has been indebted to him for the correction of his syntax, or the suggestion of a needed emendation of his language, and especially for correctness of facts of history and biography.

His knowledge of Methodist literature, especially the biographies of ministers, British as well as American, was very full and accurate. He also devoted much attention to Methodist hymnology, and was thoroughly versed in Wesleyan and post-Wesleyan Methodistic poetry. But his learning was not confined to these subjects, but embraced the whole range of English literature. His mind was, indeed, a repertory of facts, a thinking commonplace book. His learning was truly encyclopedial. "Often," says Dr. Curry, "have we turned to him in the office, or gone away to the proof-readers' room, to be posted as to some historical fact which else would have cost us a search in the cyclopedia; and seldom have we failed to obtain the information sought."

He was married in May, 1851, to Miss Sarah Barnum, then a resident of Philadelphia, who survives him. He was a brother-in-law to the late Prof. Bragdon, and to Rev. F. S. Barnum

of the New York Conference. His Christian life and character were without reproach. He filled at different times the offices of trustee and steward, but his diffidence made him persistingly refuse to act as a class-leader, an office for which he seemed to be especially qualified.

He was author of a number of useful works—an abridged “Life of Watson,” an original and really learned “Life of Bunyan,” “Fulfillment of Prophecy,” chiefly after Keith, “Sunday-School Manual;” and, besides these, a large number of other books received his editorial supervision. He was not a genius, nor in the highest sense of the word a scholar; but he was learned in all the departments with which he was occupied, and turned his acquirements to good account.

“His decease,” says Dr. Curry, “leaves a vacancy in our little circle of the Advocate office, of which he had become a recognized feature. We shall miss him in many things, and never, when reminded of him by his absence, shall we fail to remember him as one of the few men whom we have known, and yet have never detected in a folly or a fault. That he had the common infirmities of humanity we very well know; nor need it be concealed that he had his own peculiarities of mind and temper; but very few men leave so clean a record. If truth, honor, and integrity are the properties that should command our reverence, then is

the memory of Stephen B. Wickens worthy of veneration. He lived well, he died well; he has left a good name among men; and we do not doubt as to his present state, or his eternal reward in the life that is to come."

Some two hours before his death he asked for the time of day, and being answered, requested pencil and paper, and wrote in a scarcely legible hand: "It is now noon of May 11, and I am dying, without fear, or dread, or pain. As the outward man faileth, the inward is renewed day by day." With this glorious testimony he departed this life in peace, May 11, 1867, aged fifty-six years.

JOHN SUDLOW.

JOHN SUDLOW was born in County Armagh, Ireland, July 9, 1801. When about nine years of age he came to this city, where, by his genial nature and sound business and Christian character, he won for himself a prominent place and name in the circles of business and religious life. In his nineteenth year he was awakened under a sermon preached in the Allen-street Methodist Episcopal Church from the text, "Ye must be born again." About six months after he was happily and soundly converted in a

class-meeting held in a private house in Broome-street. He soon after united with the Willett-street Methodist Episcopal Church, where he remained until the organization of a mission which resulted in the Second-street Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a member of its first Board of Trustees, and at the time of his death was President of the board. For thirty-five years he was identified with this Church, and to her his toils and prayers were given until life's latest hour. At the time of his death he was one of the committee to make arrangements for a reunion of former pastors and members, and was looking forward to this service with great pleasure; but, instead of a reunion with the scattered members of the family on earth, it was his to rejoin the many who now dwell in the land of fadeless light.

At the early age of twenty-three our brother was appointed a class-leader. Faithfully, and with almost unequaled success, did he fill this office in the Church. His sympathetic spirit, knowledge of human nature, readiness and aptness in advising and instructing, kind, yet faithful admonitions, and, above all, his heartfelt Christian experience, made him a superior leader. He was an intelligent Christian man, able to give an answer to every man that asked, a reason for the hope that was in him. As an exhorter he often made most happy and

effective use of his memory-stored Scripture treasures.

He was a prominent member of the New York praying band (Samuel Halsted, leader) from its organization. He was also at the time of his decease president of the Camp-Meeting Association. In his social relations he was a good example of the Christian: always cheerful; ever ready to whisper words of admonition or encouragement; overflowing with sympathy to the distressed; so that it may be said of him that he went about doing good. In all his domestic relations he was much beloved. The light of the home is departed.

Soon after his death the Board of Trustees and the Quarterly Conference of the Second-street Methodist Episcopal Church convened, and passed resolutions showing their very high appreciation of him, and their deep sympathy for his family. They were published in the "Christian Advocate" and "Methodist."

The New York General Prayer Meeting Association paid the following tribute to his memory:

"Whereas it has pleased our heavenly Father to remove suddenly from the cares and troubles of this life to his immortal home our beloved Brother John Sudlow, Vice-President of our Association; and

"Whereas, by his genial nature, uniform

courtesy, ready and ripe judgment, unblemished Christian character, and long and faithful service, he had greatly endeared himself to us; therefore,

“*Resolved*, 1. That while we would bow in humble submission to the will of Him ‘who doeth all things well,’ and while we sorrow not as those who have no hope, nevertheless we do most deeply deplore our loss.

“2. That by the sudden death of our dear brother we are admonished to be also ready; and we here pledge ourselves that, as another link is severed from the fraternal chain that bound us together, we will be more strongly cemented in the ties of Christian friendship.

“3. That our Association has lost a long-tried friend, a wise counselor, a most earnest and efficient workman, a man the memory of whose many excellences will be as ‘ointment poured forth.’

“4. That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family, and especially his companion, with whom he walked in sweet companionship for so many years.

“5. That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of the Association, be presented to Mrs. Sudlow, and the same be published in the ‘Christian Advocate’ and ‘Methodist.’

“SCHUREMAN HALSTED, *President*.

“SAMUEL HALSTED, *Leader*.

“DANIEL W. PRICE, *Secretary*.”

The following is the action of the New York Camp-Meeting Association :

"Whereas, in the inscrutable providence of God, our beloved brother John Sudlow has been suddenly removed from us by death, therefore,

"Resolved, 1. That this Association has lost a valuable and highly-esteemed member, and for several years an efficient co-worker in the cause of Christ and of camp-meetings. As we bow in submission to this afflictive dispensation, there is confident hope that through faith in Jesus Christ, and a Christian walk and conversation of more than forty-four years, he has gone to his glorious reward.

"2. That by the sudden manner of his decease we are strongly reminded of the indispensable necessity of being prepared to die whenever God shall call us. Let us do life's great work while the day lasts.

"3. That we, the surviving trustees of the New York Camp-Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church, most deeply sympathize with the widow, children, and numerous relatives and friends of our deceased brother, praying that they all may be made more earnest Christians by the lesson of this sad providence.

"4. That more than ever we will strive to conduct the camp-meetings held by this Association so as to be the means of salvation to

multitudes yet, as they have been to thousands now living, besides a great throng who, with our brother, are now on the other shore.

"5. That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the committee, be furnished to the family of the deceased, and to the 'Christian Advocate' and 'Methodist' for publication.

"Unanimously adopted, October 23, 1867.

"E. H. BROWN,

"C. H. APPLGATE,

"J. SAMMIS, *Committee.*"

These four sets of resolutions were beautifully engrossed and framed, and presented to his widow, and now adorn the parlor walls of her pleasant home in Seventh-street, where he had lived so long.

As a leader he was greatly beloved by his class, and was the recipient of many tokens of their love and esteem. At one time, on his return, after a season of absence in the country, he was greatly surprised by his class in the presentation of a large and beautiful photographic album, containing their likenesses. His friend, David W. Price, made an appropriate presentation speech. The leader's reply was tender and affecting, clearly demonstrating that their names were engraven indelibly on his heart.

A few years before his death, when Bishop Janes had closed a series of lectures to the class-

leaders of New York, it was proposed by them to present the bishop with some suitable testimonial of their esteem for him, and their appreciation of his labors.

John Sudlow was appointed to supervise the affair, and make the presentation speech. The enterprise was committed to the right man, and was conducted in a most creditable manner. A gold watch was selected, beautifully engraved; and the presentation speech, in the old Allen-street Church, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience, in behalf of the class-leaders of New York city, was most creditable to his head and heart, and every way worthy of the circumstances and the occasion.

As a class-leader he excelled. It was after much solicitation that he consented to accept of the appointment at all. But he seemed to comprehend the importance of the office, and the qualifications necessary to fill it usefully. He at length attained to such distinction that Bishop Janes wrote to him for an account of his experience as a leader.

The following is an extract from his answer to Bishop Janes's letter:

"I was called to the office of leader early in life, and shortly after I became a member of the Church. When the subject was first broached to me I could not believe my brethren were in earnest, but was inclined to pass it off

as a joke. But those whom the preacher sent to me were members of the class, and they assured me that they were truly in earnest. When I discovered that they were sincere, I told them I could not indulge the thought for a moment. 'I am young in years and young in Christian experience. I can hardly walk straight as a Christian man, and seem to be but tottering along. And under such circumstances I cannot consent, against my judgment and sense of propriety, to do any such thing.' So my brethren left me, and I supposed that was the end of it. After my brethren left I was quite amused at the idea of such a man as I consenting to be a class-leader. Here, I said to myself, are the men who prayed for me before I was a member, and while I was seeking the Lord. They are members of the class; they are men of age and deep experience; they have kindly cared for me. Since I joined this class they have given me counsel, they lent me their books, and tried to help me on in the good way, and now for me to stand up and be their leader—the idea is preposterous! But I think I shall not hear any more about it; they will see their folly. All was quiet for a few days. But next comes the preacher with a pleasant face and a sweet 'How do you do, my dear brother? The brethren say they called on you, and requested that you should become their leader, and they

say that you don't think you ought to do that. Well, I think men ought to be allowed to judge for themselves on such serious business, and I would not press you to take the class, although it is my opinion, and the opinion of the whole Official Board, that you should; and now I have come simply to request you to take the book and lead the class as well as you can until we shall have time to reflect and look about, and fix on one who shall be leader.' Of course I was abashed in the presence of a preacher, and said, 'If that is all, I cheerfully comply.' So I took the book, and the preacher left, and I began to reflect. 'O,' I thought, 'what a simple man I was to consent to take the book at all! I can't lead class; I have tried a few times, and I know I can't do it. Why did I consent to try at all? There are plenty of men in that class who can do it better than I can. I am sorry I took the book, or consented to have any thing to do with it; but I said I would, so I will do as well as I can.' The class met the same evening. I was there at the time, but could not muster courage to open the class. So I called on one of the brethren to sing and pray, and I engaged heartily in prayer myself, and we read and sang.

"I began to feel that the Lord was helping me, and I would try to be a *man*. So I worked through that evening and felt well in my heart,

but was very much dissatisfied with my performance, but finally concluded, 'Well, it is none of my seeking; they have brought this upon themselves, so let them bear it until they can do better.' So I began to read more earnestly, and pray, as it seemed to me, more successfully; but I was poor, and had to work for a livelihood, and had very little time for mental culture. But I took some from my sleeping hours, and when I got a new idea, or committed to memory a passage of Scripture, I felt rich. I kept on reading and praying as I could find opportunity for about six weeks, when I began to complain that the preacher was so tardy in finding us a leader.

"One evening I was doing the best I could in leading class, and endeavored to quote a passage of Scripture for each member in their turn, when I blundered in one of my quotations, and made some mistake. One of my old brethren, dear good old brother, thought he would sharpen me up a little, and said, 'No man should undertake to quote Scripture unless he can do it correctly,' and sat down. I said, 'My dear brother, you have ever been dear to me. You prayed for me at the altar. God has answered your prayers, and converted a good many of us, and now what a pleasure it must be to you to see us, your children, converted in answer to your prayers, and to hear us lisping God's praise, though we do it

imperfectly! and you may be sure it is a comfort to us boys to know we have fathers who can put us straight when we go astray."

From the foregoing extract it is apparent that John Sudlow, as a leader, studied to show himself approved unto God—"a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

A writer in the "Sentinel" says: "Where there is a will there is a way." If any are disposed to question the truthfulness of this maxim because in some cases the will of man seems impotent in opposing circumstances which lie beyond human control, let them patiently await the result and they will find that success generally crowns the action of inflexible determination.

A voyage of great length on the mighty ocean can be successfully effected despite the contrary winds and raging storms. Explorations in the Polar regions have been made, where the intense cold, the almost illimitable fields of ice, and the absence of day for months in succession, appeared as obstacles too great to admit the hope of success.

Many persons are unsuccessful in their pursuits, and instead of rising they fall; while others with no more favorable circumstances, often with less, by the force of their own wills press on and gain the prize. In a long observation of men we find only a few exceptions, and these but prove the rule.

Among those usually called self-made men no case occurs to us in which such have not displayed a strong will. They have fixed their eye upon their object, and thus have resolutely persevered in the way of obtaining it. Like General Grant they have said, "I will fight it out on this line."

Such a person was John Sudlow. In early boyhood he began a life of toil at almost the lowest round in the ladder of human progress. As manhood dawned upon him, without the aid of the wealthy and influential, and with scarcely any culture, he selected for himself a business full of toil, and one that gave promise of no great remuneration. Indeed, his choice was in part a necessity, as at that time nothing more promising offered.

While a youth he embraced religion, and with a will he commenced life in the right way. He united with a Christian Church, and soon, by his devoted living, and in the use of those gifts bestowed upon him for the good and edification of others, he became an object of interest to those with whom he was honorably associated. The young man became an officer in the Church; he loved singing, and his singing inspired others; in prayer and exhortation he soon excelled, and throughout his life he sustained the reputation of being one of the most able and interesting class-leaders.

He was most fortunate in his choice of a companion. She, being the daughter of a clergyman, and truly pious, constituted a most worthy helpmeet for him amid the trials and duties of life.

Through long years of labor he pressed on his way, never slack in the performance of duty, but establishing himself in those habits of industry, economy, and charity which go to make up the strong man. Ever hospitable and generous, he exerted a good influence in the Church at large, as well as in the immediate circles where he moved.

He was careful to speak evil of no man. "He illustrated the important lesson taught by the Saviour, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' In his life, character, and success every young man may find great encouragement. Providence helped him because he helped himself. He left a large family in a respectable position in society."

He was remarkable for the power he exercised over his temper and passions. One who had resided in the family, and known him intimately for forty years, said that during that whole time she never knew him ruffled in the least in temper. He was always cheerful, mild, and pleasant.

He possessed remarkable skill in reaching the hearts of the impenitent, and leading them to

Christ. Many of his kindred and personal friends were saved through his instrumentality. His crown will not be starless. Among others whom, under God, he saved, was his own mother, when her sun had declined far toward its setting.

He gave "attention to reading," and kept his mind stored with interesting facts and incidents of a religious character, in the use of which he possessed remarkable skill. The facility with which he drew from this storehouse for illustrations gave a freshness to all his exercises, whether leading a class, conducting a prayer-meeting, or addressing an audience.

He was emphatically a self-made man, and by his energy of character kept pace with the march of mind and the progress of the age. He was endowed with the gift of prayer and exhortation in a high degree. Under his prayers and powerful appeals, large assemblies have been seen to weep and tremble, while saints have shouted for joy, and sinners have exclaimed, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?"

His departure was sudden. He died of heart disease in Kingston, N. Y., at the house of his brother-in-law, Rev. David Buck, October 14, 1867, aged sixty-six. He left home on Saturday, October 12, in company with his wife, in his usual health. On Sabbath he attended

preaching both morning and evening. He also attended an experience meeting in the afternoon. At the close of the evening sermon he went into the altar, and after singing a few verses of a familiar hymn he delivered his last exhortation. It was deeply interesting, and a fitting close to one of the most exemplary and useful lives. Among other things he said, "I want so to live that my wife, who knows me best, may be able to say, 'He is a Christian.'" On Monday morning he rose about five o'clock to take an early train for New York, and while dressing himself fell senseless at the feet of his wife, and in an instant was no more among the earthly. But "the memory of the just is blessed."

JAMES B. OAKLEY.

JAMES B. OAKLEY was born in Shrub Oak, Westchester County, N. Y., May 28th, 1787. His father died when he was about ten years of age, leaving his mother with the responsible charge of four children, of whom James was the eldest; consequently upon him the loss fell with the greatest weight. His mother was a woman of deep piety, sound judgment, and great energy of character, and was

universally esteemed by her neighbors as a woman of superior excellence.

She was among the first Methodists of that community, where Methodism was so early planted. Her house was the constant stopping place of the preachers, and was always provided with a "prophet's room;" while her eldest son, as he often stated in after life, led their horses to a comfortable stall for rest and fodder. James generally accompanied his pious mother to the quarterly meetings, and also assisted her to provide entertainment for her numerous guests, sometimes numbering as many as forty or fifty on their quarterly meeting occasions. Thus in very early life he learned to love the pious, and delighted to serve the servants of the Saviour; a duty which he faithfully practiced to the day of his death, as hundreds can testify. At the age of seventeen he removed to the city of New York, and resided in the family of his uncle, John H. Oakley, an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Soon after coming to this city he was awakened under the preaching of Rev. Seth Crowel, in the old Forsyth-street Church, and immediately commenced seeking, and soon found, a clear witness of his acceptance with God. He at once united with the Duane-street Church, and thenceforth gave his prayers, his labors, and his means for its advancement.

On September 17, 1809, he was united in marriage to Miss Jane Sandford, and they walked together "blameless" before the Lord for nearly sixty years. In his wife he ever found a sympathizing and confiding friend, a companion in his toils, and a sharer in his joys; one ever ready to help "carry his sorrows and bear his griefs." The price of such a wife is more precious than "gold, yea, than much fine gold." Of such a one it may be said, "Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land." "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

About the time of his marriage he was elected, together with his associate, Abraham Russell, of precious memory, to represent the Duane-street Church in the Board of Trustees, which at that time had charge of all the Methodist Episcopal Churches in the city. He filled this office for more than half a century, and for more than twenty-five years was the president of the Board, which office he filled with fidelity.

About 1809 he was appointed leader, which office he filled with great acceptance and usefulness, until failing health compelled him to resign.

When the parent Missionary Society was organized he was elected one of its managers, and was re-elected annually till death, always attending their meetings if possible. The fol-

lowing notice was taken of his services and character at the annual meeting of the Board just subsequent to his death :

“Mr. James B. Oakley departed this life in the month of November, 1867. At the first annual meeting of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, April 17, 1820, Brother Oakley was then one of its managers, having been so elected at the time of its organization, April 5, 1819, in the Forsyth-street Church. Of that first class of managers Mr. William B. Skidmore is the sole surviving member. These brethren were true yoke-fellows from the beginning. Of the officers of the Board there is but one single survivor, Mr. Daniel Ayers, the same loving friend of Christ and missions we have known him to be for nearly fifty years.”

The Missionary Board caused to be entered upon their records the following minute :

“*Resolved*, That we cherish with gratitude to God a lively remembrance of the Christian example of our departed brother. Distinguished through life by strict integrity and unusual gentleness, he filled the positions of public trust to which he was called by the Church with honor, and enjoyed, as he deserved, the esteem of all with whom he mingled in private and social relations. Lovingly commanding his household after him in hearty, generous sympathy with the institutions, usages, and enterprises of

our Church, he was emphatically given to hospitality, and for more than half a century the friends of the Saviour, and especially Christian ministers, found a cordial welcome in his cheerful home."

Whatever office he was called to fill in the Church, whether trustee, steward, leader, or Sunday-school superintendent, he was faithful and useful. His home was, as had been his mother's before him, the home of Methodism and the home of Methodist preachers, his love for the Church and its ministry continuing till death. His pastors were always honored by him, whatever their defects; he always refusing to listen to any thing concerning them which would have injured their influence. He had much of that charity which "thinketh no evil," rarely naming the faults of others in their absence.

When the New York Prayer-Meeting Association was organized under the leadership of his beloved and faithful friend, Samuel Halsted, he considered it a great privilege to have his name enrolled among its members, though unable to attend many of their meetings: the members of the "Band" were very dear to him. In his family he was not only kind, but tenderly affectionate; the companion and friend of his children and grandchildren, extending to them in their trouble a father's warmest sympathy

and love; and in return he was affectionately beloved of the entire circle.

In the midst of the trials of old age and disease his piety shone with increasing luster. The most valuable Christian character is not the eccentric genius who dazzles for a moment, like a shooting meteor, and then turns to darkness, but the uniform, well-proportioned character which, though it dazzles not, shines on from day to day, and from night to night, like one of the fixed stars, which even a little child knows where to find, and how to steer his homeward course by its light. Such a guiding star was the life and character of the late James B. Oakley.

Viewing our subject from a business standpoint, his Christian character stands out in full and beautiful proportions. As a business man he was prompt, diligent, and reliable; too kindly considerate of others, however, to be "sharp" in making a bargain. He was a dealer in flour all his business life. Such was his experience and fidelity that in 1842 or 1843 he was appointed one of the eight general inspectors of flour and grain in the city of New York. This office he filled until the infirmities of age obliged him to resign. In 1853 he was chosen to award the premiums in this department at the World's Fair. Not making haste to be rich, he proved the truth of the proverb, "He that gathereth

by labor shall increase," and in a quiet old age he enjoyed abundantly the fruits of his industry, prudence, and moderation.

His faith in God, his cheerful submission to his will, his great patience during months and years of weariness and helplessness, rendered him a light and blessing to the entire household.

The Bible was his constant companion as long as he was able to read, or listen to its truths. During his months of weariness nothing cheered him so much as to behold the faces of Christian friends, and to converse with them concerning religion and heaven. Who can tell the value of a friendly Christian call upon the aged and the afflicted! Our Saviour must have estimated such visits when he said, "I was sick, and ye visited me."

Father Oakley ever had a deep sense of his own unworthiness, but his unshaken trust in the atonement of Christ gave him constant peace.

One day, as he seemed a little cast down, his daughter said to him, "Father, I should think it would be a great comfort to you to look back and feel that you have spent your whole life in the service of God."

He said, "Yes! but my services have not amounted to much; I am so unworthy;" and then added, with tears, "I do not know what I should do without Jesus."

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,"

said the dying Wesley; such, too, was J. B. Oakley's estimate of himself.

At one time, when he seemed weary, a chair was placed for him that he might change his position, with the remark, "Can you not rest on this?" Looking up he said earnestly, "Don't you know that I am resting on Jesus?"

One evening after he had retired his daughter, who had watched over him with unceasing fidelity and affection, said, "Father, can't you say something to me?" (meaning that she desired his counsel;) he said slowly and with much feeling, "Put your trust in the Lord; live for God every day and every-where. He will preserve you and take care of you amid all the trials of life."

He was able to conduct family prayer until within a few weeks of his departure; and after he was confined to his room he would frequently engage audibly in devotions, generally closing with the Lord's prayer.

Often during the silent hours of night his voice was heard in earnest communings with his heavenly Father.

For months previous to his decease all fear of death was taken away, and he had a "desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," rejoicing greatly in the prospect of meeting his friends in heaven.

On Sabbath morning, November 24, 1867, he arose, and was dressed as usual, though very feeble; while seated comfortably in his chair, the silver cord was gently loosed by an unseen hand. He said to his companion, who sat by his side, "I feel very weak." She reminded him that God had always been their helper, and would not leave them in trial. Raising his hands to heaven he said, "O Lord, give me strength!" and soon he "was not, for God took him." Kind friends perceiving a change in him laid him tenderly on the bed; he folded his arms, gently closed his eyes, and in a few moments it was found that the spirit had escaped from its prison and entered into rest.

"A holy quiet reigned around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys."

The life and death of our beloved father furnishes an important lesson to the Church of which he was so long time a devoted member. Let us follow him as he followed Christ.

His numerous friends are admonished of the importance and excellence of a life devoted to God. May they heed the admonition, and meet him in heaven!

The widow and family are rich and happy in having had *such* a husband and such a father,

and in being permitted hereafter to reflect upon such a pure and lovely Christian example. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

"Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last." *



GILBERT B. HART.

GILBERT B. HART was born in Yorktown, Westchester County, N. Y., May 30, 1815.

At the early age of nine years he was deprived by death of the much-needed counsel, protection, and guidance of a kind, loving Christian father.

From this time the culture of his mind and formation of his character devolved upon his mother. She was by birthright a Quaker, yet in early life, through the influence of a pious Methodist lady, became convinced of sin, was converted, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Possessing more than ordinary

* On Sunday, December 8, 1867, a memorial service was held in the Duane Church, on which occasion an excellent and highly appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. T. B. Smith, from Psalm xxxvii, 37. This sermon furnished us important aid in the preparation of the foregoing narrative.

natural abilities, and combining in her character the Christian graces in an eminent degree, she appeared in the family, in the Church, and before the world, an almost faultless model, worthy of imitation by all whose good fortune it was to enjoy her acquaintance. She lived to a good old age, and died in great peace, full of blessing and honor.

Being eminently qualified both by nature and grace, she faithfully applied herself to the task of rearing her rising charge for the Church and for God. O, the inestimable blessing of such a mother !

Under such influences the subject of this memoir (as might be expected) gave his heart early to God. He said, "My mother's God shall be my God, and her people shall be my people."

At the age of thirteen, influenced by his mother's counsels and the piety of his young sister Rachel, Gilbert was led to feel a strong desire to become a Christian. Just at dusk one evening, as his mother and sister were returning home from a visit to one of the neighbors, they heard an unusual noise coming from a retired place. It was the voice of prayer.

Gilbert, with several of his young companions, had gathered there, and, kneeling upon the ground beneath the evening sky, were earnestly engaged in pleading with God for mercy. So loud were their cries of distress that the neigh-

bors were alarmed, lest some calamity had happened. They hastened to the place, and, ascertaining the cause, soon gathered the praying group of penitent children in the house, and continued the prayer-meeting, when five, including the subject of this sketch, were happily converted. Three of the number have entered their eternal rest ; the other two are still active members of the Church of Christ.

As little Gilbert was highly favored in his parental and home influences, he was also favored in his early companionships and neighborhood associations. The goodness and usefulness of his manhood were attributable, doubtless, in a large degree, to the fact that his boyhood days were spent, not amid the demoralizing influences of city life, but amid the sober, virtuous, and pious settlers who had chosen their residence among the green hills and fertile valleys, silvery lakes and crystal streams, of Westchester County. O how many great and good men will thank God in eternity that their home, during the forming stage of their character, was in the beautiful country !

For a brief period during his youth he was occupied as teacher in the House of Refuge in the city of New York, under the superintendence of Rev. D. Terry. But preferring the country, with its charms and attractions, to the crowded city, with its fascinations and allurements, he

selected the village of Peekskill, on the Hudson, but a few miles from his native town, as the place where he purposed to live, and toil, and die.

Having attained his majority, he engaged in business as a lumber merchant, which business he followed with characteristic zeal and marked success for more than thirty years.

On the 6th day of October, 1841, he was united in matrimony to Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Vermont, a young lady combining in her character both natural and acquired abilities in a high degree, thus constituting her an excellent helpmate, and one of the best of companions.

Endowed with a native quickness of perception, and of sound, discriminating judgment and uncompromising integrity, he readily secured the fullest confidence of the business community. Having an aptitude for business, which he followed with remarkable promptness, energy, and perseverance, he succeeded in accumulating considerable wealth.

Having now acquired a sound business reputation, he was also deemed worthy to hold several important offices of trust in the community. He was much interested in and identified with the educational and banking interests of the village. He was also a strong friend of and earnest worker in the cause of temperance. It was through his instrumentality, in a large degree,

that the Village Temperance Society was organized, and he was honored by being unanimously elected its first President.

When the New York Conference Temperance Society was organized in 1865, Gilbert B. Hart was elected Treasurer.

The following shows the esteem in which he was held by the friends of another important organization :

“ *Whereas*, in the providence of God our beloved brother, Gilbert B. Hart, the unflinching temperance man, zealous and self-sacrificing Sabbath-school superintendent, and from the early age of thirteen the consistent and faithful Christian, has been called away by death, therefore,

“ *Resolved*, That, mingling our tears with those of his bereaved family, we hereby tender them our Christian sympathy and hearty condolence in view of the irreparable loss they have sustained—feeling admonished that what we have to do we must do quickly, and hoping that when our labors are ended we may present a record approximating to his, of unswerving fidelity to all the interests of religion, and that our sick-room, like his, may be but the pleasant waiting-place for the Master’s welcome.

“ By order of Peekskill Division, No. 53, Sons of Temperance.”

It was, however, in his Church and domestic

relations that his character shone with its brightest luster. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in his native town at the age of thirteen, and on removing to Peekskill connected himself with the First Methodist Episcopal Church, in communion with which he lived and died. As his business character grew, and became beautiful and commanding in the community, so, likewise, as years rolled on, his Christian character gradually unfolded, and became strong, beautiful, and conspicuous in the Church of God. Gilbert B. Hart was truly "a tower of strength" in the Church to which he belonged, a "pillar in the temple of God." His life was one of self-denial, sacrifice, and devotion to all her interests. He was intrusted with the offices of leader, steward, and trustee through a long term of years; and was only relieved from these responsibilities by sickness and death. He did not look to office for honor and influence, but he brought honor and influence to it. He used those offices well, and "was counted worthy of double honor." His pastor has truly said, that for "more than a quarter of a century the Church recognized in him a devout worshiper, a discreet office-bearer, and a benevolent patron.* The ministers of Christ ever found him

* But a few months before his death, when attending the services connected with the laying of the corner-stone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church in his native place, as the call

a safe counselor, a zealous co-worker, and a true friend."

Being a good disciplinarian, and apt to teach, he was chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school of his Church, an office which he filled with great acceptance, and to which he was duly elected for twenty-eight consecutive years. This office, like others which he filled, was only vacated by the stroke of death. Of his efficiency in the position his pastor, Rev. S. I. Ferguson, has well said, "In this department of Christian labor he was eminently successful. Under his supervision, punctuality, order, and energy seemed stamped on every thing connected with the school. Hundreds instructed there have been converted to God, many of whom became active laborers in the Master's vineyard; while many others, like their superintendent, "rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

He was a true man, never vacillating, and was looked upon as one of the main supporters of the Church, and one of the chief men of the town. If he sometimes appeared rigid, he was not was made for contributions, he arose, and standing erect, pale and corpse-like in appearance, raised his arm, and with trembling finger pointing through the window to the grave-yard adjoining, said, "I shall soon be sleeping there, but I must work while the day lasts. Put me down \$500." At the dedication of the same Church his bereaved widow gave a liberal memorial offering to the memory of her late husband.

austere. Yet a stern regard to principle always characterized his words and acts. He was cheerful, but not frivolous; hopeful, but never visionary.

But there is one other sphere in which we may view the subject of this sketch with interest and profit. I refer to his domestic and social relations. In these he was peculiarly happy, guiding his household with all fidelity and gentleness; guarding assiduously every avenue of approaching evil. Vice never dared to cross his threshold. In his hallowed home sinful amusements found no fellowship. Its moral atmosphere was always pure, and from its sacred altars grateful incense daily ascended, and came up before God as a sweet memorial.

In his home, intelligence, piety, and purity reigned supreme. "Given to hospitality, his was a home where pains were divided and pleasures were divided." "He and his house served the Lord." He fell asleep December 1, 1867. To his sorrowing companion he has left the beautiful example of a devoted husband and a ripe Christian. He has ascended, but his mantle rests upon his two youthful sons, who are striving to follow him as he followed Christ. He was literally faithful until death. He turned his feeble steps to the house of God and the Sunday-school long after his brethren felt he was too feeble to be there. He led

the devotions of the family until almost the close of life.

As his Christian life was active and pure, so his death was peaceful and triumphant. Just as life was closing his eye brightened while he exclaimed, "Such peace as I enjoy is wonderful!" His dying words were, "Jesus is precious, O how precious!" So lived and died our much esteemed and dearly beloved friend and brother, Gilbert B. Hart. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

On the Sabbath before his funeral, his Sunday-school gathered in their accustomed place in the house of God, and then formed in procession and slowly marched to his beautiful residence that overlooks the Hudson, passed up the terraced walks through his pleasant grounds, and, filing through the spacious halls and parlors, with tearful eye and sorrowing heart teachers and scholars one by one took their last view of their dear superintendent, and bade him their last affectionate farewell.

AMASA DANA.

JUDGE DANA was born in Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he continued to reside until he removed to Owego. Here he entered the law office of his uncle, completed his studies, and entered upon the practice of his profession.

In the year 1821 he removed to Ithaca, where he became permanently located, and where his long and useful life ended. His conceded ability as a lawyer, and close application, soon won for him a high position in his profession. He was comparatively a young man when called to the office of District Attorney of Tompkins County, and soon after the expiration of his term of office he was made Judge of the same County. His profession, according to the ordinary practice in this country, brought him into the political field, where he soon became a recognized leader, and was esteemed worthy of official station and public trusts. He was a member of our State Legislature for three sessions, and while serving in this capacity his official life was characterized by such marked wisdom and moral integrity that his fellow-citizens selected him as their representative in

the Congress of the United States for two terms. In this highly honorable and responsible position he was true to his constituents, and loyal to his country. He was always a true-hearted patriot, and in the late sanguinary struggle with treason, though crowned with years, he was active and devoted in fostering and maintaining the government of his fathers, and the principles of human freedom and equality.

His religious life began in the year 1826. He was converted during a time of revival, and soon became a member of the Aurora-street Methodist Episcopal Church, Ithaca. Some remain among us who well remember his espousal to Christ. Of these we may mention his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Fitch Reed, of the Oneida Conference.* Brother Dana became at once an active, working Christian. He was almost immediately called to official position in the Church, which he continued to serve in different official relations during his subsequent life. He was successively a leader, Sunday-school superintendent, trustee, steward, and for some years a licensed local preacher. It was seldom that he officiated as a minister, but whenever he did, he was both impressive and instructive. The Church and congregation were always glad to hear the word from his lips,

* Dr. Reed died in Ithaca, October 10, 1871, since the above was prepared.

either read or spoken. As a leader he excelled. Devoted himself, as his heart was in full sympathy with the cause of his Divine Master, he ever had for his class words of comfort and instruction. He gave to the Church his influence, time, and talent. He gave also his means, feeling that he was a steward under God, and that his money was to be consecrated to the Lord as well as his services.

His religious life was eminently pure, cheerful, child-like, and satisfying. He was a hopeful, genial, growing Christian. His character was developed gradually and beautifully, and when rounded to the full "he was not, for God took him."

On Sunday, December 22, 1867, he was in his place during morning service in the church. At the close he met his class, as it proved, for the last time. During class he seemed to be in sweet and holy communion with God. His testimony was, "I feel that I am growing in grace. Glory be to God! glory be to God!" The afternoon and evening were spent with his family. During these hours, the memory of which is now grateful and precious to the bereaved widow and niece, who, with himself, composed the family circle, he seemed to enjoy an unusual flow of spirits. In conversation he was remarkably cheerful and entertaining until about nine o'clock in the evening, when the

blow fell, and he was stricken with apoplexy, which resulted in death on Monday at about midnight. During the day on Monday he partially revived so far as to be able to recognize his friends, and especially his wife, with whom he briefly conversed. Slight hopes were entertained that he might be spared, but these soon faded as he relapsed, and in a few hours he passed to the company of the redeemed. He died in Ithaca, Dec. 23, 1867, aged seventy-five.

“The death of Judge Dana is a public loss. He was one of our best and purest citizens, and prominently connected with the financial and other interests of the community in which he resided. He was, and for some time had been, the President of the Tompkins County National Bank, and was held in high esteem by the officers of the bank and board of directors. But death, ‘the last enemy,’ has invaded the home circle, the Church, and the walks of busy life, taking from us one we honored, loved, and revered.

“In the removal of the departed the Church has sustained an irreparable loss. We know not how to fill his place. We try to trust in God, and hope that though the ‘workmen die the work will go on.’ In this spirit we bow to the inexorable decree, and, looking to the great Head of the Church, through our tears say,

‘Thy will be done.’ May the mantle of Brother Dana fall upon his brethren, and may we at last meet him in the home of the glorified!”

Upon his beloved partner, with whom he had lived in sweetest sympathy for over forty years, the blow fell with almost crushing effect. But grace triumphed, and she was able to feel and say in the deep solitude of her troubled spirit, “Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.”

It is cause of gratitude to God that the Methodist Episcopal Church has given to places of trust, both in the Church and the State, so many great and good men—men who have been true to their trust and true to their God. The name of Amasa Dana was a tower of strength, and is as fragrant as the “spices in the garden of the Lord.”

ANDREW HANFORD.

ANDREW HANFORD was born in New Canaan, Conn., July 23, 1789. At four years old he was removed with his parents to Greenfield, Saratoga County, N. Y. When he was thirteen years old he lost his mother by death. He soon after returned to Connecticut, and was apprenticed to a silversmith and jeweler

at Newtown. In 1811 he removed to Peekskill and engaged in the business to which he had been bred, and there he remained, pursuing the same calling, till, through advancing years, he was incapacitated for further labors; and there his diligence in business was blessed with its appropriate reward, a moderate competence. His religious history dates from the year 1814. At that time Eben Smith was preacher in charge of Cortlandt circuit, which included the Church at Peekskill, a bi-weekly appointment for Sabbath afternoons and evenings. Mr. Hanford's awakening was most thorough, and his convictions of sin deep and pungent. While earnestly seeking for pardon and converting grace his views of his own unworthiness were so vivid and humiliating that he esteemed himself quite unworthy to be received by the Church even on trial, though he gladly accepted the privilege to meet in class and to attend other social meetings of the Church. Unknown to himself his name was enrolled as a probationer, and six months later he was surprised at a love-feast at hearing himself, among others, "read in" to full connection in the Church. In after years he used to say playfully that he had never joined the Church, but was joined to it by the minister.

As his convictions for sin were deep, so his conversion, though not sudden, was thorough,

and his religious life earnest and decided. He steadily and openly professed Christ before all men, and he soon came to be known by all, especially, as a thorough Christian. The profane, no less than the godly, recognized him as a truly religious man, and in many particulars a representative Christian. He was often called to the bedside of the sick and dying, and the awakened ones of his vicinity sought him out as one able to declare to them the way of salvation.

His brethren in the Church recognized and honored his earnest Christian devotion, and intrusted to him the various offices of the Church. He served the Church as a trustee during most of his life-time after his conversion. He was a steward twenty years, and a class-leader thirty years. In the latter office he came to be known to most of the community, and many a doubting and troubled conscience sought and found relief in his counsels. He was also for many years a licensed exhorter, an office that was by no means a merely nominal affair with him. While yet the services of the circuit preachers were confined to only a part of each alternate Sabbath, it usually devolved upon him to bear the chief responsibility in keeping up the services at other times. He was also accustomed to hold meetings at night in the out-of-the-way neighborhoods of the vicinity during the week

time. In this way it was his privilege to carry the Gospel to not a few who otherwise would not have heard the call to Christ and his salvation.

During the fifty-four years of his connection with the Church he saw Methodism in Peekskill advance from a small class, holding their public services in a rude building constructed from a stable, to two well-established Churches and congregations worshipping in large and commodious edifices; and if, as has been said, Methodism is the form of religion most commonly recognized in that place, that fact is in no small degree the result of the steady and earnest devotion of this good man. His case affords a noticeable example of the power of an even-spun religious life to exercise a potent influence for good in the community, and to secure a good name to its subject even in the absence of wealth, learning, and distinguished parts and superior social position. He lived among his neighbors a plain, honest, and devoted Christian, at once diligent in business and fervent in spirit, and as such, men took knowledge of him and honored him.

The last few years of his life were spent in quiet retirement from the cares of business, and calmly waiting for his expected change. Having been deprived by death of his companion, with whom he had lived for nearly fifty years,

he felt that this world was no longer his home ; and he was accustomed to say to his friends, when his health was inquired after, that though well in body he was very home-sick ; yet was he cheerful and hopeful. He continued to appreciate the exercises of religion to the last, and until only a few weeks before his decease his seat in the sanctuary was seldom vacant. Age stole upon him gently, and he at last fell asleep in the faith of the Gospel. He has gone home. He died at Peekskill, N. Y., August 5, 1869, having just completed his seventy-ninth year.

JONATHAN HALL.

JONATHAN HALL was born February 28, 1784, in the town of Newcastle, Westchester County, N. Y. His parents were both deeply pious, and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church when in its infancy in this country, and when such as composed it were frequently called to suffer persecution, and to have their names cast out as evil. For many years there remained upon his father's farm the rock upon which the eloquent and sainted Whitefield had stood and preached to the multitudes who came to listen to the Gospel of reconciliation.

Here in his father's house the early itiner-

ants found a welcome home, where they rested on their long and wearisome journeys, and their regular monthly visits were anticipated with much pleasure. From early childhood Jonathan was daily accustomed to hear at the family altar this petition offered up: "O Lord, bless my children and children's children to the third and fourth generation." That prayer has been literally answered in the salvation of his immediate descendants to the third and fourth generation, one (Rev. George Hall) being now a very efficient member of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Surrounded thus early in life by such associations, it is not astonishing that at fifteen years of age Jonathan sought and experienced the renewing and comforting influences of divine grace. And having "remembered his Creator in the days of his youth," he continued with unabated vigor to the close of a long life to devote himself to his service. Soon after his conversion he united himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and during his after-life held the several offices, and faithfully discharged the duties, of class-leader, steward, trustee, and exhorter. He was class-leader for over fifty years, and held that office at the time of his death. As a man and a citizen Brother Hall was always kind, and strictly honest and upright in all his dealings, and for many years discharged the

duties of civil magistrate with great fidelity in his native town. His religion was not a profession merely, but was decidedly active and practical in its results. For over half a century he exemplified the power of Christianity in his every-day life, and in all that time did not once grow weary in well-doing. His communion with God was deep and constant, and in public his prayers were often powerful in their effects. He was a Methodist in principle and practice. Plainness of speech and dress he always admired and practiced. Some twenty-one years ago he removed to New York city, and united by letter with the Jane-street Methodist Episcopal Church, where he remained till called to join the Church triumphant. Here he manifested the same untiring zeal and activity as had characterized his religious life elsewhere.

Though not permitted to attend the public means of grace for some time previous to his death, yet his love for the prosperity of Zion continued, and among his last expressions were ardent desires for the salvation of souls. About a week before his death he became partially paralyzed, told his friends he should not recover from it, and pleasantly remarked to his physician that "it was not worth while to try to mend up the old frame, as it was about worn out." Prayer was offered by his bedside, to which he audibly responded "Amen." Soon

after, he became unconscious. His breathing, at first heavy, became more easy, until at last, his work being done, "the weary wheels of life stood still," and his freed and happy spirit entered into rest.

He died in New York city, September 9, 1868, aged eighty-four. The character of Brother Hall may be summed up in a few words. In his sentiments he was clear and evangelical; in his temper gentle, cheerful, and serene; in his conduct consistent, irreproachable, and exemplary. As a husband he was kind and good, as a father tender and affectionate, and as a Christian simple, circumspect, and diligent. May his surviving children and descendants, and all who read this slight tribute to his memory, follow him as he followed Christ!

SCHUREMAN HALSTED.

SCHUREMAN HALSTED was born in the town of Rye, Westchester County, N. Y., in 1805, where the family name is pre-eminent in the history of Methodism, for his parents, brothers, etc., were among the earliest and most energetic supporters of the denomination there and in all the neighboring country. His son, G. C. Halsted, Esq., says:

“The first fourteen years of my father’s life were spent on the farm of his father, Ezekiel Halsted, in Rye, Westchester County, N. Y. His parents were devotedly attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their home was a favorite resort of the itinerant. He acted as clerk for an older brother in the city of New York, and afterward formed a copartnership with his brother Samuel, which continued over twenty years. He embraced religion when about sixteen years of age. My earliest recollections of him are associated with his labors as superintendent of the Allen-street Sunday-school, which at that time was very large. It is my impression that he was among the first to introduce the celebration of Christmas-day by Sunday-school exercises in the church. He composed nearly all the addresses, dialogues, and Bible-class recitations for his school, and gave weeks to the task of training the children. Mrs. Phebe Palmer, then just becoming known as a poetess, usually contributed the hymns.”

About the time of his conversion, he in the providence of God became acquainted with the family of Gilbert Coutant, then and for many years a leading citizen and prominent member of the Bowery Village (now Seventh-street) Church. His marriage to Alethea, one of the daughters, proved a most happy one, his companion being fully in accord with his religious

views, and thoroughly devoted to him and the work of training the large family of children confided to their care.

The great revival at Allen-street occurred about this time, (1832,) and brought into that Church many valuable and strong men, who during many following years labored together with great zeal and efficiency. His son says: "Nearly every evening was given to some form of Church work. But however pressed by public affairs, my father never neglected family duties. Morning and evening worship was never omitted, and was conducted with due solemnity."

He was firm but kind in the management of his household, and uncommonly uniform and cheerful in temper. His religion was of a joyous and active type. His children loved, respected, and trusted him, and, like many others who sought his advice, always found him a wise and safe counselor.

The prayer-meeting and class-room were his delight, and he was eminently happy and successful in bringing men to Christ, and building up those placed in his care. Nothing was ever permitted to keep him from his class. He was a good singer, and employed with great propriety and readiness the familiar hymns of our collection. He had a very tender heart, and rarely spoke without feeling and warmth.

He gave much attention to the temporalities of the Church. While acting as treasurer during a long term of years he bore not only the usual burdens of the office, but was quick to devise plans and foremost to execute them.

Secular affairs, outside of his own business, occupied much of his time. He was executor for several estates, and a trustee and director of several corporations, and was never content with a mere nominal discharge of his duties. He was also quite active in political life, and although frequently solicited to accept office never consented until appointed by the Legislature as one of the Ten Governors (now called Commissioners) of Public Charities and Correction. This was a position which called into action the best qualities of his head and heart, and he enjoyed it, although it involved a great sacrifice of time and money. He had the satisfaction of seeing great changes effected and grievous abuses removed in their management of the public institutions. Here, as elsewhere, he won the respect and confidence of his associates, and retained their friendship to the end of his days. He was not afraid to declare and stand by his convictions. Once when pressed by a company of politicians to join in drinking a toast he raised a glass of water, and said, "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Of a hospitable and sociable turn, his preference

was to entertain at his table and fireside the servants of Christ, and his children remember with delight the visits of some of these genial brethren with their cheerful faces, warm hearts, and entertaining conversation.

Nearly twenty years before his death he retired from mercantile business, and for a few years acted as president of the Broadway Insurance Company, which he had organized. Upon removing to Orienta, a lovely spot near the waters of the Sound, he resigned that position.

He had previously had a heavy burden in the shape of the Mariners' Church in Cherry-street, of which he was treasurer. By personal appeals to merchants and others he accomplished much for that enterprise. He soon found a new object for philanthropic endeavor. The Old Ladies' Home was deeply in debt. With his brother Samuel he labored with the public in its behalf, until it was placed on a sound financial basis. They collected eleven thousand dollars.

His life in the country was an exceedingly happy one. He had no idle home. His early rural training made him feel at home in whatever his hand found to do. His family was large, but a united and harmonious one. Here in the society of his devoted wife, who by her prudent management had relieved him of many domestic cares, and surrounded by his children and grandchildren, he spent the evening of his busy life,

not wholly exempt from care, but yet full of gladness and serenity. He did much for the Mamaroneck Church, and greatly aided the various pastors in their pastoral work. His visits from house to house, even when with a subscription list in his hand, were productive of great spiritual good.

While here he greatly enlarged his sphere of usefulness by means of the "Praying Band" formed by himself, his brother Samuel, and a few kindred spirits. Nearly every Sabbath during each winter was given to this congenial work, so that his last days were among the best and happiest, though by no means the least laborious, of his career. During this period he was connected with the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a manager. The following extract is taken from their annual Report :

"Schureman Halsted, in Christ about fifty years, departed to be with Christ on Monday, October 5, 1868. Our recollection of this brother runs back to the time when the dew of his youth was upon him. He was ruddy and fair to look upon; was then a clerk in a mercantile establishment, and warm in his first love. Through all the forty-six years of personal knowledge that have followed we have not known his 'hope decline or love grow cold.' Brother Halsted was one of the managers of the

Missionary Society as early as 1828, and has been steady in his devotion and service through the long period of forty years. Of the officers and managers elected with him, forty-two in number, but two survive, both of whom still sustain the relation of managers. We attribute his unusual zeal, love, and persistence in the cause of Christ to his Huguenotic extraction, his connection with the same by early marriage into the family of the blessed Gilbert Coutant, and his association with that rare body of men, with Elias Boudinot at their head, who originated the American Bible Society, of which he was also a manager at the time of his departure."

He was Vice-President of the Bible Society at the time of his death. The Board made the following entry on their Journal:

"Mr. Halsted had been a member of the Board for thirteen years, during nine of which he served on one Committee, and during the last two years on two, in both which his counsels were wise and judicious, and his influence salutary. The managers, in a memorial paper adopted on receiving intelligence of his decease, remarked that 'he was eminently a good man, serving his God, the Church, and the community with Christian zeal and liberality, and filling many offices in civil and religious life with efficiency and fidelity. He was especially interested in and devoted to the work of

this Society. He will be greatly missed,' they add, 'in the wide field of activity which he so honorably filled, while many will recall with profit the useful achievements of his life.'"

He was also President of the Westchester County Bible Society, where his faithful services were highly appreciated, and his loss deeply mourned. He was a prominent manager of several of the Saving Banks of New York, and founder and president of one of them. The only salaried public office he ever held was that of Supervisor of the town of Mamaroneck, to which he was elected a few months before his death.

He was a warm advocate of Lay Representation, and spent several weeks at the General Conference of 1868 at Chicago endeavoring to secure its adoption. His last sickness began with a severe cold contracted while traveling in August, 1868. Until within a few days before his death his illness was not deemed dangerous; and after it became evident that he was called to die he was able to converse but little, the disease being located in the throat. But he met his fate* resolutely and heroically. His worldly affairs were arranged with composure, and as his devoted companion, his sorrowing children, and his loving brother watched by his side, he would respond to their inquiries with a smile or a pressure of the hand which betokened

peace and triumph. God's word was precious to the last, and his remembrance of appropriate passages was extraordinary. The songs of Zion in which he had so often joined were also a great comfort to him, and from the few words he was able to drop it was evident that he felt burning within him the old zeal for his Master, and a desire to labor longer for souls.

He died just at the close of a beautiful October day. Dr. Abel Stevens, who was present, wrote shortly afterward: "He has left a numerous family, all of whom are members of the Church, emulating his devotion to its interests. All his children, save a sick daughter, were present at his death-bed; and while with subdued sobs and tears they bowed resignedly about him, supporting his departing spirit with their whispered prayers, he tranquilly fell asleep in the Lord, ceasing to breathe without a spasm or a sigh. All who were in the chamber hallowed by the serene death and the tearful but quiet self-possession of a Christian family, felt that there was a heavenly beauty in the scene, and could say, 'Let my last end be like his.'"

A friend, in writing of him, says:

"Many years he stood in the very front of the Allen-street society, filling with singular effectiveness almost every office to which laymen are eligible in our Church economy—leader, steward, trustee, treasurer, and Sunday-school

superintendent. His thorough business habits made him rich, not only in pecuniary wealth, but in the wealth of character, credit, and practical ability. And he consecrated to the Church and the public good his influence and talents. He was one of our very best Church financiers, and not only since his retirement from mercantile life, (some fifteen years ago,) but while most engrossed in his own extensive business, he gave a very large portion of his time to the management of city Church debts and public charities. Allen-street and Cherry-street Churches in this metropolis, and Mamaroneck in the country, give him a prominent record in this respect."

Schureman Halsted has been an interesting example of the influence of Methodism in molding the character and developing in practical usefulness the talents of laymen. We can hardly hesitate to affirm that he has been as active and as useful in the Church, throughout his whole Methodist life, as most of our ordinary individual pastors.

Besides his rare ability in the management of Church business, he had good talent for spiritual labors, and was always ready for any demand of the kind. He has stood prominently by the side of his brother, Samuel Halsted, for years in the "praying band," so well known in all the vicinity. He was at home in camp-meetings. He loved a good hearty Methodist

"shout," and all who ever knew him and heard his voice in a religious meeting heard it with respect. There was a deep fountain of pathos in his nature, which often welled up in tears. He abounded in religious anecdotes, and was singularly illustrative and apt in counseling awakened and inquiring souls.

He was a man of equal prudence and piety. He brought up, in a thoroughly Christianlike way, a large family, and had the blessed satisfaction of seeing all his children in the Church. All of them save one, with the endeared wife of his youth, and his beloved brother,* (so long his faithful colaborer both in his business and in the Church,) were around him in the last hours—hours which were as serene and beautiful as those of the declining sun on the day of his departure.

His funeral took place October 9, 1868, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Mamaroneck, when a striking demonstration was given of the high respect in which he was held by all classes of persons. Though no public display beyond the usual religious services were provided for, yet the spontaneous feelings of his friends brought together a multitude such as is rarely

* Samuel and Schureman were nearly of the same age—Samuel being the elder by some eighteen months. Between them there was a strength and tenderness of love which no circumstances ever interrupted. They loved as "David and Jonathan."

seen at private funerals. Nearly fifty ministers were in attendance, with large representations from the Methodist laity of this city and other parts, and individuals of all classes, who came to gratify their own deep feelings, and to pay a tribute of deserved respect to a good man. As he was eminently a successful man in life—in business, in his family, and in his social and public relations—so, dying, he leaves to his family not only a competency of this world's goods, but what is far better, the heritage of a *good name*. “Servant of God, WELL DONE.”

THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG was born, we believe, in Ireland, but came to this country with his parents when very young. The following record, made by himself, gives the time of his conversion and entrance into the Church: “Thomas Armstrong, son of William and Jane Armstrong, on Saturday morning, August 26, 1809, had the eyes of his understanding opened. Sunday, September 3, for the first time, took the sacrament. Monday, September 4, he received a note from the Rev. R. R. Roberts, by the which he received permission to take a seat

among the Methodists. Also, the same evening, for the first time, he was at a love-feast."

From the time of his conversion Brother Armstrong never wavered in his devotion to the cause he had espoused; and as a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church he met with fidelity all the claims she makes upon her children. The doctrines of Methodism received his hearty indorsement, but only because he saw in them Bible truth. To the usages of Methodism he was strongly attached. Occupying the most responsible offices to which the Church calls her laity—a steward and leader at the time of his death—it was never said of him that he was unfaithful to any trust committed to his hands. Although no office-seeker, he did not shrink from responsibility when the authorities of the Church summoned him to assume it. The welfare of the Church was ever near his heart; he remembered Zion in the midst of an extensive and growing business. No theme was more welcome as a subject of conversation than the prosperity of the Church; and what he could do to advance the kingdom of Christ, in either its local or general interests, he was at all times ready to do. There are few of our laity, if any, now living, to whom Methodism is more indebted than to Thomas Armstrong for its strength and influence in Baltimore and vicinity.

The virtues of the Christian character were

exemplified by our brother in an eminent degree. He had the simplicity of a child, and children loved him. He abounded in that charity which "suffereth long, and is kind," and scrupulously obeyed the apostolic injunction to "speak evil of no man." Feeling that it poorly comported with their privileges and mission for the "children of a King" to "go mourning all their days," he rejoiced in the Lord, and the happy expression of his countenance, and the cheerfulness with which he greeted his friends, told better than words how religion filled his soul with peace and gladness. He was a man of great kindness and tenderness in his family and every-where. A strong faith in God's fatherly care over his children was marked in his character, which kept him calm and confiding in the midst of all the changes and commotions of the world around him. Much given to the reading of God's word and to prayer, the fruits of these pious exercises daily appeared in his life. Prospered in business, he never forgot that he was the Lord's steward; and all the institutions and enterprises of the Church partook of his benevolence, which never tired of "calls" when he could be assured that the Master made them. To the poor he extended an open hand; yet his benevolence was without ostentation or parade.

To no class of men was Brother Armstrong more attached than to Methodist preachers, and

by his death they have lost one of their best friends. His house had been their home for years; and by his Christian and cordial attentions he always made them feel at home in his house. He was one of the founders of the Preachers' Aid Society of the Baltimore Conference, and up to the last took a deep interest in promoting this benevolent institution. For more than half a century he was identified with the old City Station, and the universal expression at the time of his decease was, that "his removal leaves a void which we know not how to fill," while the venerable Light-street Church felt that her strongest earthly support had been taken away.

The death of Brother Armstrong was full of peace and triumph. He welcomed death, feeling that he had the victory through the blood of the Lamb. "Home this week." "Pray me into glory!" "Jesus is precious!" "I want to go home!" "I shall be no stranger in heaven!" Such expressions fell from his lips day after day as he waited for his end. His sickness was not long—nine days before his death he was at his place of business; but he needed no long sickness to prepare for his change. He had given nearly sixty years to the work of preparation, and when the messenger called he was ready. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." He died in Balti-

more, Md., November 14, 1868, aged seventy-nine.

In the death of this good man the Church lost one of its strong men, and the community one of its purest citizens. Few men commanded, through so long a life, more universal respect and confidence, and few have been more lamented in their death.

ELISHA TAYLOR.

“**F**ATHER TAYLOR,” as he was called by all, out of respect for his great worth, was born in the town of Shelburne, Hampshire County, Mass., August 11, 1784. In 1793 his father, Zebulon Taylor, removed with his family to Cayuga County, N. Y. At this time Cayuga County was without roads, schools, churches, mills, etc., and the family experienced all the rigors and privations of pioneer life. A few years, however, of untiring industry and economy converted the dense wilderness into cultivated fields. On the 21st of October, 1806, young Taylor was united in marriage with Tirzah, daughter of Dr. Silas Holbrook, of revolutionary memory. Two years later he moved westward.

Starting with only three dollars in money and an ox team, he wended his way toward the “Genesee Country,” as that portion of western

New York bordering on Genesee River and its branches was then called. He passed the Genesee River at Rochester, which then contained only one log-house, and pushed westward some twenty-four miles, and located on what was then known as "Black Creek Flats," in the present township of Byron, in the county of Genesee. Here, without nails or other conveniences, he constructed a rude cabin and moved into it while yet without door, windows, or chimney. The snow was two feet deep, and his nearest neighbor was four miles away. Thus were laid the foundations of the flourishing communities that now render the "Genesee Country" the most attractive portion of the Empire State. In this beautiful valley "Father Taylor" lived thirty-six years. By his industry and economy, after long years of toil, he succeeded in paying for his farm, erecting good buildings, and surrounding himself with the necessities of life.

While yet struggling with poverty and privation the war of 1812 came on. He at once entered the service as a volunteer, passed into Canada, and fought gallantly at Fort Erie, for which he received a commission from Governor Tompkins. Returning from the war he resumed his life of toil, and, in 1814, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He became fully identified with the struggles and triumphs of Methodism in western New York. He was

a positive character, and hence his position was never equivocal on questions of religion or moral reform. As a champion of Arminianism, he soon became a man of mark among his compeers. He became a subscriber for "The Christian Advocate" from the issue of its first number, and ever retained an ardent attachment to its fearless advocacy of the right.

In 1846 Father Taylor turned his face again toward the West. His children having removed to Wisconsin, he concluded to find a home near them, and try for the third time a pioneer life. Nor was this purpose without the hope that fields of usefulness might still open to him in this far-off West. He took up his residence in the town of Plymouth, Sheboygan County, the present village site then only having two families. In this new field he displayed wonderful activity and vigor for a man of his years, and was especially liberal, both in labor and means, in the erection of school-houses and churches. In short, Father Taylor was ready to every good work, and has left memorials of his devotion along his path. Able in prayer, and clear in Christian testimony, he was a tower of strength to any Church. His bold spirit and not unfrequent shout of victory were full of encouragement to his brethren.

Since the death of his companion, which occurred February 3, 1866, he had been joyfully

looking forward to the time of his release. The closing scene was worthy of such a life. For more than half a century his faith had been unwavering, and it was meet that it should now plume its wings in holy triumph. As the hour drew near for his departure his cup of joy was full. The shadow had fallen on the natural eye, but the vision of faith was transcendently clear. He had a word in season for all who entered his room, and in the sick-chamber the shout of triumph grew familiar. His face became radiant with the glow of immortality, and he shouted, "Glory to God in the highest!" "The Lord is my shepherd and my shield!" "Though I pass through the valley and the shadow of death, will fear no evil!" "Glory to God! Halleluia!" And when his voice became inaudible he still breathed whispers of peace and eternal rest in heaven.

Father Taylor died at the residence of his son, Hon. John W. Taylor, in Plymouth, Wisconsin, December 16, 1868, aged eighty-four.

DANIEL L. ROSS.

DANIEL L. ROSS was born in Milton, near Rahway, New Jersey, in the year 1821. His parents, Timothy and Sarah Ross, were members of the Baptist Church, and taught their son to embrace the same denominational views. Having been favored with good opportunities for a common English education, and evincing at an early age considerable business talent, he engaged as a clerk in a hardware store in Rahway.

When but sixteen years of age he came to New York city, and was employed as a clerk in a large dry goods house, in which his brother was bookkeeper. At his brother's death Daniel was elevated to that responsible position. At the age of twenty he was united in marriage to Miss Abigail B. Ross, of Rahway. Hers was a family of considerable influence and position in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their house the hospitable home for Methodist ministers. Abigail's religious training was therefore strongly Methodistic. In 1842, just one year succeeding their marriage, they were both converted in the Allen-street Methodist Episcopal Church,

New York, and at once became members of that Church.

From that time Mr. Ross took not only a deep and earnest interest in the Church, but also an active part in all measures looking to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

He soon became accustomed to lead in prayer at the usual prayer-meeting after the regular evening service on Sunday. At one of the Sunday night meetings he arose and simply remarked thus, "I never expect to be a very bright light, but I hope to be a steady one." This hope was fully realized by the Church in his subsequent life.

In the latter part of the year 1849 he was induced, by the representations of his brother, then in California, to embark for that region.*

In order that he might have some capital with which to commence business there, he borrowed from his father about three thousand dollars, which he afterward, in prosperous years, returned to him. He soon became one of the leading

* There is now [1868] in the office of Ross & Dempster, No. 54 Broad-street, New York, a box on which "Daniel L. Ross" is indorsed, in which was inclosed about forty pounds of "gold dust," brought to New York in 1848 by the way of South America. This was the first California gold dust ever seen in New York. The first telegram ever sent over the continuous wire from New York to San Francisco, was sent by D. L. Ross to his partner in that city, Mr. C. J. Dempster. This was sent as soon as the wires were joined on the Plains.

merchants in San Francisco, and in the course of a few years obtained what was then considered a handsome fortune. During this time he was the leading supporter in San Francisco, among the laity, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The first Methodist Conference in California was held in his residence on Stockton-street.

Upon his return to New York in December, 1852, he entered heartily into the work of finishing the Seventeenth-street (Hedding) Church, and assisted Mr. John Falconer, his partner in business, both with time and money, in completing the edifice. He was a devoted attendant at this Church for several years. When the National Banks were started at the outbreak of the civil war he was chosen president of the Tenth National Bank, and occupied that position until his death. He was one of the advocates of Lay Representation in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and assisted in starting the "Methodist," a weekly journal intended to bring the subject more fully before the masses of the people.

About the year 1862 an incurable disease began to oppress both his mind and body. The death of his beloved wife in 1866 made him feel weary of life, but his religious convictions prevented his utterly sinking. He continued to attend to his business duties with his usual care-

fulness, but he felt that his day of great usefulness had passed. He always looked upon heaven as a home, and repeatedly referred to it as if, to him, it were but a step to the other side of the river. His disease began to assert its power in the early part of February, 1868, but he improved so greatly that on the 10th of February he rode out. The exposure caused a relapse, and on the 12th day of February he died, in an unconscious state.

Doctor Holdich, speaking of his relation to the American Bible Society, says: "Mr. Ross was elected a member of the Board in March, 1867, and died very suddenly and unexpectedly in February, 1868. Having been absent from the city at his country residence all the previous summer, he had but little opportunity to participate actively in the business of the Society. But he was a valuable man, a lover of the Bible, deeply interested in its circulation, a lover of this Society, an encourager of every good work, and commanding the confidence of all who knew him. Great expectations were entertained of his usefulness, and he was, immediately on his election, placed on one of the most important standing Committees, on which it was believed that he would have been of great service. But the Supreme Arbiter had other designs; and, to our loss, he was called away in the prime of life from labor to reward. He was a sincere

Christian, and died at his residence in this city much beloved and lamented. A respectful notice of his decease was entered on the journal."

He was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Missionary Society for several years. The cause of missions was dear to his heart, and his sound judgment and integrity induced those in official positions to look often to him for advice. The following tribute was paid to his memory by the parent Society, and is taken from their Report for 1868 :

"Mr. D. L. Ross, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This beloved brother departed for the Jerusalem above on the morning of Wednesday, February 12, at eight o'clock. The event has come upon us as 'darkness in a clear day,' for there were no 'slowly wasting years' in this toiler's life. His sun went 'down at noonday,' for he was but forty-six years of age. His path, from the time of his 'second birth' in the Allen-street Methodist Episcopal Church, has been that of the just. He assisted at the laying of the foundation of our missions in California, and was there at that early period of his life 'a pillar in the temple of God,' and so he continued until he 'fell asleep.' Upon his return from the Pacific Coast he appeared, by the request of the Church there, as their representative in the General Missionary Committee. In November, 1857, he was elected a manager

of the Missionary Society, where his services, both in the Board and in the General Missionary Committee, soon made him the choice of his associates as a vice-president of the Society. Well known in the house of God and in the 'gates of the city,' walking with wise men, he was always and every-where honored. The Missionary Society, with the Church and the community, will miss a laborer from the field, 'a brother born for adversity,' and an ascendant light among his fellows every-where."

The Board of Managers ordered the following minute to be entered upon their journal :

"Daniel L. Ross, for eleven years a member of this Board, and for eight years a vice-president of the Society, died at his residence in this city on the 12th of February, in the prime of his manhood, and in the midst of his usefulness. As we pause with painful emotion to note this afflictive bereavement, we deplore our loss as a mysterious dispensation of Providence ; yet we bow with submission to the stroke, believing that our heavenly Father has in infinite wisdom directed the event. Very high qualities of mind and heart adorned the character of our lamented brother ; and we especially note his suavity of manner and fidelity to the Church and its institutions ; and in view of our intimate relations with him, personally and officially, we are moved with sentiments of profound grief at the

tidings of his death, and at the thought that he will associate with us no more in this Board, where his wise counsels and his generous sympathy in the cause of missions have been so conspicuous and so well appreciated. But while our hearts are heavy we derive no small comfort from the reflection that the Christian walk and conversation of our departed brother, through all his busy life, were such as became the profession he made as a follower of Jesus, and to make him a living epistle, known and read of all men, and that grace was given him at last to triumph over death, and to resign, with the cheerful trust of faith, his orphan children to the care of a covenant-keeping God. We warmly cherish the memory of his name and the remembrance of his private worth and Christian character, commingled with the assurance that his faith and labors in Christ are gloriously consummated in everlasting happiness.

“JAMES H. TAFT, *Vice-President.*

“D. TERRY, *Recording Secretary.*”

The following tribute to the memory of Mr. Ross from the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, California, was addressed to his son, Arthur B. Ross, Esq., soon after the decease of his father. It is so illustrative of his character as a business man that this narrative would be incomplete without it:

"CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, }
SAN FRANCISCO, *April 16, 1868.* }

"ARTHUR B. ROSS, ESQ., NEW YORK:

"DEAR SIR: At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, holden March 16, 1868, a Committee was appointed to report suitable resolutions on the occasion of the decease of our former fellow-citizen and respected associate, your father, Daniel L. Ross, Esq.; and at a meeting holden 14th April, inst., the inclosed report was read by the Committee, adopted, and ordered to be spread upon the records, and a duly authenticated copy thereof to be inclosed to your address.

"Grateful for the opportunity thus afforded us of doing our part in bearing testimony to the high appreciation with which San Francisco merchants regarded your late lamented father, we have the honor to remain,

"Most respectfully yours,

"RICHD. G. SNEATH, *President.*

"C. THO. HOPKINS, *Secretary.*"

(Copy.)

"SAN FRANCISCO, *April 14, 1868.*

"TO THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:

"Your Committee appointed at the last meeting to take action in reference to the death of Daniel L. Ross—which was then announced as having occurred since the previous regular meet-

ing—beg leave to report that it seems appropriate that we should spread upon our records some brief expression of the deep feeling awakened in this community by the loss of so estimable a citizen. D. L. Ross was one of the organizers of this Chamber, served as one of its early presidents, and remained a member until his death. Although cherishing a close business connection with this city, and warmly interested in its growth, as well as the development of California, his position as president of the Tenth National Bank in New York had prevented his visiting this Coast during the past eight years, and hence many of the younger members of this body had but slight personal acquaintance with him, and can scarcely realize the deep sense of bereavement which his loss awakened among those to whom intimate association had endeared him. He was one of the few men to whom the poet's words of eulogy could be most truthfully applied:

“ ‘None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise.’ ”

“He was a man of most decided character, of positive convictions, and immovable principle; yet gentleness of demeanor and modesty of self-appreciation so enwrapped him, that only long acquaintance enabled friends to comprehend the remarkable ability he possessed. He was far-

sighted and clear-headed, and dealt with men of every station in the daily affairs of life with an impartiality, a generous consciousness of the rights and interests of both parties to every contract, which sprang from a constant adherence to the 'Golden Rule.'

"In his private memorandum-book (which proves a treasury of precious things to those who loved him) was found written, 'Lord, let me not rise so high as to be presumptuous, nor sink so low as to despair.' This is an illustration of a prominent characteristic. He was not devoid of ambition, though he desired position only for the power it gave to do others good; but his natural judgment, as well as mental and moral training, had deeply impressed upon him the conviction that a middle station offers the highest possibilities of usefulness, and affords the greatest promise of personal happiness. His conclusions in this respect seemed to those friends who enjoyed sufficient intimacy to discuss them with him the highest earthly wisdom irradiated by the promises of Omniscience.

"He was a shrewd, large-minded merchant and banker, with far-reaching plans; a wonderful capacity for seeing and appreciating both sides of every question; a patient, industrious diligence which made the hours set apart for business, periods, of active continuous labor; yet he delighted to escape from its details and de-

vote his energies to aiding and managing the benevolent, charitable, social, and missionary enterprises which make this age the brightest of history, and promise such glorious results in the next. He was an excellent judge of men, and rarely mistaken in his estimate of their ability and character. He was cautious, prudent, keenly discriminating, and thoroughly business-like in all his dealings; but the closest adherence to principle characterized every act, and that 'charity which suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, and vaunteth not itself, which hopeth, believeth, endureth all things,' adorned every day of his life.

"Perhaps his most prominent characteristics were, an unceasing and unhesitating devotion to duty, and an unfaltering confidence in Him 'who doeth all things well.' He daily walked and communed with God, and sought his guidance and help in all the affairs of life. The realities of the unseen world were ever about him, and he looked upon death as only a step from a lower to a higher plane of being. Few parents cherish so earnest a devotion to the welfare of their children; few are so tender-hearted and make themselves such companions to childhood; none feel more intense solicitude for the physical and moral well-being of their offspring than Mr. Ross did; none realize more completely the daily necessity for a loving guide

and protector; yet, in his last hours, when an intimate friend alluded to the mysteriousness of that Providence which was about to leave them all orphans, he replied with a serene confidence which sprang from daily communion with the heavenly Father, 'It is all right, brother, God will take care of them;' and as disease drew the mantle of death around him, and speech grew difficult, those who bent lovingly over his pillow heard him repeat softly to himself, 'It is all right.'

"There could not be a more complete proof of the sublimity and perfection of that Christian faith which gave the eye power to pierce through the mists of death, and the hand strength to reach up to the upper world, and rend asunder the veil which enshrouds the future. As a loving husband, a tender father, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a warm-hearted friend, a faithful Christian, a courteous gentleman, diligent in business, exhibiting perfect integrity in every act, truth in every word, and duty in every thought, he passed through life's trials and vicissitudes, daily ripening for heaven; and in middle age, in full possession of all his faculties, he laid down every power, and calmly folding his hands in death passed to his reward, leaving upon his brow after the seal was set that peaceful, radiant look which told every by-stander that the glories of a better world had

burst upon him just as the 'vail was lifted.' The world is better because he lived.

"May we all be better for the example his life and death afford us! May the memory of his acts and virtues brighten and purify our daily lives, and encourage us in our daily duties; and may we, too, so live that when we pass away those who come after us shall delight to cherish our memory, and rejoice to follow in our footsteps!

"*Resolved*, That this brief sketch of some of the prominent characteristics of our departed friend and brother-merchant be spread upon our records as a merited tribute to his virtues, and that as it conveys a feeble expression of our estimate of his worth, a copy, duly authenticated by the signatures of the president and secretary and the seal of this Chamber, be forwarded to his son, Arthur B. Ross, Esq., New York.

(Signed,)

"C. J. DEMPSTER,

"ALBERT DIBBLEE,

"IRA P. RANKIN."

Mr. Ross was one of the laymen of our Church who have given to New York Methodism its pre-eminent position. Large-minded and large-hearted, he was quick to perceive and as quick to meet the growing wants of the Church both by personal efforts and the exhibition of an unstinted liberality. Habituated by com-

merce to large and comprehensive plans, it cost him no effort to enter into the life and growth of Methodism as a whole. His interest in the Church was an interest in its entire development; and his quick intelligence enabled him to appreciate the importance of the questions which are vital to its welfare.

A large number of his friends attended his funeral, and deep were the expressions of sorrow, for many loved him. He had always been generous, and his gifts for charitable purposes and to the poor had frequently been in disproportion to his means. His Christian patience during his last illness excited the wonder of his physicians, for his sufferings were very great. He left five children to mourn his loss—all minors except one. His care and forethought, however, had comfortably provided for them. In his death New York Methodism was called to mourn the loss of one of its most distinguished representatives.

Had he lived and continued to grow as he had for the last twenty years of his life, our Church at large would have learned, as our Church of New York had already learned, to look upon him as one of its wisest and safest counselors. Blended with these qualities of mind were qualities of heart which secured to him the devoted attachment of his friends. His character was one of unusual gentleness and purity.

Modest in his estimate of himself, the sense of his worth more deeply impressed men the more fully his character developed itself before their eyes.

Such men as Daniel L. Ross are very rare. They are growths of the Christian spirit—the products of ripened Christian character. The brethren who gathered about his coffin, and carried his body to the grave, will long and tenderly cherish the memory of his many virtues.

JAMES HARPER.

THE grandfather of JAMES HARPER was an Englishman, and one of the earliest American Methodists. He came to this country about 1740, and his son Joseph, born in 1766, settled as a farmer at Newtown, upon Long Island. He married Elizabeth Kollyer, a woman of vigorous and superior character, of a cheerful piety and kindly humor, and their oldest child, James, was born in Newtown on the 13th of April, 1795. The town is now one of the populous suburbs of the city, but at that time it was still a secluded country village; and James, with his younger brothers, remained quietly at home, going to the district school and working

upon his father's farm. The influence of his home confirmed his naturally sturdy and honest character; and at the age of sixteen he and his brother John were apprenticed to different printers in New York—two boys beginning active life with no capital but sound principle and honest purpose. James was a lad of great personal strength, which was confirmed by his regular and correct habits. Thurlow Weed was a fellow-workman. The friendship then begun lasted through life, and a full-length photograph of his old companion in trade hung over the mantle in the dining-room of Mr. Harper's house when he left it for the last time. James was soon the most noted pressman in the city, and it is a tradition that if he disliked a fellow-pressman, and wished to be rid of him, he over-worked him, and so compelled him to retire.

The habits of his rural home followed him to the city. In an age when every body drank ardent spirits freely he was strictly temperate, and the cold-water disciple justified his faith by his works. With the cheerful constancy of the fathers of his Church he quietly resisted the temptations of the city, and opened a prayer-meeting in the house of an old colored woman in Ann-street, and joined the John-street Methodist Episcopal Church. Meanwhile, to their simple and thrifty method of life James and his brother added work out of hours, so that when

their apprenticeship was ended they had a little money saved. Their capital now was sound principle, honest purpose, a trade of which they were masters, and some hundreds of dollars, increased from their father's means; and with this capital, in a small printing-office in Dover-street, they began the business which has expanded through half a century into that of Harper & Brothers.

At first the young men printed books to order, doing a part of the composing and press-work with their own hands. In August, 1817, they delivered two thousand copies of Seneca's "Morals"—the first book they printed—to Evert Dnyckinck, a noted bookseller of that day; in December twenty-five hundred copies of Mair's "Introduction to Latin," and in April, 1818, five hundred copies of Locke's "Essay upon the Human Understanding," upon which the imprint of J. & J. Harper as publishers first appeared. They proceeded with characteristic care. When contemplating the publication of a book, especially if a reprint, they sent to the leading houses in the trade to ascertain the number of copies each would take; and so, slowly and steadily feeling their way, intent only upon good work well done, improving every opportunity with prompt sagacity, their business rapidly extended, and the firm of J. & J. Harper was soon the most eminent publishing

house in the country. Perhaps the most famous work that bears the imprint of J. & J. Harper is the series known as "Harper's Family Library"—a collection familiar to every American reader during the last thirty years. The volumes were of convenient form, and the Library included standard and attractive works of every kind: such as Milman's "History of the Jews," Southey's "Life of Nelson," Galt's "Life of Byron," Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters," Brewster's "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," Mrs. Jameson's "Female Sovereigns," Lander's "African Travels," and many more.

Two younger brothers, Joseph Wesley and Fletcher, were apprenticed to the firm, and when admitted as partners, the style was changed to Harper & Brothers, and in 1825 the house was established at numbers 81 and 82 Cliff-street, upon a part of the site which their buildings now occupy. It was then the largest printing-house in the city, employing fifty persons and ten hand-presses. Cliff-street was a narrow street just back of Pearl; in what is called the Swamp, the seat of the leather trade. But it was familiar to almost all American authors. When they went there and stopped at the Harpers' they found a small and very plain office, in which there was little room for idlers, and a brisk and incessant industry was every-where apparent.

They met a frank courtesy, clearness of statement, and decision. It was strictly a place of business, and of business which had so increased that on the 10th of December, 1853, it occupied nine large contiguous buildings, full of costly machinery of every kind, with stores of plates and books—buildings alive with workmen, humming with industry, the monument of the skill and integrity and constant devotion to their business and to each other of the four brothers—when a workman threw a piece of lighted paper into what appeared to be a trough of water, but which was really camphene, and in a few hours the buildings were a mass of smoking rubbish, and almost without insurance.

The loss was about a million of dollars; but James and his brothers were immediately quartered at Sheffield's paper warehouse, at the corner of Beekman and Gold streets, and were actively engaged in renewing their business. Presses were employed in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Nothing was forgotten. The next monthly issue of the "Magazine" had been made ready, and it was reproduced at the earliest moment. One regular contributor then in Chicago received the first news of the fire by a brief telegram: "Copy destroyed. Send fresh copy immediately." Before the ruins were cleared away the plans of the new buildings were ready, and the buildings them-

selves were rapidly finished, covering half an acre of ground. They are all of iron and brick and cement, seven stories high, towering into the air upon Franklin Square, not far distant from the East River, as if hoping to look across to the quiet old country homestead at Newtown.

Of course the development and organization of such a business were due not to one brother alone, but to the co-operation of all. But this is not the place to enlarge upon a fraternal friendship as extraordinary as its outward results are remarkable. The business was to James, as to the others, the great and central interest; but prosperity could not relax his steady character. He did not forget his early faith, nor the counsels and the habits of his Long Island home. He remained strictly a "temperance man;" and his marvelous physical vigor was claimed by the temperance advocates as that of a cold-water man. He was long an official member of John-street Methodist Episcopal Church, and when he left his house in Rose-street, and went to live in the upper part of the city, he joined the congregation at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, in Fourth Avenue. He was one of the forty-two persons who were named in the act incorporating the Missionary Society, passed by the Legislature of the State of New York, April 19, 1839. But

with all his fidelity to his ancestral faith he cherished the largest charity, and by much experience of the world had learned to agree with his favorite apostle James, that pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and widow, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Thus, with all his conviction and devotion, there was nothing hard or fanatical in his feelings or conduct, and he held the pleasantest personal relations with men of every faith. Few men indulged in so little harsh criticism of others, and he expressed censure or disapprobation by humorous indirection rather than by open accusation. "We must not be too hard," he was fond of saying; "it is so difficult to know all the circumstances. If you should insist, for instance, that the use of tobacco is a sin, dear me! dear me!"

Mr. James Harper was a Whig during the days of that party, and a natural conservative. But in politics he showed the same moderation and toleration. "Don't try to drive men too roughly, my dear sir, it is so much easier to draw than to push!" He took no conspicuous or active part in politics, except in 1844, when he was elected Mayor of the city. He was constantly asked to serve in Congress, and other public stations; but he steadily declined, saying, with a sly smile, that he preferred to stick to the business that he understood.

To that business his heart and life were given. Of late years its active cares had naturally fallen into the hands of his younger associates ; but he never relaxed his interest and devotion. "While I was dressing," said a much younger neighbor, "I used to see Mayor Harper coming out of his house to go down town, and felt ashamed of myself." Early at the office, he opened and looked over the mails ; and during the hours of the morning he passed from one room to another, his shrewd eyes seeing every thing, and measuring men and work, chatting and jesting as he went. But out of those shrewd eyes looked a kind and gentle heart. He knew by name the men and women and children employed in the various parts of the great buildings, interested himself in their family stories, and often won a confidence that was never betrayed. His charities, which were ample, were thus intelligent and effective, and poor men as well as women bent to kiss his calm, unchanged face as he lay in his coffin.

To the last day of his conscious life James Harper was as erect of figure and as buoyant of spirit as a boy. His interest in public affairs, which was that of a sagacious spectator, was unabated. He was one of the best known and highly honored citizens of the city, whose marvelous growth had continued with that of his own fortunes, but his life never lost its early sim-

plicity and regularity. For some time his family had observed that, in the daily religious service at home, he no longer prayed to be delivered from sudden death, and upon being asked why, answered pleasantly, "The Lord knows best." On Thursday, the 25th of March, he came to the office in his usual health. For the last time his cheerful face and stalwart form were seen in all the rooms as he moved rapidly about. Having dined, he drove out as usual with his daughter. A brother publisher in the city, upon horseback, passed him near the Central Park, and remarked to his daughter who was riding with him, "How well Mr. Harper looks!" Soon afterward, the pole of the carriage suddenly broke, and the horses, although docile and well-trained, were frightened and ran. At once they were beyond the control even of Mr. Harper's strong hand, and he and his daughter were presently thrown violently to the pavement. She happily escaped serious injury, and was carried home. Her father was taken insensible to St. Luke's Hospital, where, without regaining consciousness, he died on the next Saturday evening, March 27, 1869, at a quarter past seven, surrounded by his family, excepting his wife, who had long been an invalid.

The expression of the public sorrow and respect was general and sincere, and the funeral in the church which he attended was a touch-

ing demonstration of the regard in which he was held by the city in which he had lived so modest, blameless, and honorable, life. But among all the public and private tributes to his memory the one that he would most have valued was that of those engaged in every department of his business, who knew him most familiarly in his daily duty, and who, at a meeting at which Mr. Henry Marsh, for forty-seven years associated with the business of Harper & Brothers, presided, and which, after appropriate remarks, passed these resolutions:

“Whereas, In the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. James Harper, we, the employés of the firm of which the deceased was for more than half a century the senior partner, have cause, through our long association with him and our knowledge of his generous character, and his forbearing and kindly nature, for more than common regret; we deem it proper that we should put on record the high respect in which we hold him: therefore,

“Resolved, That in the death of Mr. James Harper society has lost an ornament, the community an upright and esteemed citizen, his immediate family a devoted husband and father, and his employés a considerate, kindly, and honorable employer. While we, in common with our fellow-citizens at large, have extreme regret for his loss to the community, we have

beyond that a deeper sorrow growing out of our personal acquaintance with him, and the remembrance of his genial presence and the kindly sympathy and encouragement with which he always lightened our labors. On account of that evident sympathy and good-will toward us which was so characteristic of him, our recollections of him are especially endeared.

“Resolved, That to his immediate family, and to the surviving brothers of the firm, we tender our thorough, heartfelt sympathy for their irreparable loss, hoping that their sorrow will be assuaged by the remembrance that his was a fully completed and honored life.”

The New York Preachers' Meeting adopted the following Minute, reported by a committee consisting of Revs. Dr. R. S. Foster, L. H. King, and Cyrus D. Foss :

“Whereas we, the members of the Preachers' Meeting of New York and vicinity, have heard with profound feeling of the sudden death of the Hon. James Harper, ex-Mayor of New York, a distinguished citizen, long and widely known in our own and other countries in connection with literature, as the founder and successful administrator of the largest publishing house in the world ; and especially *whereas* he has been known and endeared to us as an honored member of our Church from his early manhood, and intimately connected with its history and growth

in this vicinity, and has illustrated in his eventful and conspicuous life the virtues of our holy religion, we have deemed it fitting that we should give some expression to our feelings on the occasion of his removal out of the world; therefore,

“Resolved, 1. That while we thankfully recognize the benign hand of God in his life, we bow with submission to the strange providence which has so suddenly and sadly terminated his earthly existence.

“2. That we hereby give assurance to the bereaved family and afflicted brothers and relatives of our profound and most tender sympathy in their great and irreparable grief.”

On Monday afternoon a meeting of the leading publishers of the city was held, and appropriate and appreciative memorial resolutions were adopted. The funeral of Mr. Harper took place at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church on Tuesday afternoon, in the midst of a large congregation, Dr. Ridgaway, Pastor of the Church, and Dr. M'Clintock and Rev. C. D. Foss, former Pastors, officiating. Early the next morning James Harper was laid tenderly by those who loved him best in his grave at Greenwood Cemetery.

JAMES W. BARKER.

JAMES W. BARKER was born in White Plains, Westchester County, N. Y., December 5, 1815. His father died when he was young, but from infancy James was the subject of Christian culture bestowed by the precepts and example of a pious mother, which, followed by her prayers, and watered by her tears, at an early age made an indelible impress upon his mind. Of his mother, who seems to have been a superior woman, the son was often heard to speak among his intimate friends in terms of the tenderest affection and reverence, acknowledging his great indebtedness to her counsel and influence. To the close of his life it was a source of great joy that he had the privilege in her declining years to entertain her as a guest at his house. From the happiness of his earthly home she took her departure for her heavenly one, where we doubt not ere this their happy spirits have greeted each other.

At an early period in his life James left his home and came to New York city, where he obtained a situation as clerk in a dry goods store. Here he manifested much spirit, and

energy, working hard to please, and displaying great aptitude for business. Here also the good seed that had been sown in his heart began to exhibit golden fruits in his life. He was informed one day that his services would be required at the store on the Sabbath, to which he promptly replied, "I can't work on Sunday." He was then told that he must leave, but soon after his employer came to him and said, "James, is it from laziness or principle that you won't work on Sunday?" With much feeling, and yet with becoming respect, he replied: "Sir, did you ever know me to refuse to do what you requested of me? I can't work, from principle." "Then you can stay!" was the reply. Such manly fortitude and strict adherence to the right in one so young could not but win for him the esteem and confidence of all with whom he associated. He continued as clerk until his twentieth year, when he found that by rigid economy he had saved nearly enough of his earnings to start business for himself. With this money, and some credit, which was readily obtained, he opened a small dry goods store on Grand-street. By strict attention to business his trade constantly increased until 1841, when he sold out to his brother, and established himself in another store in Catherine-street, where he took one of his clerks as partner.

Here, as before, he evinced great shrewdness

and good judgment in business, and became widely known as a popular and successful merchant, his sales in 1846 amounting to \$300,000, which was at that day an immense retail trade. In 1851 he retired from the mercantile business, but resumed it again in Pittsburgh in 1859. Here he exhibited the same proficiency as before, and the same success attended him, his reported sales in the wholesale and retail departments in 1866 amounting to nearly a million of dollars. At the time of his death, the business firm of J. W. Barker & Co. was one of the largest and most favorably known in the city of Pittsburgh.

Successful as Mr. Barker was in business, it was not, however, in the mercantile circle alone that he was known, or his talents appreciated.

For a short period of his life he took a very active part in the politics of the country. It was at the time of the famous "Know Nothing" movement. Fully believing that the principles of the American party were true, he became untiring in his endeavors to promote its success. His clear foresight and indomitable energy was soon recognized, and made him a leader of the Order, first as President of the Grand Council of the State of New York, and afterward of the United States. He was also made President of the Presidential Convention of the American party which nominated Mr. Fillmore.

In 1854 he was nominated by his party for Mayor of New York, with Fernando Wood, candidate of the Democratic party, as his opponent. The contest was a very close one, but in making the final returns the canvassers declared Wood elected by a very small majority. Mr. Barker, however, had very strong grounds for doubting the correctness of the result as reported, and his friends still believe that he was actually elected by a majority of the votes cast.

As a just tribute to his rigid integrity and probity during this exciting period of his life, he was told on one occasion by one of the shrewdest modern politicians of the city or nation, that he (Mr. Barker) was entirely too kind-hearted and *honorable* to make a successful politician. Soon after this the American party became disorganized, or merged into other organizations, and in 1860 Mr. Barker became the firm supporter of Mr. Lincoln, and continued faithful in the interests of the Republican party until his death.

But of the crowning glory of this good man's life we have yet to speak. He attributed the many successes of his life not to any real merit or goodness inherent within himself, but to the exceeding grace of God. He clearly demonstrated the truth of the Saviour's injunction, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his

righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." When about fifteen years of age he sought God, and after a severe struggle soon received the clear evidence, through faith in Christ, of his conversion. He immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which his honored mother had long been a member, and continued in its fellowship until the Master said, "Come up higher." Faith in Christ is an active principle, and led this young disciple at once to the confession of his name. The fire which had been kindled within could not be confined, and he began to labor for the salvation of others, praying and speaking in public, and urging his friends and associates to become partakers of like precious faith. His fervent prayers and exhortations, in connection with his youth, often produced powerful effects upon those present. He was successful as a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent. The Church, recognizing his talents, consistent walk, and piety, appointed him to positions of responsibility and trust. He held the several offices of class-leader, steward, and trustee, holding the last at the time of his death. His fidelity and sound judgment as an officer in the Church convinced his brethren that their confidence had not been misplaced.

The advantages of a liberal education Brother Barker was not permitted to enjoy. He was

not, therefore, in the common acceptation of the term, a literary man, yet his was a well-stored mind. His knowledge was perhaps more intuitive than the result of study, but what he knew he knew thoroughly. He was remarkable for good common sense and wisdom gained from the teachings of the past and lessons of experience, thus furnishing his judgment with resources which he readily turned to practical account.

Brother Barker was a great lover of what is commonly called "old-fashioned Methodism," being strongly attached to the discipline and doctrines of the Church, and always a warm advocate for free seats and congregational singing. He watched with anxiety any deviations from the old ways, but always heartily indorsed any new measures that seemed likely to increase the spirituality and strength of the Church.

Those who knew him most intimately regarded his deep, heartfelt sympathy for the distressed, and his uniform kindness to the poor, as one of the most prominent traits of his character. He was practically a benevolent man. Sympathy with the suffering and distressed was with him both a matter of feeling and of principle and of obligation. He turned no beggar away empty. The destitute and those who moved in the humblest walks of life

shared in his benevolence and hospitality. They were often received under his own roof and fed at his own table. Many a time, while passing through the crowd to or from business, was he known to turn aside to relieve the pressing necessities of the widow and the fatherless. During the cold winter months he was accustomed to purchase articles of bedding and warm clothing, and place them in the hands of some trusty person to be sent to the most needy of the Church and neighborhood; and frequently was his own house robbed of every available blanket, and amid the pelting storm or piercing cold of a winter's night transferred by his own hands to the abodes of suffering and want. One of the last public acts of his life was the establishment of the cheap carriage service at the Central Park, by which invalids and families could enjoy all the benefits of the ride and pure air at a trifling expense. His death occurred a few days before the anniversary of our national independence, just previous to which he had made arrangements for spreading tables under the shade trees of his beautiful country home, and inviting the poor, white and colored, of the neighborhood to the entertainment. Truly the blessing of Him "that considereth the poor" came upon our brother, and his example is well worthy of imitation.

In Brother Barker the virtues which constitute the Christian gentleman were most harmoniously blended. He was firm and decided, yet persuasive and respectful.

As a friend he was true, warm, sympathizing, and constant, allowing no difference of opinion to sever the cord that bound him to the heart and friendship of another. He was very careful not to injure the feelings or reputation of others by evil speaking; and would often reprove or check others for speaking evil of absent ones. He would not willingly offend, and was always as ready to forgive the errors of others as he was to acknowledge his own, and would never impute a bad motive where a good one could be supposed.

The social and family circle were never more interesting than when Brother Barker was their center; his dignity, yet freedom from stiffness, his cheerfulness without unbecoming levity, his generous-good nature, and his almost inexhaustible fund of instructive and sometimes amusing incidents, drawn from real life, could not fail to interest those who enjoyed his society. He ruled his household in love, *all* being dictated by a deep, genuine, tender affection. But any attempt to draw a true and full portrait of him as he was at his own fireside would only prove a failure. Let it suffice to say that he was a Christian father and husband, such a one as

can be fully appreciated only by those hearts that bleed to-day under the stroke of that providence by which he has been removed from their midst.

For months previous to his death it was apparent to those most intimate with him that the Lord was preparing him for that event. In the closet and at the family altar, as well as in his daily walk and conversation, his communion with God was more uninterrupted, his peace was more uniform and sweet, his mind was more spiritual, and his faith stronger. The call for our brother to "arise and depart" was very sudden and unexpected. The evening previous, on retiring to his room, he spent an unusual time in secret prayer, and still lingering at the mercy-seat, placing the hand of his wife in his, he repeated with childlike simplicity the prayer he was taught in infancy, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. How sublime the scene! It was his last night on earth, his last evening prayer; and though entirely unconscious of it, yet how exceedingly appropriate the last utterance, commending his soul to God in entire confidence whether living or dying. Soon after, he retired and enjoyed his usual night's rest until the day began to dawn, when he awoke with a strange sensation about the heart and panting for breath. The family was immediately called, the proper remedies were ap-

plied, medical aid was summoned, and all that affection or skill could suggest was done to afford relief. But it availed not; his work was done. Death, the great conqueror, had already taken the outposts, and was now making his last bold attack upon the citadel of life. While in the midst of the severe and final struggle, his daughter bending over him said, "Don't be frightened, pa." The Christian hero, trusting in God, raised his eyes, and with a look of recognition, and a sweet, heavenly smile lighting up his countenance, replied, "I am not afraid!" A few brief moments passed and the conflict was ended—the victory was won—the heavenly spirit was released from its earthly clay, and mounting to its native heaven, mingled with redeemed and kindred spirits around the throne.

Thus lived and thus died one of nature's noblemen, his death occurring at his lovely residence near Rahway, New Jersey, June 26, 1869. In all the relations of public and social life—as a business man, citizen, Christian, husband, father, and brother—he was an example of inflexible integrity, blended with the purest affection and love. His personal appearance was commanding, being tall, well-built, with an expressive countenance, and a bright, cheerful eye—index to the soul within. But with all his talents as a man, his faith as a Christian, and

his unchanging, devoted affection as a relative and friend, our esteemed and lamented brother has passed away. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

THE life of WESLEY HARPER, as his family and friends called him, was wholly private and domestic. Shy and retiring, he avoided entirely that kind of public service which makes men's names familiar, and for which, indeed, his qualities of mind and heart, but not of temperament, peculiarly fitted him. He was born on the 25th day of December, 1801, in Newtown, Long Island. His father, for whom he was named, was an earnest Methodist, and, with his own name, gave his son that of Wesley. From his mother, doubtless, came that kindness of humor which never forsook him, and which made the last days, like all the days of his life, so cheerful and serene. Wesley had always a fond remembrance of his early home, and although the domestic discipline in the family of a hard-working Methodist farmer, in the days when that Church was full of the mission-

ary spirit, was probably severe, it was that severity of affection which does not cloud the memory, and for which, indeed, a filial and pious spirit is always grateful. One of Wesley's pleasant pictures of his childhood was his lying upon the hay in the field or in the barn, and reading to an old black man, one of his father's workmen. "It is many a long year since I have seen him," he said; "but I know that I shall see him in heaven."

Wesley Harper was the third child of his parents, and was always a delicate boy. His two older brothers, James and John, left their father's house when Wesley was about ten years of age, and while he was yet a youth they had begun business together as printers and publishers, under the style of J. & J. Harper. Before he was twenty he was apprenticed, with his younger brother Fletcher, to the older brothers, and mastered the trade of printing. He was a skillful proof-reader, and in the course of this duty he became familiar with much of the best English literature, which was carefully read by him in the reprints of the house. As foreman of the composing-room, he was brought into personal contact with men who, in those days of hard drinking, were often turbulent and troublesome; but he had no trouble. He was slight in figure, and had not the remarkable muscular power of his brothers. But he had the force of

moral firmness, a singularly persuasive manner, and that unaffected regard for men, independent of their condition, which is instantly felt by them; and these gave him an ascendancy in his department which enabled him to keep the peace without harshness or ill-will.

Before 1825 Wesley and Fletcher had both become partners in the house, and the style was changed to Harper & Brothers. They were all practical printers, and the success of the firm as publishers was already remarkable. Sagacious, untiring, devoted strictly to their business, the operations of the house were constantly extended, and its intercourse by correspondence was most courteous and kindly, for Wesley was the correspondent, and his letters, embracing a wide variety of subjects, and addressed to persons of every kind of temperament, were remarkable for the same urbanity of manner and intelligent clearness of statement that marked his personal intercourse. His health was still delicate, and he was carefully temperate in all his habits. But temperance was not a trial, for he had a natural rectitude which seemed to spare him all moral struggles.

The religious influences of his father's house were seed dropped into a kindly soil. The young man early connected himself with the Methodist Church, and in all its multitude of adherents there could be none of a truer humil-

ity and a sincerer piety than Wesley Harper. He seemed to feel the same affectionate pride in it that George Herbert cherished for the Church of England. He was a class-leader, and always a most liberal and devoted member. But the shy humility that was his crowning grace kept him silent and unobtrusive. He did not exhort nor declaim. Faithful and constant in his attendance at Church, and most generous in his support of all its enterprises, his devotion was deep but not noisy. His ceaseless charity, his patience, his simplicity and friendliness, were his religious rites—his whole life was his great act of worship. The services of his Church and the spirit of its members strongly moved him, and he went often in Brooklyn, where he lived, to share in the worship of the colored brethren, delighting in its fervor and fullness of expression. Doubtless he liked to recognize the divine Fatherhood by identifying himself in religious feeling and aspiration with his human brothers of the lowest estate.

He thanked God that he was a Methodist; but there was probably never a man so affectionately and firmly attached to his own religious denomination who was so truly liberal and free from all taint of bigotry. He held to his own sect, but as one believing that in his Father's house were many mansions. Sectarian arrogance was as impossible to him as social arro-

gance. If you watched him on Sunday, you saw that he went to the Methodist Church. If you watched him every day in the year, you saw that he was a good man.

Soon after joining the firm he married and settled in Brooklyn, and gradually a large family clustered around him. The business prospered. As the correspondent of the house he was brought in contact with men of every kind, and his acquaintance was very wide. His shrewd observation, his retentive memory, and his genial humor made his reminiscences of noted persons very charming. The impression made by him upon all who came to the office was that of an intelligent, courteous, and most unassuming man. But it was well said, that if the question were asked, Which is the head of the house, which is the Harper, and who are the brothers? the only accurate answer was, "Either one is Harper, and all the rest are the brothers."

Such fraternal harmony in business is remarkable. The action of the house was the result of mutual counsel, in which the singularly sound judgment of Wesley, his knowledge of men, his general intelligence, were indispensable. For, although of the utmost courtesy and manly gentleness, he was a man of clear insight into character, and curiously impatient of pretense. The constant lambent humor that played

over the whole surface of his life often touched folly and affectation with a kindly satire that showed how truly they were perceived. Wesley Harper's goodness was not a sweetness without flavor. No man had a keener eye for the facts of human life and character. He was universally beloved by all those who were employed by the firm ; and the secret of their great regard was not merely his kindness of manner—it was his real humanity. He treated them as a man associating with men, not merely as a master with his workmen. He won their confidence, and they discovered that they had found a friend. Every morning he appeared quietly in every department, loitering from case to case, from bench to bench, and group to group, stopping to chat, or to note the "copy," or to look over the proof, or to see, with his mild eye, that there was no lagging or confusion. That tranquil presence will be a remembered benediction in every room. A few days before he died one of the oldest and most trusted of the persons employed in the house went to see him, and Wesley bade him good-bye, and begged him, if ever in word or manner he had seemed harsh, to believe that he had not meant unkindly, and to forgive him. "I told him," said the faithful fellow-laborer, "that if there was any thing to forgive, it was not upon my side." Another said, whose position enabled him to observe closely Wesley's

character as a business man, "I have known him for forty years, and he is spotless."

So the prosperous and pleasant years passed away. He built a spacious house in Brooklyn, full of sunshine without and within. To one who loved him it seemed, as a man's chosen home should, a kind of image of himself. He still went away from it occasionally upon some short voyage for his health, but whenever he returned he quietly resumed his old habits at the office. For some time he believed himself to be seriously ill; but it was not until the winter of 1869-70 that a sudden and startling attack warned him of his condition, and a subsequent careful investigation showed him that he could not recover, and that his death might occur at any moment. But whatever inexpressible sorrow this brought to others, Wesley Harper tranquilly kept the noiseless tenor of his way. When he was a little better he made short excursions into the country, and came occasionally to the office. He sat quietly, conversing with difficulty, and with all the old kindly humor and charity, his interest in the welfare of the house unabated, saying pleasantly, "Now that James is gone, how can I be spared?" But he went no more into the work-rooms, and in his heart he knew, as all knew, that his work was done.

Then came the confinement to the house, to

the room, to the bed. But in no happy home was there a more cheerful room than the chamber of the dying man. All his friends came to it and went away as with a blessing. To his religious brethren who sought his confidence he spoke with manly humility of his filial trust in God, and of his satisfaction that he had always professed his faith. But this he said only to those who invited it. Upon no man did Wesley Harper ever intrude his inmost, sacred convictions. At last, and from day to day, he seemed almost to hover between life and death. But he had made every arrangement for the end, had even named his pall-bearers—four of his friends in the Sands-street Methodist Episcopal Church, and four of his friends employed by the firm—and he affectionately invited all, in every department of the business, to attend his funeral. On Sunday afternoon, the 13th, a friend called, but learning that he was not so well, would not go up stairs. Mr. Harper, hearing the name, sent a humorous message of love. On Monday morning, February 14, 1870, he seemed to be refreshed by the night's rest. But at about half past seven he asked his sister, who was with him, to raise the window, for he did not breathe freely. She did so, and gave him a little drink. He thanked her, smiled upon her with the old familiar tenderness, and closed his eyes. She saw the change, and

stepped into the next room to call the others. But it was too late. Without a sigh, Wesley Harper had died as peaceably as he had lived.

He was buried from the Sands-street Methodist Episcopal Church, with which he had been long associated; and the great congregation, a throng of sincere and sorrowing friends, needed only to remember what he was to feel how truly a good life conquers death; while in their own greater charity, and patience, and fidelity, hereafter those who knew Wesley Harper will always feel his influence, and perceive that a good man, though dead, yet speaketh.

WILLIAM W. CORNELL.

WILLIAM W. CORNELL was born on Long Island, in the State of New York, January 1, 1823. His father was a farmer; and both parents were of English descent. He was one of a large family of children, who had the advantage in early life of the simple and healthful discipline of a humble and honest country home. He came to New York at sixteen years of age, entered the shop of his elder brother George, and became a member of his brother Henry's family. By this brother he was taken to Greene-

street Methodist Episcopal Church, and joined its Sunday-school. At eighteen he was converted and united with the Church. He was at that time a member of Mr. Joseph Longking's Bible-class, in connection with such youths as John M. Reid, C. C. North, George Collord, and others, since noted for their sterling worth. In the Sunday-school he made the acquaintance of the young lady, Miss Sarah H. Lyon, who afterward became his wife, and who ever proved to him a true companion. Thus was conceived that strong love which always bound him to the Sunday-school. In it he received his deepest spiritual impressions, his clearest Scriptural instructions, formed his earliest friendships, and founded his family ties; it is not surprising, therefore, that his highest powers should have been consecrated to the work of Sunday-school instruction.

The subsequent career of young Cornell was soon shaped. He became a teacher in the Greene-street school, and continued such until his removal to the Jane-street charge in 1853. About this time he was elected superintendent of a colored Sunday-school in the neighborhood, which position he filled until called to the charge of the Jane-street school. In 1860 the Rev. Dr. Randolph S. Foster was appointed to the pastoral care of the Washington Square Church, in Fourth-street, a new enterprise, which

was embarrassed with a large debt. Mr. Cornell at once came to the help of his former pastor and the noble brethren of that charge, and contributed greatly, both by his counsels and his means, to their relief. As a trustee of the Church, and superintendent of the Sunday-school, he was an important instrument in bringing the Church to its present degree of prosperity. It was here, too, that the *man* first fully showed himself in the unfolding of those attributes which soon brought him into such prominence, and gave him the wide scope of usefulness which employed his last years. There were other causes besides his piety, zeal, and good sense, which were now distinctively in motion, and which helped to set him in the foremost rank of the Methodist laymen of New York city. They were of a material kind; and to understand his influence they must be adverted to.

Mr. Cornell was a very successful man of business. The rise, progress, and extent of the business in which he was engaged may be stated in few words. The two brothers, John B. and William W. Cornell, began the manufacture of iron-work for building purposes in February, 1847, in a little wooden shop on Center-street, with but a single assistant, and a capital of \$1,000. In February, 1870, their active capital was over \$1,000,000, and their pay-rolls bore the names

of nine hundred workmen, while the insignificant foundry of 1847 had grown into a five-story iron building, and extended till it covers two thirds of the whole block. The expansion of their work demanded other accommodations, and they erected the extensive foundries and shops located on Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets, and the Eleventh Avenue and the North River. Their shops now cover about eight acres, give employment to a regiment of men, and turn out annually thousands of tons of iron-work. While the Cornells were not the first to apply iron in the construction of buildings, Mr. James Badger, of Boston, having preceded them, it is likely that they have outstripped all their competitors in the variety and extent of its application. Besides many smaller jobs in New York and elsewhere, including the construction of turrets and turret machinery of the iron-clads *Minantonomah* and *Tonawanda*, for the United States Government, they have put up some of the largest and most important buildings of the city. Among these are the iron-work for the new Court-house, the store of Claflin & Mellen, Herald Buildings, Park Bank, the Stock-Exchange, the New York Life Insurance Building, the Methodist Publishing and Mission House, and Mr. A. T. Stewart's store on Tenth-street and Broadway. This last structure, by the completion of the angle on

Ninth-street and Broadway, covers an entire block, and is the largest and most superb building devoted to mercantile business in the world. In looking at it one scarcely knows which most to admire, the genius which can create such a business as Mr. Stewart's, or the skill which could devise and rear such a palace for its transaction. The firm also erected Mr. Stewart's new hotel for women on Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, and Tiffany's new store on Union Square.

Enough has been cited to show the capacity of these brothers for business. Their success is one of the most remarkable achievements of our city, and in acquiring it they have conducted themselves toward each other, and toward their customers and their *employés*, upon strictly moral and religious principles. They were brothers indeed, each trusting the other implicitly, and never stopping to ask the reasons for any course which was pursued. They did not divide their work into departments, but into jobs. For example: Mr. William Cornell attended to the whole of Mr. Stewart's work, Mr. J. B. Cornell never having exchanged over a dozen words with Mr. Stewart on business until after his brother's death. In twenty-three years of the closest relationship, during which these gentlemen had all the prosperity which could possibly gratify ambition, and all

the annoyances which the conduct of so vast a business must unavoidably entail, not an unpleasant word or look passed between them. "Never did I see my brother," says Mr. John B. Cornell, "in the least ruffled, as though any thing had gone wrong." For the last eight years they made money very rapidly; it might be said they have literally transmuted iron into gold. Old Tubal-cain has been their faithful servant, and that for the simple reason that they have waited promptly upon his bidding. While to meet with them at their homes or in the sanctuary you would really take them to be men of leisure—with such genial grace were the amenities of home and religion dispensed—still never have any men more thoroughly and systematically devoted themselves to business in its time and place.

Mr. William W. Cornell's material prosperity was an indispensable adjunct to his prosperity as a Christian worker. His elevation in the Church, the influence to which he attained, was largely due to money. He was not high born; his talents were not showy; his person was not commanding; the only eloquence he possessed was that of earnest meaning; his piety was deep and pervasive, but not more demonstrative, and perhaps not more sincere than that of many; but he knew how to make money and how to use it. His experience in the conduct

of large manufacturing interests, his knowledge of men, his patience of details, fitted him to be an organizer and administrator in Church movements. He was thus taught how to seize salient points; how to inspire courage; how to reconcile differences, and combine even discordant forces for the production of the highest results. Then, in the early perception of his true relation to money—the personal expenditure of it for the good of mankind—he could not but render himself, as his wealth increased, a growing and controlling power among men. It is sometimes said, to the disparagement of rich men, “They could not have been what they were without their money.” But it is only to their disparagement if their money was illy gotten and illy spent, or hoarded. Money is a prime necessity of human life. People may be saints, but cannot live on grace; however ethereal, they must come down to actual wants. Religion, for its human progress, requires a metallic track. The Church is dependent upon money for the prosecution of its work; and hence it is ever ready to welcome the man who, possessed of large means, in the true spirit of the Master, who emptied himself of heavenly riches, comes forward and lays his wealth at the altar of religion and humanity. This was the spirit of William W. Cornell. “Many a time,” said he, quite recently, during a collection at the

Greene-street Church for the cause of city missions, "have I given in this house the last cent I had in the world." When a young mechanic belonging to that Church, at one of the missionary anniversaries, there was a good deal of enthusiasm; a collector passing down the aisle approached young Cornell and asked him what he would give: "Fifty dollars," was the prompt but modest reply. "Fifty dollars!" said the collector, "that is too much for you." "I can give fifty dollars and have fifty left!" was the firm answer. That was the end of the matter, but it was not the end of the young man. This was the index of his future career. Thenceforth his hands were ever extended, both publicly and privately, to all persons and all causes that commended themselves to his judgment.

It is now easy to see what gave him his ascendancy. He possessed the true elements of command, and only needed the opportunity. God had prepared the man; but where was his place? The opportunity soon came. The New York City Sunday-School and Missionary Society had been in existence for many years, and had accomplished some good work—in giving birth to the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in bringing together the Sunday-school teachers of Methodism in New York to listen to occasional addresses, and so

promoting unity and emulation in the work—but it lacked force and money. It had no organizing and vitalizing soul; it had no friends of large views and equally large means. Here and there, in one or two detached spots, it had sought to sustain mission schools, but the work, though good, was feeble and wholly inadequate to the wants of the city, and not at all what, even as a beginning, the hour required. Methodism had made some noble efforts for expansion within a few years under the generous benefactions of Mr. Henry J. Baker and others, but, on the whole, was not doing its duty to any class of the population. The members of this society as well as others felt the urgent need of some more decided aggressive measures, and in looking around for a leader, all turned to Mr. Cornell as the suitable person. It was agreed that his experience as a Sunday-school laborer, his sympathy with the poor, his rapidly accumulating income, his liberality in giving, his unaffected and genuine piety and eminent executive ability, would fully qualify him for the position. He was accordingly elected president of the society in the spring of 1865. After a little hesitation—for the post, with such views of official responsibility as he entertained, involved a great deal of mental and physical labor—he accepted the office, and entered promptly upon its duties, dividing his time be-

tween the superintendency of the Washington Square school and the schools of the mission. New life was speedily infused into the organization, and it began to assume larger proportions, and to show unusual activity. At the close of the first year there were six schools, with one hundred and seventeen officers and teachers, and one thousand one hundred and ninety-three scholars under the care of the mission.

In 1866 the society obtained a charter, and applied to the New York and New York East Conferences for preachers to take charge of the work, and to impart a thorough Church organization to it. Mr. Cornell, as a manager of the New York City Mission and Tract Society—a general organization comprising all evangelical Christians—had seen the embarrassment arising from the want of pastors for the poor. That society does not propose to Church any body, but so soon as man, woman, or child is converted through its agency, he or she is directed by the missionaries or teachers to the nearest evangelical Church for membership and pastoral care. It is easy to see how impracticable such a process is; what a chilling effect it must have upon a poor person to be turned out of the little nursery where the first experience of divine and human love may have been felt, to find a Church home among strangers from whom

there can hardly be expected a proper affection and a sufficiently tender consideration. Pastors, then, the parents and children of our missions should have—men whom they can love, and with whom they can feel at home in their own spiritual birth-places. Such was Mr. Cornell's reasoning; it was thoroughly Wesleyan, and the sequel has proved its wisdom. Two efficient ministers were accordingly appointed, and have been continued in charge as superintendents until this time. The report for the year closing with 1866 shows there were ten schools, 187 officers and teachers, and 1,862 scholars—a gain of four schools, 70 officers and teachers, and 669 scholars. On the first of May, 1866, there was one organized Church society, with two classes and thirty-seven members. On December 31, 1866, there were six regular Church societies, with ten classes numbering 277 members and probationers. The missionary pastors and their assistants visited 15,728 families; distributed 22,390 pages of tracts; preached 332 sermons; held 271 prayer-meetings and 191 class-meetings, attended 38 funerals, and baptized 87 persons. During the year several of the missions became self-supporting, and gave handsome sums to the society for the help of less prosperous missions in other parts of the city. The total receipts of the treasurer from all sources during the year were \$31,853 72, an increase of

\$29,472 58 over the previous year. Two mission chapels, costing \$20,622, were erected and paid for, and became the permanent property of the society. One of these, the beautiful chapel on West Thirty-fifth-street, with its ground costing \$11,201 64, was the gift of the president, and only a part of what he contributed for the year.

The year 1867 was even more prosperous. Two additional regular pastors were appointed from the Conferences. The society year was extended from January to March; and in March, 1868, the report shows, 12 schools, 292 officers and teachers, and 2,985 scholars, 11 Church organizations, 28 classes, numbering 712 members and probationers—the gain for the year being 1,228 officers, teachers, and scholars, and 465 Church members. The receipts for the fourteen months amounted to \$65,766 95, being an increase over the year 1866 of \$33,913 23; and the total property possessed, clear of all indebtedness, \$71,600. The report not only abounds in full information as to work and results, but also is adorned with admirable cuts of the new chapels either completed or projected.

The year ending March, 1869, was crowned with equal success. A new and handsome church was erected on Perry-street and paid for; a new school was started on West Forty-fourth-street, which was soon after merged into St. Luke's

Church. The estimated value of the property for this year was a total of \$128,300; and expenses for the year \$56,355 06. This last sum was inclusive of sums raised by the schools and expended for their own benefit. In every department there was the same increase. The annual report pays the following tribute to the president, who, it should be remembered, was the motive power of all this work: "The president of the society, by his thorough devotion to its interests, his presence in the meetings of committees and of the board, his promptness of action in all the departments of the work, and by his large liberality, has inspired the whole movement with energy and confidence." During the year 1869 the Perry-street and the St. Luke's Church were separated from the mission, with a loss to the society of 325 Church members and 728 pupils; and still the property of the Society, by an abstract of the report of March, 1870, was \$145,902, the Church membership 559, the Sunday-School membership 3,233, and the total expenditures \$30,514 43. Nine missionaries were wholly or partly employed. During the last four years the society raised and expended in its noble work \$198,509 83. While liberal collections were taken in most if not all the Methodist Churches toward this sum, yet the bulk of it was given by the president. One hundred thousand dollars stand in his own name,

besides the various gifts which he made privately or in the names of others. And the amounts which he contributed to this cause were but a part of what he gave. For five years past he contributed to various benevolent objects not less than \$250,000. He knew no partiality, had no pet schemes, rode no hobbies, but his charity, like the sun, shone alike upon all, and cheered every measure with its beams.

The City Sunday-School and Missionary Society remains the grandest work of his life and the noblest monument of his memory. His sudden death well-nigh stunned his fellow-laborers; but, recovering from the shock, they are showing their sorrow for him by rising to the grandeur of his conceptions, with the determination that his plans shall be pushed to completion. They have elected a layman of financial skill and sterling worth as president, and two rising young men as vice-presidents, and the new year emerges auspiciously from the dark depression with which the death of the late President enshrouded the closing of the last.

No greater seeming calamity could have befallen New York Methodism than the fall of this wise and good man at this juncture. It is impossible wholly to conjecture the possibilities of good to our cause which were wrapped up in him, in view of his comprehensive benevolence in connection with a business the prospective

growth of which cannot well be calculated. Already counting his yearly income by hundreds of thousands, he would soon, in all probability, have been able to dispense hundreds of thousands in charities. He leaves no son old enough to carry forward his work; but, happily for the Church, he leaves a brother, the senior partner of the firm, who, with his son, sympathizes in the grand aims of the departed saint; while through all the ranks of the Church his self-sacrificing zeal must kindle an enthusiasm hitherto unknown and unfelt.

Mr. William W. Cornell affords one of the most beautiful examples of a man sprung from the common people. He was in the proper sense self-made. Modest almost to diffidence, he yet knew how to go forward at the call of duty, and never allowed a false self-distrust to weaken his hands, or to abate his enterprise. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," was peculiarly his rule of life. In endeavoring to analyze his character it is hard to determine where to begin. He looks best as a whole; indeed, his eminence was in the admirable combination of faculties and graces. There was such a happy poise of attributes that you could scarcely think upon one distinctively, before you saw another immediately coming to view for recognition, and modifying it. His caution would strike any observer, and you would

hasten to write him a conservative; but before the word was formed you would be quite as ready to rate him a radical. By his strong common sense he was such a discerner of human character that you would have thought he could trust but few if any persons; and yet so abounding was his charity that he seemed to trust all men. He once said he rarely if ever had his confidence misplaced. His good heart, full of generous affections, rendered him hopeful of his race. And this hopefulness, with his trust in the Saviour, his habitual dependence upon Divine Providence, and the constant sense of thorough integrity of motive which he maintained, imparted to him great cheerfulness and uniformity of temper. "What you saw him once," said his wife, "you saw him always; he was ever the same, whether alone with his family or in company."

He had a *genius* for Sunday-schools. In soul he was a perfect child, and this all children under his care knew and felt. He would stoop to them, talk with them, treat them in such a tender, loving way that he would go straight into their hearts, and their eyes would sparkle with delight. Yet he could be firm when occasion for discipline required; and, farthest from relying wholly upon his gentleness and love for success, he was, as a superintendent, one of the most diligent of students. He studied himself

and urged his teachers to study; dilatoriness and ignorance under the mask of good intentions received no countenance from him. In all respects he was one of the most industrious of men. His industry and intelligence were reciprocal in their action; he knew how to work, and he worked as one who knew the worth of work. As the president of the Sunday-School and Missionary Society he did extraordinarily well, because he understood the situation, and the body of the society simply followed its head. His sound judgment illumined every point it touched.

When fitting up parsonages for the first missionaries appointed, it was remarked, "Why, you are making them very fine." "Yes," said he, "who should have better? When men have been all day visiting among the sick and wretched they ought to have the most inviting homes to come to." Was there ever a truer philosophy? His conscience not only obliged him to give, but Wisdom said, "Give cheerfully, and give while you live." If he had any maxim at all it was, "Do now what you have to do." On one occasion I heard him remark in a little address, "People say to me sometimes I am giving too much—that I am injuring myself and my family. I tell them I keep my own accounts, and I know just how they stand, and that I am better off every year." And this

same sound judgment which prompted him to be the dispenser of his own money, showed also the altar at which it was kindled, and that he not only gave his means while he lived, but labored personally for the salvation of souls. While bestowing his thoughts upon great plans, and expending vast sums for their execution, he was not content to sit at home and leave others to reap the rich harvests of happiness which are to be gathered only in the contact of struggling souls. No man was more at home in a revival, or rejoiced with more exquisite joy in the conversion of penitents. One of the last efforts he made before his fatal illness, an illness induced by an attendance upon a protracted meeting, was to urge a prominent member of the congregation at Washington Heights to be reconciled to God. One of the last cups of blessing put to his lips, was to know on earth that his youngest child, his only son, had united with the Church. And if he could have indicated a choice no prayers and no songs would have been more grateful to him in death than those of his little children.

A group of heroic men have lately died. All of them were yet in the fullness of their powers and usefulness: but none among them can be more missed in the several spheres of labor and friendship to which they were called than William W. Cornell in his. As one after an-

other in quick succession they were summoned away, we said, "How can he be spared?" Alas, God has taken M'Clintock, Thomson, Kingsley, Foss, and Cornell, too! But in falling, their ripe souls have scattered seeds which shall spring up in ever-widening harvests; hundreds and thousands shall be reproduced to multiply their lives and extend their influence.

We close with this just tribute to Mr. Cornell from a letter of Bishop Janes, written March 19th: "I feel very sad indeed at the intelligence of his decease. He was so simple, so devoted, so liberal—one of the noblest laymen in the excellent ranks of Methodism—peerless among good men and useful men, and, indeed, great men. Great indeed is the loss of the Church."

There may be nothing in a name; but the same cannot be said of faces. No one could have looked at the face of William W. Cornell, and not felt involuntarily, "There is a good man." His countenance was the very expression of benignity. "I like to see that gentleman around," said an observing person, "he has such a good face." While a placid grace was the element in which all other elements resolved themselves, yet it was not difficult to distinguish the subordinate lights and shades of a face which was the index of a mind remarkable for its union of noble qualities. There was the large,

full head ; the ample forehead, indicative of breadth of understanding ; the deep, quiet, blue eye, with its thoughtful and generous look, which seemed to say to every body, "I see through you, but I love you still ;" and the gently compressed mouth, which silently spoke of purpose in union with reason and forbearance. That face, lovely to thousands, welcome every-where, equally on the mart of business and in the assemblies of religion, is now gone. We shall look no more upon its moral beauty.

He calmly fell asleep in Jesus at his late residence on Washington Heights, in New York city, surrounded by his weeping family, on the 17th of March, 1870. Thus he died in his full strength, with his mental and physical vigor unabated, in his forty-eighth year. His faith was triumphant in the sick and dying hour. He seemed to be conscious to the last, although the nature of his disease forbade much conversation.

The morning before he passed away, in the presence of two of his brothers, he expressed some anxiety for his family, when they replied to him, "Trust in God, and we will look to the interests of your family." Appearing to realize what was said, he was at once quieted and satisfied. Near the last of his earthly stay, the family group sang to him, "Let me go, 'tis

Jesus calls me," which he seemed to enjoy very much; and his physician said if he were a member of the family he would not part with the assurances which the dying man gave of his eternal safety for any earthly consideration. Often he repeated, "All is right!" and at one time lifted his hand and exclaimed, "Nearer home!" Thus, trusting and triumphing, he passed into the joy of his Lord.

ROBERT HENRY.

ROBERT HENRY was born in County Armagh, Ireland, in 1813. He was converted to God in early youth, and soon gave promise of great usefulness. When but a boy of fifteen he was appointed a class-leader in the Methodist Society, with which for forty-one years he was connected. For thirty years he was an honored, exemplary, and useful member of the Bedford-street Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city. With great ability and credit he filled the offices of trustee and leader, was an active and faithful worker in the Sunday-school, and at the time of his death had charge of a large Bible-class* of young men, to the mem-

* The portraits of the members of his Bible-class, and highly complimentary resolutions passed by the Official Boards of the

bers of which he was tenderly and affectionately attached. In the home circle he was peculiarly happy, and in his domestic relations, as husband and father, was loving, tender, and considerate. Brother Henry was a man of very marked individuality—a fine specimen of true manhood. With no pretension to genius, no brilliant parts, no creative imagination, he was a man of strong natural sense, of sound and vigorous understanding, of firm purpose, laborious diligence; a man with a clear head, large heart, pure habits, simple tastes, combining tenderness with power. He was an honest, upright, virtuous man, true to his trust, true to himself, true to his God.

As a man of business he displayed extraordinary energy, and by his own unaided effort succeeded in building up and establishing an extensive manufacturing interest, of which he was the chief partner and moving spring. The motto of his life was that of a celebrated merchant, recorded in his diary, "The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy, invincible determination*, a purpose once fixed,

Church, beautifully engrossed and elegantly framed, were presented to Mrs. Henry, and now adorn the parlor walls of her pleasant home in New York city. They are beautiful mementoes to the memory of a good man.

and then death or victory. This quality will do any thing that *can* be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will ever make a human creature a man without it." This spirit characterized all his life, political, social, religious. Indeed, so pronounced and positive was he that his unalterable purpose was sometimes mistaken for positive obstinacy. His was a strong, massive, man-of-war-like soul, driving on, like a floating fortress, to the peril of all intervening obstacles. Such a strong, rock-like man would seem to be stern and forbidding to some, but no man was gentler and kinder than he. Like the rock struck by the prophet, he could send forth from his inner self living water, sparkling as the glance of a child, clear as purity of heart, sweet as goodness and love.

Brother Henry was powerful in prayer. He deemed that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force; and so in the supplications with Israel's God he wrestled like a very Jacob in all the litanies of prayer until he became a conquering prince. He was mighty in the Scriptures. It was the joy of his life, whether at home or in the midst of his Bible-class, to *search* the Scriptures, for in them he found the words of eternal life. He not only read, but *studied* the word of God, comparing Scripture with Scripture, proving

one passage by another, and thus making the Bible its own interpreter. Brother Henry was a Bible Christian. "The word" was the basis, bond, and bulwark of his religious life. His was not a sentimental piety, an ephemeral religion, a nominal faith. He had a reason for the hope that was in him, and was able to give it. He knew in whom he believed; he knew what he believed; he knew why he believed. His was the true religious positivism. He grasped and clinched, as with a giant's hold, the doctrines of our holy faith; especially that sublime, central truth of an all-sufficient Saviour and a Saviour sufficient for all.

Brother Henry was a thorough Methodist in doctrine, in spirit, in rule. Ascribing all he was, under God, to its benign influence, he was very tenacious of the old usages, and not a little jealous lest the old-fashioned fire should deteriorate into the painted flame of a modern formalism. To such a life, under the inspiration of such a Christian faith, there could be but one earthly termination—that of complete triumph. For him to live was Christ, and to die was gain. Living, he lived unto the Lord; dying, he died unto the Lord. Whether, therefore, living or dying, he was the Lord's.

He approached the grave like a calm conqueror—not afraid, not even worried, not distressed, not perplexed; he knew in whom he

believed, and was persuaded He was able to keep that which he had committed to him. He often said, "If this be dying, it is sweet to die." By nature not given at all to vague fancies, he looked aloft with holy confidence, and with almost expiring breath exclaimed, "I see a crown!" Surrounded by the loving family group, affectionately ministering to the dying saint, he could say,

"In peace I now resign my breath,
And thy salvation see ;
My sins deserve eternal death ;
But Jesus died for me."

He died as he lived, a conquering prince unto God. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them."

He died in Yonkers, September 16, 1869, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

GEORGE T. COBB.

GEORGE T. COBB was born in Morristown, N. J., October 13, 1813. His family were resident in New Jersey before the Revolution, and shared in the toils and the triumphs of the early history of the State. His grandfather

was an officer in the army of Washington, and fought in thirteen battles of the Revolutionary war, beginning with the battle of Monmouth, and ending with the siege of Yorktown, and the capture of Cornwallis.

When Mr. Cobb was a child three years of age, his father died; three years after this he also lost his mother. Thus at the tender age of six years he was an orphan. When he became thirteen or fourteen years old he engaged as clerk in a store in the village of Denville, in his native county, where, young as he was, he showed the germs of the character which afterward grew so beautiful and strong. His integrity, efficiency, and prudence attracted attention, and as he grew older his prospects improved. He finally removed to New York, and became first a clerk and then a partner in a business house engaged in the iron trade. Here his industry and ability were crowned with great success, and some years before his death he was enabled to retire to his native town in the possession of an ample fortune fairly and honestly acquired.

When a boy he was remarkable for his industry, whether engaged in physical labor or in the acquisition of knowledge. He attended school at the old academy in Morristown, and enjoyed for a time the best advantages which the town in those days afforded. At this period

he laid the foundation of a solid English education, which, with his subsequent private study and reading, enabled him to grasp and master thoroughly all the great problems of public and private life with which he was afterward called to deal. He excelled as an arithmetician; and, the mathematical cast of his mind was apparent throughout his whole life, for he always seized at once the strong points of the subject before him, and drew his inferences with remarkable rapidity and accuracy. It was his custom to observe every important point which a speaker whom he might hear suggested, and, when traveling, he frequently carried some book of a high order of thought and information, with which to improve his leisure moments. Thus he grew to a mental stature of great wisdom, of thorough information, and of wonderful ability to apply his knowledge to the practical uses of life.

In 1836 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Ann Sargent, of Morristown, whose sympathies and wise counsels in all his great projects he was permitted to enjoy to the close of his life, and who, with an only daughter, survive to mourn their great and irreparable loss. Two years after his marriage he was converted, and joined the old Vestry-street Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city, and was baptized by the late Dr. Dempster. Afterward he re-

moved with his family to Morristown, his native place, where he spent the residue of his days, and devoted himself largely to the welfare of the Church of the town, and of the State. For several years before his death he filled a prominent place in every great enterprise, and in New Jersey no man enjoyed more of the confidence of the whole people than George T. Cobb.

In 1860 Mr. Cobb was elected member of Congress from the Fourth District of New Jersey. When the war began he forgot party ties at the call of patriotism and duty, and, with Moses F. Odell and other kindred spirits, rallied to the support of the Government in those first years of doubt and peril, and was one of the firmest supporters and most valued counselors of President Lincoln. At the end of his term of service a renomination was offered him, but the party convention had passed a series of resolutions not in accordance with his views of right and duty, and he declined. That his fellow-citizens honored him for his course is proved by the fact that he was shortly afterward elected State senator, and at the end of the three years' term was re-elected. He was also chosen mayor of Morristown at the first charter election, and held the office as long as he would consent to a re-election. He was a man of mark, both in personal appearance and in the controlling elements of his character.

He was above the medium height, and well proportioned; his complexion was clear and somewhat pale; his high forehead showed all the marks of large intellectuality; his mouth characterized him as firm, and his clear, black eyes, which looked upon one with so much complacency, were large and very piercing, and gave a peculiar brilliancy to his whole countenance. When in health, his whole appearance was noble, commanding, and impressive. He was direct in his methods of securing an object. Whatever he undertook to do, he did with all his might. When aroused, he seemed to combine in himself the power of a dozen ordinary men, and an obstacle which he did not overcome might well be called insurmountable. He was often overworked and very weary, but his industry never flagged. His friends often urged him to stop, but he felt that the demands upon him were such that he knew not where to stop. His convictions of right were very strong, and when convinced that his course was right he could not be moved from it. A political friend of Mr. Cobb relates the following incident: "Not very long ago Mr. Cobb was engaged in carrying through some public measures which his friends thought would injure him in the estimation of the people. His friend approached him and said, 'Mr. Cobb, the course you are pursuing in this matter is probably right, but

you are making many opponents by it, and, for your own sake, I wish you would stop pushing your plans any further.' Mr. Cobb looked at his friend and replied, 'You don't know me or you would not say that. I have examined this matter carefully, and I am sure I am right, and it shall be carried through, though I should be crushed in doing it.'” He combined in harmonious proportions characteristics so opposite that they are rarely found in the same person. With an iron will, he had the gentleness and simplicity of a child; with a lion-like courage, he was one of the most modest and retiring of men; with the most accurate attention to the minutest details of business, he bestowed his money with the most lavish generosity, having given away within twelve years two hundred thousand dollars. While giving much of his time to public affairs, he was thoroughly devoted to his home and to the Church. When in the home circle, surrounded by his friends, with the cares of life thrown off, he was a most charming and entertaining companion. His home was a delightful place, where his friends loved to gather and to linger. He was truly a great man, and when we think of his sudden fall, we are led to exclaim, “How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!”

Few men have had a more profound conviction of the value of Christian churches and

ministers of the Gospel than Mr. Cobb. He gave a large part of his time for the last four years of his life to the erection of the magnificent Methodist Episcopal church in Morristown, which will long stand as a monument of his liberality and of his devotion to the cause of Christ; and although he was taken away before the completion of the Sunday school room and the lecture-room, yet he was permitted before his death to oversee all the plans which were to be carried out, and thus, by anticipation, to finish the great work which lay so near his heart. To the ministers of the Gospel he was a model of attachment and kindness, and always spoke of them in terms of affectionate regard. The itinerant always found a warm welcome at his home, not only from him but from every member of the family.

The seven years preceding his decease he was the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, performing the duties of his office with a punctuality, intelligence, and efficiency seldom seen in one so immersed in cares and labors. He did his work with an enthusiasm and a tender regard for the children which won their love, and made him the most honored and respected of superintendents. Nowhere, outside of his own family circle, will his memory be more faithfully cherished than in the hearts of the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath-school.

Among the children he was always happy, and, however weary he might be, he found in the company of the little ones rest and recuperation. To see him among them at Christmas, when he gave to every child and teacher a beautiful present, was to see him in his happiest mood; and the annual gatherings of the officers and teachers of the Sunday-school at his house, to consult on the interests of the school, and to partake of his large hospitality, will not soon be forgotten. His memory will be precious, not only for his princely liberality toward so many noble enterprises, and for his devotion to so many good causes, but for what he was in himself. He was a good man. He loved Christ, and he loved his cause. Jesus was his entire trust for salvation, and the book of God was, his infallible system of theology. He thought much of the other world, the home of the blessed; and, I doubt not, when the summons came, he was ready to go and join the dear ones of his household who had preceded him over the river. "Only just across the river," and "Good-night, good-night till we meet in the morning," were the pieces which he gave out and sang with the Sunday-school the last Sunday he met with them. His favorite piece in Sunday-school was:

"Let me die in the harness, let me die in the work,
In the work my Master has given me to do."

He did die in the harness, for he ceased at once to work and live. He passed away in the maturity of his powers and in the midst of his usefulness. He has gone to join his children in the better world, there to await his dear ones who remain below. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. His life was a great success, and long after his body shall have moldered into dust, the monuments of his industry, his integrity, his liberality, and his Christianity will survive.

Some years ago his health became impaired through his incessant attention to business, yet so fixed were his habits of activity that he seemed unable to escape from care and labor. Unnumbered calls from various quarters, as well as the promptings of his own restless spirit, kept him hard at work. But he felt at last, a few months before his death, that he must yield and seek rest. For this purpose he spent some weeks at the White Sulphur Springs during the months of May and June, 1870, and then came home, purposing to return thither as soon as he could arrange to do so. On the 5th of August he again left Morristown for the Springs, and at half-past nine o'clock on the evening of the 6th, when within seven or eight miles of his journey's end, the train, in passing over a deep ravine, met with a disaster. The car in which Mr. Cobb and his friend, John Boyd Headley,

the eldest son of the late Colonel Samuel F. Headley, of Morristown, were seated, was hurled from the track into the rocky abyss below, and they, with nine others, were instantly killed.

On Wednesday, August 10, the bodies of the honored dead reached Morristown, and were received at the depot by an immense crowd of sorrowing citizens, amid the tolling of the bells of all the churches of the place.

On Friday his funeral, in connection with that of Mr. Headley, took place in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Morristown, amid the tears of a community overwhelmed by the great sorrow. The town and the church were draped with tokens of mourning. The Governor of New Jersey and many distinguished citizens, as well as ministers, were present to pay the tribute of respect. Private funeral services were held at the house of each of the bereaved families, after which the united public services took place in the church, in charge of the pastor, Rev. J. K. Burr, and appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. Bishop Janes, Rev. J. A. French, and Rev. Dr. J. T. Crane.

As Mr. Cobb was president of the Newark Conference Camp-Meeting Association, memorial services were held on the camp-ground, near Denville, on Friday afternoon, August 19, when

Bishop Jaues, in a very able and exhaustive address, sketched the life of Mr. Cobb, and commended his life to the young as a model of Christian manhood. The Bishop was followed by Rev. A. Atwood, of Philadelphia, an old pastor and friend of the family, who showed how very greatly the delightful home influences with which Mr. Cobb had been favored had contributed to his successful career. The last address was made by Rev. J. T. Crane, D.D., who had been his pastor for three years, and who regarded it as a privilege to bear testimony to the virtues of one of the greatest, purest, and best of men and of friends he had ever been permitted to meet.

Brother Cobb was a man of strong and worthy traits of character, and the times in which he lived did not lack opportunities to call them forth into the light. In his public life he was eminently faithful, honest, and influential for good. It is not undue praise to say that he possessed the elements of a genuine statesman. He had a comprehensive mind, a prompt, accurate judgment, strength and steadiness of purpose, courage to deal with great questions, a mental vision which lost sight of nothing which might conduce to success, and an industry which never rested while any thing remained to be done. These qualities, united with uncompromising integrity, made him powerful wherever

he was placed, and won public confidence for every thing which he undertook. In Congress he was conscientious, patriotic, and fearless. In the State Senate he studied every legislative measure as if he felt personally responsible for all that was done; nor did even the remorseless tongue of partisan detraction dare to insinuate that selfish considerations ever controlled his action.

Every street of his native place bears witness of his liberality. The Female Seminary owes its existence largely to his instrumentality. The new and beautiful public school building stands on grounds which he donated for the purpose, and large additional donations in money aided in the erection of the edifice. The noble church in which the funeral services was held was erected mainly through his liberality. The cemetery where his remains rest is his gift to his native town. Nor did his generous nature exhaust itself in these broad streams of beneficence. It traversed the whole community in a thousand rivulets of well-doing. No man, woman, or child ever went to him with a worthy claim for aid in trouble and was turned away empty.

As a member of the Church of Christ he was clear in his views, decided in his convictions, consistent in his daily conduct, and liberal of

time, money, and labor in all good enterprises. While a class-leader, and at the same time immersed in business pursuits, he would often leave his store at the close of a weary day, and, forgetting his evening meal, go past his own house to the church to meet the little band waiting for him there.

Mr. Cobb was eminently a man of action; ardent, unwearied, strong of purpose, full of plans and hopes, watching closely the current of events in the Church, the State, and the world, intensely interested to the last, and ready to lay hold with a resolute hand wherever there was an opportunity to accomplish something worth the doing. Yet those who knew him best know well that underneath all this courage, and energy, and high hope, there was a vein of thoughtfulness, and even sadness, and that in the midst of his best successes, in business pursuits or political contests, there was a deep and settled conviction that without the smile of God all is but "vanity and vexation of spirit," and that divine peace is the best riches, and heaven the best aim of human life. Though death came to him suddenly we doubt not that he was prepared for it, and that he now rests with Him for the advancement of whose kingdom he delighted to labor with all the ardor of his fervent nature.

The following shows the esteem in which he

was held by the State Senate, of which he was an honored member :

“ The tragic and mournful death of the late G. T. Cobb, an honored member of the New Jersey Senate, was made the subject of a special meeting of that body on the 25th ult. Mr. Beech, the successor of the deceased, read a paper briefly sketching his personal history, and presenting a discriminating and highly appreciative view of his private and public life. He was followed by Senator Little, who, though a political opponent, was an earnest personal friend of his late colleague, and spoke *con amore* of his great worth, especially of his sagacious statesmanship, his conscientious fidelity as a man and a legislator, his great energy and industry, his large-hearted benevolence, his noble Christian character, and his devotion to his Church, etc., in a strain which showed a much more than ordinary friendship for the subject of his eulogy. He was followed by Senators Terry, Hopkins, Taylor, Nixon, and Bettle, all of whom spoke in a manner befitting Christian legislators on so solemn an occasion. There was evidently a hearty agreement in relation to the thorough manliness, great ability, unswerving integrity, and high Christian character of the man whose memory they had met to honor. It was affirmed by Mr. Little that his advocacy of the rights of the State in a single particular, as against both

the legislature and the judiciary, resulted in a victory which had saved to the State a property worth at present a million and a half of dollars, with a much greater prospective value. 'I am cognizant of facts which prove him to have been one of the purest and most incorruptible of men, qualifications altogether too rare in the public men of the day, and in this respect the loss of his example is a real calamity.' "

He died near White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, August 6, 1870. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors : and their works do follow them."

THEODORE B. STOUT. •

THEODORE B. STOUT, the eldest son of Andrew V. and Almira H. Stout, was born in the city of New York, January 8, 1839.

One of the richest boons a beneficent Providence ever confers on a human being was abundantly granted to the subject of this narrative : I refer to Christian parentage.

The seeds of true piety sown in the virgin soil of his young mind by a devoted Christian father, were watered and carefully cultivated by the affectionate assiduity of a most excellent

Christian mother. The fruit gladdened the heart of the parents and blessed the Church and the world. His early religious training was most loving, faithful, and influential. From his earliest years he manifested great precocity and rare beauty of character. By the blessing of God upon his parents' fidelity to their beloved son he was led, when but a child, to give his heart to God, and, professing faith in Christ, was admitted to membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He now felt that "he must be about his Master's business," and with a true Christian zeal began at once to work for God.

When about eighteen years of age he was a junior partner in a mercantile firm, which failed before he was twenty-one years old, having heavy liabilities. The firm compromised with their creditors at fifty cents on a dollar, leaving all the members of the firm in debt for borrowed money to pay a part of this fifty per cent.

Having a very active and enterprising mind, he resolutely set to work, determining, if ever he was able, he would pay his debts, notwithstanding he was legally discharged from their obligations.

About seven months before his death he had the satisfaction of realizing his long-wished-for ability to pay these obligations, and accordingly paid them, as will be seen by the following letters, which are given as a sample :

"NEW YORK, January 28, 1870.

"To the President and Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents.

"GENTLEMEN: On the first of January, 1856, I entered into business under the firm of Stout, Warren, & Co. Our business was unfortunate, and we failed in about eighteen months, through the mistaken judgment of one of the elder partners, we owing you seven hundred dollars. The entire assets of the firm, as well as the individual property of the partners, were given up, which enabled us to make a dividend to our creditors. In December, 1859, your institution put the balance of your claim into a judgment. Although I was a minor at the time, in 1866 I borrowed a sum of money, which, added to what the partners had made up at that time, enabled us to pay you fifty cents on the dollar on the amount of your judgment, which was then satisfied of record. In January, 1867, I formed my present partnership, have been successful, and made money. All the other partners of Stout, Warren, & Co. are still poor, and can do nothing. I now propose to pay you the full balance of your claim, with interest to date, although legally discharged from the obligation. The balance due the Institution is five hundred and twenty-one dollars and twenty cents. I inclose my check for

this amount, which please acknowledge by mail.

Yours very truly,

"T. B. STOUT."

The following resolution was at once adopted :

"*Resolved*, That the communication from Mr. Stout be recorded in full on the minutes, and that the President acknowledge the receipt of the same, and the amount—five hundred and twenty-one dollars and twenty cents—with an expression of the sentiments of the Board in appreciation of the honorable conduct of Mr. Stout in discharging this debt, after having been released from all legal obligations to pay it.

"ANDREW WARNER, *Secretary*."

"HOUSE OF REFUGE, N. Y., *February 5, 1870.*

"T. B. STOUT, Esq.,

"DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th ultimo, addressed to the President and Managers of this Society, inclosing your check, payable to their order, for five hundred and twenty-one dollars and twenty cents, being in full for the balance of the judgments, with interest to date, obtained against the late firm of Stout, Warren, & Co., which was canceled of record more than three years since on the payment by you at that time of fifty cents on the dollar.

"The highly honorable spirit evinced by you

in thus discharging in full, with interest, a debt which you were not bound to pay, except from motives of true mercantile integrity, has impressed our Board so favorably, and been received with such expressions by them individually, and with such feelings of sincere and grateful recognition of your act, that it was deemed only just to you that it should receive this official testimony. I am, therefore, most happy in being the organ through whom the inclosed copy of the resolution of the Board is transmitted to you, and thus to have an opportunity to express at the same time my admiration individually for your generous and honest action.

"I am, with sentiments of respect, yours truly,

"OLIVER S. STRONG, *President.*"

The following communication is from another source :

"NEW YORK, *February 5, 1870.*

"MR. T. B. STOUT,

"DEAR SIR: You will allow me to thank you for the manly and generous way that you have settled an old and discharged claim of Hoyt Brothers against the firm that you was once connected with. I never had the pleasure of knowing you personally until a few weeks ago, and the thought never occurred to me (until the reception of your letter) that you were one of the firm of Stout, Warren, & Co.

"I need not tell you how glad I was to find you so heartily at work in the Sunday-school, and so earnestly trying to help along the Church enterprise with which you are connected. I greatly rejoice in your prosperity, because I believe you will use it to advance the cause of pure and undefiled religion in the world.

"Yours very truly,

"OLIVER HOYT."

We insert one more letter, which must suffice to show how strong was the principle of moral rectitude which governed this God-fearing man:

"NEW YORK, *February 5, 1870.* .

"MR. T. B. STOUT,

"DEAR SIR: We are in receipt of your letter of this date, inclosing your check for one hundred and ninety-one dollars and thirty-five cents, in payment of claims of Stout, Warren, & Co., with interest to date. It is so seldom that we are in receipt of letters of this tenor that we are happy to express to you, sir, our gratification at finding that mark of integrity, by paying that which we had no legal claim on you for. If all business men were thus conscientious it would give a tone and satisfaction to business life which it now lacks from the prevalent idea of sharpness as being the necessary qualification for success.

"Wishing you success in your future business, we are yours truly,

"HOYT BROTHERS."

These facts show the general character of the man. We doubt whether the race, during the ages, has ever been furnished a brighter practical illustration of the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them," than is furnished by the life of this good man. He feared God and kept his commandments, which is the whole duty of man. God has doubtless said to him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

As his business record was brilliant, so his Sunday-school and Church record were not less so, as the following pages show.

At the age of seventeen he went into a neighborhood of poor and neglected people in the city of Brooklyn, hired a room, and by his personal influence established a prosperous Sunday-school. He was made its superintendent. It grew under his enlightened supervision, and was sustained largely by his own means for several years. Wherever he resided he connected himself with the Sunday-school of the Church, and for most of the time acted as superintendent. At

the time of his death he was filling this responsible position in the St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday-school of New York city.

"SUMMERFIELD M. E. CHURCH S. SCHOOL.

"BROOKLYN, *October 7, 1860.*

"T. B. STOUT, ESQ.,

"DEAR BROTHER: The Young Men's Christian Union of our Church having called you to take charge of the Mission School established under their auspices in Quincy-street, and a sense of duty having impelled you to accept the charge and resign your official connection with our school, we, your late associates in Sabbath-school labor, would give you this evidence of our affectionate esteem. On a review of our Sabbath-school intercourse, your services for some five years as librarian, and some three years as secretary, impel us cheerfully to its accord to you the merit of having been always at your post, and having executed the trusts committed to you with fidelity and with zealous usefulness. Our social intercourse also has been of that kindly Christian character which leaves with us a pleasing recollection of the past. "Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." 'Our Sabbath Home,' where prayer has been wont to be made specially in your behalf; where, dying love compelled,

you were first brought to the knowledge of a Saviour's love ; where those holy resolutions to serve and please Him whom we trust is your chief joy have been uttered ; where those purposes for Christian effort have been formed and put in practice, have riveted a tie upon your affections which time and circumstances, we trust, cannot erase, and which have incited in us a peculiar interest in your future well-being ; and while we regret to release you from actual services in our school, we may congratulate you upon your entrance, we trust, upon a more enlarged sphere of usefulness. May the enterprise you have undertaken to promote be greatly prospered ! We fervently ask God's blessing upon you and it. And in taking leave of you officially, we would counsel that in all the concerns of this life you are to 'look up.' The never-failing promise is yours : 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'" Signed by all the officers and teachers.

Theodore had now attained his majority, from which time his career, which had been so bright for several years previously, grew more and more brilliant till the close of life.

The following graphic sketch is from the pen of Mr. George Shepherd Page, a prominent Christian gentleman and merchant of New York city. He was an intimate and bosom friend of the deceased during the closing years of his life.

It is dated Stanley, New Jersey, May 24, 1871, and is affectionately addressed to Mr. A. V. Stout, father of the deceased:

“MY DEAR FRIEND: I am sure you will be glad to receive a brief account of one or two incidents in the life history of your son which might otherwise fail to be known by many of his numerous friends. My first introduction to him was in the summer of 1866. We were fellow-passengers on the Morris and Essex Railroad. Theodore was spending the season at Summit, and I at Stanley, the adjoining town. He was seated with a party of four, one of whom I knew, who exclaimed upon my entering the car, ‘Stout! Page! Page, Stout, embrace!’ and we both complied on the instant. From that first interview a friendship grew, and strengthened with the passing years, until we were bound together by the closest ties of affection. The love of brothers could not have been greater. During that summer we met almost daily going to and from New York.

“There were usually ten or twelve gentlemen of about one age in the party. We had enjoyed happy times on the road, and Theodore was the life and soul of the company, always cheerful, lively, and hopeful, and ever ready with apt repartee, or pleasantry, or some keen home-thrust. He was a general favorite. The

summer months passed rapidly away under such pleasant circumstances, and upon the approach of fall we returned to the city and continued our intimacy until he was removed by death.

“I had repeatedly urged him to accompany me to the camp of our Oquossoc Angling Association, at the head-waters of the Androscoggin, in the wilderness of Maine, for rest and recreation, but without success. His repeated response was, ‘My business obligations require my time, talent, and energy six days in every week.’ But upon the personal advice of his father he finally consented, and with our families we left New York in the latter part of May, 1870, for Rangely, Maine, *via* the outside line of steamers to Portland. We arrived in Phillips, Maine, Saturday evening. Early Sabbath morning we were waited upon at our hotel by the pastors of the Baptist and Methodist Churches, and urged to address the joint-meeting of their Sabbath-schools. At five P. M. the Methodist Church was thronged by the inhabitants of the village and the families of the farmers, many of whom had come from a distance of eight or ten miles. I was requested to take charge of the service. Theodore had made me promise before leaving the hotel that I would not call on him to make an address. The meeting was very interesting. The children

sang sweetly. The audience was exceedingly attentive. Shortly before the close of the services I made an appeal to Theodore, and, to my great surprise, he quickly replied, 'I cannot go away without saying a single word to this people. The opportunity may never again be afforded.' With quiet self-possession, and a dignity which was so natural to him, he said: 'Children, I have only a short but true story to tell you to-day. In one of the vilest sections of the great city of New York is a mission Sunday-school. The superintendent's name is Ralph Wells. Some of you may have heard of the mission and the superintendent, because so many poor, neglected, degraded children have been cared for under its roof and through the instrumentality of this good superintendent. But my story is of one of the scholars. She lived in a cellar in a miserable tenement-house. She had learned to love Jesus in Grace Chapel, notwithstanding the ill treatment of a swearing, drunken mother. Little Mary was taken sick, and, without proper food or medical attendance, she grew weaker, until her strength failed so she could not arise from the filthy pile of straw and rags upon which she lay. Though neglected by the drunken mother, yet little suffering Mary was watched and tended by a good Christian grandmother. Still Mary grew weaker. She could just whisper, "Put your hand under my

pillow.. Do you feel that little pocket-book? Yes, that's it, hide it! Don't let mother see it. Grandma, that's the missionary money. It belongs to Jesus. When I am gone don't let mother get it. See that Jesus gets it all! *See that Jesus gets it all!*" and her eyes closed. The little pulse ceased to beat. Mary, the mission scholar, was dead. 'Children,' said Theodore, 'your hearts belong to Jesus. Jesus wants them all. O! wont you see that Jesus gets them all?' and he returned to his seat. There was an impressive stillness in the house! As I gazed on the audience many eyes were filled with tears, although I could hardly see them for dimness in my own. The next morning early we continued our journey, arriving at the camp about noon. In the latter part of August I received a letter from the Rev. J. F. Hutchins, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Rev. A. H. Morrill, pastor of the Baptist Church, the pastors above referred to as calling at our hotel, also from the superintendent of both schools, telling me that shortly after their Sabbath-school gathering an interest had sprung up in the Sabbath-school which had increased, until at the time of writing nineteen had fully professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and united with their Church, and many more were inquiring the way to the foot of the cross. That several had spoken of the deep impression made

upon them by the direct, earnest appeal of Theodore, and believed this simple, affecting story had been the prime agent in their conversion.

"In the following September I was again in Phillips, Me., and again the Sunday-schools were called together. I cannot describe to you the universal sadness that pervaded the entire audience as I told them of the departure of my dear friend and brother to the mansions of the blessed. Strong men wept for good cause. 'Do you see that young man and his wife yonder, who are so much affected?' said Rev. Mr. Hutchins. 'God used Brother Stout to bring him and his wife to the Saviour. They are now earnest, devoted, working Christians. He is a prominent merchant, and his wife is the daughter of our wealthiest citizen. And I have additional reason to remember Brother Stout: as he was bidding me good-by I found that a very substantial token of his regard was left in my hand.'

"In conclusion, I can truly say that I, as well as others, have been made a better Christian through the influence of Theodore B. Stout. God grant that we may all so live that we may one day be welcomed home by the dutiful son, the loving husband, the tried friend, and the true Christian on the other side of the river!

"Sincerely yours,

"GEO. SHEPHERD PAGE."

Brother Stout was early married to the lady of his youthful and ardent affection, Miss Susan M. Weeks. This marriage was eminently a happy one. Most beautifully did he perform the duties of husband and father. His loss to his family is immeasurable and irreparable. His filial piety was remarkable. His love of his parents, his acquiescence in their will in all matters, and his devotion to their interests and happiness were unusual through every period of his life. He was more than a son to his father: he was his companion, with whom he took counsel, and on whose judgment and advice he relied in business matters.

The son equally delighted in the father's society, and found one of his chief joys in free, confidential, and loving intercourse with the fondest of parents. He ran his race quickly, but he ran it certainly. He reached the goal. He attained piety, usefulness, and true happiness in the world, and in the world to come life everlasting. Cherished most lovingly be his memory until his society be regained!

On the reassembling of the St. Luke's Sabbath-school, September 4, 1870, a memorial service was held in remembrance of its late superintendent, at which time a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feeling of the meeting in the loss they had sustained. The committee subsequently re-

ported the following, which were adopted, namely:

“*Whereas*, During our summer vacation we have been called to mourn the loss by death of our presiding officer; therefore, that we may in part express our feelings of bereavement, be it

“*Resolved*, 1. That in the recent death of our beloved superintendent, Theodore B. Stout, our Sabbath-school has sustained a loss too great for ordinary expression. That while we bear testimony to his zeal, energy, and devotion to the interests of the school, we also realize that not only has our Sabbath-school lost its warmest and most valued friend but we a brother, whose active labor, refined manners, warm sympathy, and hearty generosity will forever endear him to our memory.

“2. That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved wife and immediate relatives of the departed, assuring them of our fellowship in their sorrow; and while we beseech the God of all comfort to grant unto them his special and abiding grace and consolation, we yet also are looking for and hastening unto that day when he who sleeps and we who mourn shall all be gathered within our Father’s home on high.

“3. That these resolutions be placed upon the record of the school, and that copies of the

same be forwarded to Mrs. Stout, and also to the parents of our departed Superintendent.

“FREDERICK HUMPHREY, *Chairman.*”

Theodore B. Stout, though dying at the early age of thirty-one, has left a deep and indelible impression of himself as a Christian business man. He had set before his mind a high ideal, and worked faithfully for its realization. He blended in his character business energy and religious fervor, and was never so immersed in worldly care as to be unfitted for Christian duty. He carried his cheerful and buoyant spirit ever with him, and united an almost boyish vivacity with a mature and sagacious judgment. He was a most lovable person, and, as he deserved to be, was greatly beloved. His executive ability was very great. He did his work promptly, and so thoroughly, that, as one has said who knew him well, “It did not need to be done over again.” We commend his example to the young men of the whole country. Business is in some sense a strife, and may very rapidly harden the character by blunting all the finest sensibilities. But Mr. Stout lived in the very focus of contention, and yet bore himself honorably as a Christian. He prized a good name more than riches, and has reaped the reward which always comes of such a choice. Not a few of the young men of our Church of this city

are destined to grow to wealth and great influence. We trust they all will live with the high purpose which animated and sustained Theodore B. Stout."

Though many years the junior of W. W. Cornell, of New York, and Hon. G. F. Cobb, of Morristown, New Jersey, yet, because of his many excellences and distinguished usefulness, and still more because of the promise of a long and grand career of noble Christian work upon which he had actively entered, he justly takes rank with them, and adds one more to the illustrious company of laymen and ministers our Church has recently surrendered to the skies. Again and again, many times repeated, we have been called to mourn the Providence which thus remands such prepared and polished instruments from the scene where their labors are so much needed, and in the midst of their great and growing usefulness.

In our bewilderment now one reason, now another is imagined, but we are constrained, amid our tears and sorrows, in faith to say, He has a reason full of wisdom and love, a reason for the present inscrutable, but which when known will show that "He doeth all things well." A wail of anguish goes up from stricken hearts, from a smitten Church; but we cannot for one moment doubt that the hand which strikes the successive blows is moved by a heart

of infinite tenderness, which knows how to be touched with the suffering of his sorrowing children.

His disease was probably contracted by continued over labor, exposure, and fatigue. From apparent perfect health "he was brought suddenly to the gates of death." His Christian beneficence was worthy of our approbation and imitation.

He said to a Christian minister: "I am making money fast, and I have covenanted with God it shall never be hoarded." Most of his benefactions were made in a private way, and all of them were made without ostentation.

His first pastor, the Rev. Mr. Studley, says: "Our brother, Theodore B. Stout, was by nature a man of buoyant, hopeful, benevolent, earnest spirit. Such a man as, moved upon by the grace of God, is in any age or section of the world a valuable acquisition to the forces of the Christian Church.

"From the day I gave him the right hand of fellowship, and received him into the Church, so far as I know he adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. I never knew him to shirk responsibility or hard work of any kind. I never knew him to complain that his brethren expected too much of him, or laid too heavy burdens on his shoulders. He was indefatigable."

The Rev. Mr. Harrower, his pastor at the time of his death, says: "Brother Stout had been the superintendent of our school, an active officer in the Board, and a strong, prompt, cordial, generous, and efficient man in every capacity of Church duty. When he fell, a great strength was swept from us. As a man of the world, sagacious and successful; but withal so true and tender that business men, his neighbors, submitted differences to him, and cheerfully acquiesced in his decision.

"Our friend was not a perfect man, but he was in many respects an excellent and very remarkable man, and it behooves us not only to cherish his memory, but to seize and learn the lesson of his life. Of certain phases of his character but little can be said, and in general only a touch can be given here and there. Still I know that, though touches only, every word will be grateful to his friends, and conspire to leave a harmonious impression upon the mind even of the partial stranger."

Rev. Dr. Wakeley says: "He was a young man of great business tact and ability. His punctuality and order were most remarkable. He did not wait until he was on his dying bed to 'set his house in order.' His whole life was one of constant preparation for the great hereafter.

"I have seldom known one whose business

and religion seemed so to overlap the one and the other as did his. When the financial storm swept over this city—when in a single day gold went down from 160 to about 130—I met my young friend and said to him, ‘Are you coming out of this fiery furnace without even the smell of fire upon you?’ He grasped my hand in a hearty and cordial manner, and replied, ‘I have been praying in regard to it, and it is my conviction I shall come out all right.’ The result showed that he did come out of this terrible storm, amid which so many fortunes were wrecked, unscathed both in purse and honor. Only think of it: prayer in Wall-street; prayer amid bankers, gold bags, and where the railway and other stocks of the world are daily bought and sold.

“He did not make money for the sake of hoarding it, but he seemed to live as though the injunction of the Saviour was upon him. ‘Occupy till I come’ was constantly sounding in his ears. He has doubtless heard the welcome plaudits, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant!’”

Rev. Dr. Foster says: “His genial, thoroughly kind and affectionate nature never failed to win the hearts of any and all with whom he came into close relations of any kind. This might be said of others, but in a very eminent degree of Mr. Stout. His nature was to a singular degree noble, confiding, and attractive. Of fine

physical presence, transparent frankness, and thorough honesty, he never failed, even on the most cursory and transient acquaintance, to leave the impression of his noble manliness. There were some things for which he was almost peculiar. His religious and secular life in a very remarkable measure ran evenly together, or rather interfused and blended, the one always toning and regulating the other. Without cant or obtrusiveness, his religion was never unapparent. Of very few men in the business circle in which he moved could this statement be so truthfully made. It would be safe to say, every business acquaintance knew Mr. Stout to be a high-toned Christian gentleman.

“They not only knew him as an active, energetic, thoroughly trusted, and remarkably successful business man, but more, as a profound and beautiful Christian man. His were a spirit and life sanctified in the highest and best sense of the word.

“While the present generation of business men shall live his precious memory will not die. Even in the whirl and excitement of the great financial center at the Exchange and on the street his name will be pronounced with honor and affection. Another even more marked peculiarity was his readiness for any good word and work at whatever inconvenience

and expense. He did not need to be pushed into duty or goaded into benevolent enterprise. Rather, he was ever seeking opportunity for usefulness. Not content with doing merely what could not without crime be avoided, he was constantly looking for open doors, and opening them when closed. Never will his now deeply-affected and sorrowing brethren forget his example, nor cease lovingly to cherish the memory of his beautiful and useful life.

“Every place will miss him, especially the Sabbath-school, of which he was the joy and pride. Children and teachers will alike feel that a father and friend have been taken from them. He rests from his labor and his works follow him. Happy for the Church and the world if many like spirits might arise to adorn the Home, the Exchange, and the Sanctuary!

“For several years prior to his death he was the senior member of the firm of Stout and Dickenson, bankers and brokers. Greatly prospered in this business, he was devoting his means munificently to Christian and charitable uses, and had already entered a career of great and cheerful giving, which prophesied for him a place among the most honored benefactors of the time and city in which he lived. His manliness, geniality, transparency and unselfishness, with his real good sense and perfect truthfulness and honor, made him not only profoundly

respected, but sincerely and deeply loved by the ranks of business men with whom Wall-street surrounded him. Still young at the time of his death, he had reached the most responsible position in the Broker's Board. He was one of the men whom every body in that excited street knew to be not only a Church member but a real Christian. As a business man he manifested unusual capacity and aptitude. He could do more in a given time, and do it better, than most men. His integrity was unswerving; his honor and honesty above suspicion.

"The resolutions passed by the New York Board of Brokers the day after his death are a noble testimony to his business capabilities and uprightness, and also to his dignified manhood and social excellences:

"*Resolved*, 1. That we, the members of the New York Stock Exchange, have heard with the profoundest grief of the death of one of the worthiest and most prominent of our fellow-members, Theodore B. Stout.

"2. That we fulfill our obvious duty in giving public expression to and placing upon record our admiration of him as a successful man of business, and love for him for his goodness of heart, and belief in his integrity, and our faith in him as a man. His presence and example cannot well be spared from among us.

"That as an officer of the board we desire

to bear witness to his assiduity, his energy, and his usefulness. Firm in the discharge of every duty, yet ever mindful of the feelings of others, he 'won the respect and esteem of all. His place we cannot easily supply.

“4. That we deeply sympathize with the family in their great and crushing bereavement, and most especially do we desire to express to the wife and child the consolation derived from the assurance, which we most cheerfully give, that the husband and father whom they are called to mourn merited and received the love and respect of his fellow-men.

“5. That the secretary of the Stock Exchange be directed to send a copy of these resolutions, signed by the members of the committee, to the family of our deceased friend.’

“Much as Mr. Stout will be missed in the circle of his business acquaintances, after his own lovely home, where his absence will be most keenly felt and deeply mourned, there is no place where he will be so much missed as in the young Church in Forty-first-street, of which he was so useful a member, and the prosperous Sabbath-school of which he was the almost idolized superintendent. Upon St. Luke's the blow falls with its most untempered severity. The little band who have there united for a grand Church enterprise will miss one of the manliest props upon which they leaned for suc-

cess. But though he has gone, the memory of his beautiful life will remain to stimulate and encourage others to imitate and emulate him. God's work will go on though the workman be removed; but are there not voices coming to us that remain from these many translations* admonishing us that 'the time is short?' and that if we would finish well our work there is no time for delay. To the young men especially of the age we commend this example of high Christian honor and unselfishness as worthy not only of admiration but as a pattern to be followed. The Church wants such men to represent her in business, and business wants them to infuse a true spirit and higher tone into the common affairs of life."

John Oliver, Esq., of New York, thus writes: "Not long ago walking down Broadway, in the city of New York, I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder. Turning, my eye met the familiar countenance of Theodore B. Stout. He had recently returned from Maine, where he had spent some time for purposes of recreation, and he spoke with natural enthusiasm of the pleasure of the trip. I had known him from childhood, and he never seemed more vigorous and buoyant than on that occasion. Possessed of a sound constitution and well-developed manly frame,

* Referring to the late decease of Bishops Thomson and Kingsley; W. W. Cornell, Dr. M'Clintock, and Dr. Nadal.

few gave more promise of long life than he. Glancing over our morning paper on Friday last I was startled at the announcement of his death! He had been ailing for ten days, but had not appeared seriously sick until two days before he expired. Mr. Stout resided in Yonkers for about three years, during which time there as well as elsewhere he made troops of friends. He was frank, genial, prudent, and generous, carrying sunshine and blessing wherever he went. He was peculiarly a domestic man, strongly devoted to the happiness of his household. Many of our citizens well remember him, two years ago, while temporarily sojourning in Yonkers, as he appeared upon our streets, tenderly bearing his dear little daughter Almira, the only child who survives him. He was an enterprising, sagacious business man. Well might his dear father say with ardent pride and sincerity, as he did on one occasion, 'You don't know how I lean upon that boy.' After a brief illness of typhoid fever he died in Madison, New Jersey, August 11, 1870. Appropriate funeral services were held at his late residence, 14 East Forty-first-street, New York, on Sunday, August 4, 1870. Bishop Janes delivered an impressive and interesting address, during which he paid a just tribute to the many noble qualities of the deceased. Drs. Crawford, Crooks, and Foss,

and Rev. Messrs. Weed and Marks participated in the services.

The profound sorrow of the large number present, representing various religious, benevolent, and business institutions, was a spontaneous and fitting testimony of respect to the memory of a good man unexpectedly cut down in the midst of usefulness and years.



JOSHUA BEALE.

JOSHUA BEALE was born in Kent County, England, June, 1808. In early manhood he emigrated to this country, bringing with him a good moral character, and an education received among the Quakers. He won for himself at once an enviable reputation for industry and integrity, qualities which distinguished him until the day of his death.

He was endowed with many excellent natural traits of character, which for a time proved a snare to him, since they led him to cherish a high opinion of his life as meritorious before God. To use his own words, he was "a self-righteous moralist." Under the labors of Rev. James Young he was awakened, and sought favor with God through Jesus Christ.

The occasion of his awakening was a remark

made in a sermon, evidently upon the subject of decision: "The angels in heaven are decided," said the preacher; "the devils in hell are decided; the poor sinner alone is undecided." That arrow struck and stayed. His heart was pierced and broken.

He bowed at the altar as a penitent. So deep was his sense of sinfulness that, as it seemed to him, it was not possible to humble himself sufficiently. He saw plainly that he could be justified only through Jesus Christ. He relied upon Jesus, and became a justified sinner.

From that hour he never wavered in his attachment to God's truth and service. For thirty-three years he lived a singularly beautiful and true life. The qualities which before his conversion had made him conspicuous, when supplemented by an experience of religion gave him an honorable position among his brethren. During these years, and to the day of his death, he held office as a steward and trustee.

Brother Beale was transparently honest and just. He was singular and independent in his opinions—simple because he was honest. In his character were united the warmth of the Methodist and the meekness of the Quaker.

He was always in his place, always ready to do his duty. His friends will remember a fact, and the reason he assigned to it: he always occupied a front seat in church, saying he did not

wish even to seem to occupy neutral or doubtful ground. He was a solid man, a warm friend, a safe counselor, and a thorough Christian.

His death was in perfect keeping with his life. His sickness was painful, but not supposed to be dangerous until just before his death. His friends, convinced that his end was near, suggested that if he had any business affairs to arrange, he had better attend to them. There was the same calmness he always exhibited, the same patient attention to details. There was no hurry, no excitement, no agitation. He had not to crowd the work of a life time into a few minutes. When these matters of business were arranged he called the members of his family to his bedside and gave them his dying charge and blessing.

His Pastor then asked, "Have you any words to send to your brethren?" He nodded and said slowly, "In losing me they will not lose much. Tell them if I were to live my life over again, I would live more godly and sincerely!" Then, as if wishing to embody within the limits of a proverb the triumph of his soul, he added expressively, "God is a sure foundation." He conversed but little afterward. Once he prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Once he said, "I want to go with the angels and sweet spirits." Shortly after the rising of the sun the waiting angels bore his sanctified spirit to heaven.

The large congregation present at his funeral, made up of all denominations and of all classes, attested the fact that the influence of an upright life makes itself deeply felt. Brother Beale lived to see all his children converted but one. Since that time the remaining child has most nobly redeemed the promise made to his dying father.

Brother Beale was one of our most reliable and exemplary laymen. He was emphatically a "Pillar in the temple of the Lord."

It will be difficult to fill his place in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Peekskill, of which he was so long a member. Prudent and safe in his counsels, he really acted as a balance-wheel, influencing and regulating the movements of the whole machinery.

He had a most estimable family. They still survive at this writing, and feel deeply their irreparable loss. The widow's God and father to the fatherless is their father and their God. Happy shall be the final meeting. He died in Peekskill, N. Y., November 16, 1870.

ANTHONY CIVILL.

ANTHONY CIVILL was born in Coeymans, Albany County, N. Y., October 19, 1798. His parents were both exemplary members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having united with it in the early days of Methodism. For many years their house was the welcome home of the weary itinerant. Bishop Asbury, Freeborn Garrettson, John Crawford, and many others of that class of men frequently enjoyed their hospitality. When Anthony was quite young his father died, but his mother, who was a woman of superior judgment, strong mind, and active faith, lived for many years to bless him with her godly counsels and fervent prayers. At the time of her death, which occurred in July, 1851, she was an honored member of the Duane-street Church in New York city.

When fifteen years of age Anthony left his home and went to Albany to learn a trade. Here at an early day the good seed which had been sown in his young heart began to bear fruit in his life. His manly fortitude, attention to business, and strict adherence to the right, soon won for him not only the confidence of his employer, but the esteem and respect of his asso-

ciates. At the age of seventeen years he was led by the Spirit to consider the necessity of immediately surrendering his heart and life to the service of God, and with earnestness he penitently sought, and through faith in Christ happily found, the pearl of great price. In his early Christian life, and even to the day of his death, he often expressed a regret that he could not definitely tell the exact time and place of his conversion; yet of *the fact* he never had a doubt, and his long life of usefulness in the Church, his unblemished Christian character, as well as his oft-repeated, clear, concise, laconic, and sometimes thrilling experiences in the deep things of God, fully convinced all who heard and knew him that the Gospel of Christ had been and was to him the power of God unto salvation. He immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued in its fellowship until removed to the Church triumphant. During the whole of his Christian life his piety was active, vigorous, and enlightened. A most intimate friend, who knew him for more than half a century, says of his early Christian life that "it was free from frivolity, and the younger and older members of the Church found in him a pattern of gravity, conscientiousness, and religious devotion." In May, 1820, he was united in marriage to Miss Fanny Wolf, and for almost fifty-one years they shared to-

gether life's joys and sorrows. She still lingers to bless the Church with her presence and prayers. All their children preceded the parents to the spirit-land, most of them dying in infancy. In the spring of 1821 Brother Civill and family moved to New York city, and united by letter with the Duane-street Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1830 his membership was transferred to the Greene-street Methodist Episcopal Church, being the year before the present edifice was built. In 1839, when the New York West Circuit was divided into stations, Anthony Civill, B. F. Howe, and E. H. Brown were appointed stewards for the Greene-street Church, an office which he held (excepting a short interval when he removed from the city) until the day of his death, being at that time President of the Board. He also served the same Church as trustee and class-leader at different times. His prompt attention to, and faithful discharge of, the duties of the offices held by him, were a convincing proof to his brethren that they had acted wisely in placing him in these responsible positions.

Brother Civill was deprived of the advantages of an early educational training, yet his mind was cast in a large and uncommon mold, and being endowed by nature with a strong and quick intellect, by constant study and close observation he acquired no ordinary

degree of mental culture. He was a great reader, a deep thinker. He permitted no new theory, either in science or theology, to escape his notice, but carefully and closely investigated until he had mastered what he undertook; consequently *positiveness* always marked his opinions and utterances in regard to the truth or reasonableness of the theories advanced. He was well versed in theology, and frequently quoted with great familiarity the opinions of different theological writers, and always showed an unbounded veneration for the Holy Scriptures. The study of God's word was his delight, mingled as it was with a spirit of inquiry and a great desire to understand its proper and full meaning. He also had a great veneration for the Supreme Being, and yet a child-like simplicity and freedom in approaching him. He often remarked, "I take great liberty with God." This he claimed as his inestimable privilege by virtue of his relation as the adopted son of God.

Brother Civill was well acquainted with the doctrines and discipline of our Church, and was ready for their defense whenever necessity demanded. He loved the "old paths" of Methodism, yet heartily indorsed any new measures that would increase the spirituality and usefulness of the Church. He was very seldom absent from the prayer or class-meeting, and often expressed his fears and deep regret that to many

Church members the latter more especially was losing its interest. For many years he was connected with a Bible-class in the Church, and was peculiarly attached to the Sunday-school. His attendance there was almost as regular as that of the Superintendent, and when called upon he was always ready to fill the place of an absent teacher, instructing and delighting even the youngest scholar. He always had a happy smile and a kind word for the little ones, and the children all knew and all loved Father Civill. Another characteristic of our departed friend was his genuine benevolence and kindness to the poor. He was ready to give to every worthy object, and was liberal as far as his means would allow in the support of the cause of God. In all his dealings he was strictly honest, never sacrificing principle to policy. Regarding a pure conscience as above price, he never sold it for gain or popularity. In the social circle he was cheerful and happy, without unbecoming levity, and always interested those who enjoyed his society. His expressions were often quaint, and his manner somewhat eccentric, so that few comparatively knew him intimately enough to fully appreciate his real worth.

In summing up his character we may safely say, without fear of contradiction, that he was entitled to the appellation of *a good man*; yet justice to his memory, as well as to his many

surviving friends, requires us to add that he was *not perfect*. He had his faults, some of which, like his virtues, were strongly marked. He often differed from his brethren in opinion, and his judgment was frequently found to be at fault ; but these were errors of the head and not of the heart. He did not do wrong intentionally, and was always as ready to forgive the errors of others as to acknowledge his own when convinced of their existence. His departure was sudden and unexpected, though it was evident for some time previous that he was ripening for heaven. His religious experience was more positive, his faith stronger, his heart more tender, and his life more mellow and sweet. A friend remarked to him that "this vile body will soon be changed ;" to which he replied, "It is now the temple of the Holy Spirit."

On Sunday evening, January 1, 1871, he occupied his accustomed seat in church, and enjoyed the services as usual. At their close he went to a particular friend and younger member of the Church and made this very significant remark : "When I go off like Elijah, I wish you to be the Elisha to catch my mantle and wear it for me." On the Tuesday evening following he was at his class, and closed his testimony by saying that "Lately I have wondered what my first emotions will be when the glories of heaven suddenly burst upon my vision." As he left the

church he said, "I think it is all over with me; may be not, but if so '*it is all right.*'" Little did any then think that it was his last visit there, and that he was then delivering his last testimony in that place so sacred to him. But so it proved. The remainder of the week he was not very well, and did not venture out to the evening meetings. On Sunday he remained at home, as the weather was stormy and severe. On calling to see him the first of the week we found him very cheerful, and comfortable in soul and body. On Thursday morning he arose with the intention of going out to attend to some business, but while walking across the room his wife discovered that he reeled, and caught him at once; but he soon sank prostrate to the floor, and, without a parting word or scarcely a groan, "the weary wheels of life stood still," and our highly esteemed and now deeply lamented brother and father in Israel "ceased at once to work and live." Though he has passed away, the memory of his name and virtues will long retain its hold upon the hearts of his brethren and fellow-laborers in the Church of God. May we all meet him in heaven!

He died in New York city, January 12, 1871, aged seventy-two.

ABEL MINARD.

THE life which has been fragrant with good deeds, and the death which has exhibited the riches of divine grace, should be noted as an example to mankind. Among those whose munificent deeds of benevolence and whose Christian death deserve more than a passing notice was the late Mr. Abel Minard, of Morristown, N. J.

He was born in Massachusetts on the 25th of September, 1814. His father died soon after his birth, and his mother died when he was about eight years old, so that, a mere child, without a father's protection or a mother's counsel, he was left alone to struggle with the world. His early life was an earnest struggle for success, and subjected to all the disadvantages which attend those who are compelled to work their own way from poverty to fortune. Although reared as a tanner, his energy of character soon sought a broader field of action, so that he spent most of his life in such business operations as best suited his genius and habits. On October 23, 1836, he was married in Schenectady County, N. Y., to Miss Hannah T. Lewis. They were blessed with one son and two daughters, who,

with the bereaved widow, still survive to mourn his loss.

He did not spend a large part of his life in any one place, but went to different parts of the country as his business interests or the health of himself and his family seemed to require. He went to California in 1846; he spent about ten years in Lockport, N. Y., and in the fall of 1866 he removed to Morristown, N. J., where he closed his earthly career on January 31, 1871, in the triumph of Christian faith. The earliest fact with which we are acquainted in his religious life is that of his baptism when about fifteen years old. A few years afterward he united with the Freewill Baptist Church in Griswold Settlement, near Lockport, N. Y. Living, as he did, in different parts of the country, and coming in contact with different denominations of Christians, he had very little, if any, sectarian spirit, and he attended such places of worship as were most in harmony with his views and feelings. That he suffered in his spiritual life from these changess we do not doubt; but they served also, as will hereafter appear, to broaden his views of Christian duty and of the proper recipients of Christian charity. In the spring of 1870 he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Morristown, in whose communion he died. He removed to Morristown mainly with a hope that his health, which

had become impaired, and that of his family, would be better in that region, so justly celebrated for the healthfulness of its atmosphere. But his hopes were not to be realized. He was attacked with spinal disease, for which the most celebrated physicians whom he consulted, and the most famous natural curatives, both hydro-pathic and atmospheric, could furnish no remedy. A paralysis, beginning in his lower extremities, gradually invaded his whole frame. An invalid for more than a year, and confined to his house for four months, he had, although often suffering greatly, much time to think on those momentous subjects which are so full of interest to all, and especially to one who, like Mr. Minard, felt that death was the only termination to his disease. He sought a firm foundation on which to rest his hopes of salvation. He sought a present assurance of acceptance with God. He talked eagerly with any who would converse on the all-important theme. He was visited frequently by his Pastor, Rev. J. K. Burr, by the Presiding Elder of the district, Rev. M. E. Ellison, by Bishop Janes, and others, and to all he opened his heart, and received instruction with all the frankness and docility of a child. Brother Ellison, in his frequent visitations to him, was led to notice his sole reliance on Christ; his views of the providence of God in permitting his long sickness in order that he might be pre-

pared for the great change; his remarkable patience, never murmuring under the most acute sufferings; his delight in the worship of God in his home, joining with all his heart in the songs of Zion; his grand idea of stewardship, that his means were treasures committed to his trust by the great Head of the Church for the good of humanity; his desire, whenever it was God's will, to depart and be with Christ, which he believed was far better. These points, so characteristic of the true Christian, need only to be mentioned. Their illustration was found both in his words and deeds.

To Bishop Janes, who visited him whenever his official duties would permit, and whose visits were very encouraging to him, and to his Pastor, Rev. Mr. Burr, whose faithful attendance and counsels he highly appreciated, he expressed similar sentiments.

The Rev. Mr. Buttz was accustomed to visit him occasionally, and to converse with him on the subject nearest his heart. On one occasion he found him in his bed quite feeble, and unable to breathe except with difficulty. A part of the Psalm, "The Lord is my refuge and strength," etc., was quoted to him, which seemed to comfort him and also relieve him. He said that he could not understand how to explain it, but whenever any one read the Bible to him it relieved the difficulty of his breathing. He felt

interested in the great German and French war, because Germany was a Protestant nation. When they read the newspaper accounts of the war to him his breathing seemed more difficult instead of better; but when they read the Bible to him it relieved his breathing quite soon, so that he had given up having the newspapers read to him. He spoke of his faith in Jesus, and of his fear lest he had trusted too much in other things, such as good works instead of in Christ. On being told that the Lord was pleased with good works when they were the fruits of faith, he replied that the devil often reminded him of his good works, but that they were of no avail in the dying hour. "I fear," said he, "I have not glorified God enough for the privilege of doing them. I always loved to relieve suffering humanity, and perhaps I have done it more to gratify my love than with a pure desire to do good." He was anxious lest his gifts might have been selfish, and he said that his only hope of heaven was through Jesus. After selections from the Bible had been read and prayer offered, he said, "Don't you see how my breathing is relieved by your Bible reading?" Thus he continued prayerful down to the last hour.

His friend, Dr. Hoyer, of Tonawanda, who kindly remained with Mr. Minard during the last weeks of his sickness, said that on the last night of his life he heard him praying for each

one of his family by name. Early on the following morning, apparently without a struggle, he slept in Jesus—the first member of that family circle gathered to the other shore.

His memory and his works survive him. He gave largely of his means to the needy while living, and remembered them in his will. He heartily sympathized with the poor, especially the poor widows and orphan girls. He gave as a reason for his special interest in them that others would be likely to pass them over, and hence he would care for them. His contributions for these purposes were very large, and it was in furtherance of this same idea he built the "Minard Home" in Morristown, and gave it to the Methodist Episcopal Church as a permanent place for the education of the female orphans of missionaries and home ministers. His charities were not confined to any creed, race, or community.

The Churches both of Morristown and Lockport were remembered in his benefactions. He also left a sum, the interest of which is to be applied to the aid of four indigent young men in Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J. Thus he acquitted himself as a steward of the fortune with which he had been blessed. His liberality was not an impulse, but was a cherished principle. In early life he promised the Lord that if he would bless him he would

give him the tenth part of his income; and in later years, fearing that he had not kept the vow fully, he failed not to make compensation for his neglect by his numerous private and public benefactions. The strong points in his character were integrity and energy, and these, joined with a desire to do good and to glorify God, have left his memory precious to his family, and to the many who knew his virtues and shall share his gifts.

LEE CLAFLIN.

LEE CLAFLIN was born in Hopkinton, Mass., November 19, 1791. He lived there until he was about eleven years old, and then was apprenticed to Mr. Warren, a tanner, of Farmingham, until he was twenty-one. He removed to Milford when about twenty-three, where he resided until 1839, when he returned to Hopkinton, his native town, where he resided until his death.

Mr. Claflin was of the old New England stock, and exhibited many of its famous peculiarities. He was an early riser, very industrious, very frugal, plain of dress, simple of manners. His words were few, and rarely touched on personal experiences. He became interested in the Methodist Episcopal Church at eighteen years

of age, and joined himself to this people when poor and every-where spoken against. He was residing at Farmingham, a strong Congregational town of wealth and numbers, when he had his name put on the records of the little country Church at Weston. He was, therefore, one of the fruits of the old Needham circuit, of whose history much has been said, but no more than it deserves.

He clung to his Church with no narrow affection, his broad sympathies including all Christians in his love and labors. He was zealous for every true reform. The Temperance cause found him one of its earliest and latest advocates and helpers. The Antislavery cause leaned on him for support in its beginning, as in its victory. The poor student received a kindly word, and kindlier gift from him. The free church was his favorite. He knew what it was to be a poor youth in a large city, and he wanted every church in every part freely opened to them all. Grace Church, in the city of Boston, is largely indebted to him for its establishment.

He worked well with his brethren. With very strong convictions, "notions," some might call them, he was not difficult to please. The general good, not his particular idea of it, was in his mind, and he yielded to the judgment of the whole with a cheerfulness and co-operation

that is not always seen in one whose help was so essential for the carrying out of the plans adopted.

He was deeply interested in the work of Southern education, helped liberally the American Missionary Association, and visited Charleston three times in supervising the work in our Church and in the college that so properly bears its name.

Few of our members are wider or better known. His benevolence has flowed for a generation in a ceaseless stream, nay, rather in a broad inundation. It was more diffused than that of any other person of whom we have heard. Every liberal man of wealth has his own way of disposing of his revenue. He has a right to exercise his own judgment in this matter. It is his duty so to do. As every popular preacher has his own style of presenting the Gospel, and only succeeds because he conforms to that style, so every steward of God's money must, as a faithful and wise steward, use his own best sense in its disposition. The causes for which there are appeals are very numerous, and of a different character, though of one general aim. Some require large amounts; a small sum will not move their huge machinery. Others need but little aid, and a few hundred dollars will make them successful. The latter sort are far more numerous than the former, if

not far more necessitous. Mr. Claflin, or Father Claflin, as his brethren loved to call him, wisely united both of these classes in the range of his benevolence. He gave help to every poor Church that applied. We think we use the right word in saying "every," for we doubt if any worthy applicant of this sort was ever sent empty away. He gave them wisely, too. It was always the last hundred or thousand dollars of the amount they needed. No entreaty could modify this decision. "How much do you absolutely need?" was the mild, low query. "I will give the last—." Undoubtedly, not a few brethren are busy now building up their subscription to the height required for his capstone. But while every such applicant found help, great enterprises were none the less wisely fostered. He was the financial father and founder of our first Theological Seminary, and so of all. He felt the need of clerical education. He gave the institution his strong support from the start. He was its chief helper for years. He was always in favor of its location in Boston, and offered it years ago a handsome property in Newton if it would change its location. He also gave Middletown and Wilbraham liberal donations.

The faculty and students of the Wilbraham Academy, on hearing of the death of Hon. Lee Claflin, unanimously adopted the following :

“ *Whereas* it has pleased our heavenly Father to remove by death Hon. Lee Claflin, one of the oldest Trustees and most liberal benefactors of this institution ; therefore,

“ *Resolved*, 1. That we, the faculty and students of the Wesleyan Academy, feel that in this dispensation of Divine Providence we are deeply bereaved.

“ 2. That we gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God in raising up such a friend to liberal and Christian education, and in sparing him for so many years to bless this and other literary institutions by his wise counsels, his potent influence, and his generous benefactions.

“ 3. That we recognize in the life and character of the departed a rare example of a faithful steward of the Lord, diligent and just in the accumulation of wealth, meek and unostentatious in its possession, prudent and unselfish in its use, and wisely discriminating and disinterestedly generous in its distribution.

“ 4. That, while we unite with the Church and the multitude whom his life has so greatly benefited in mourning his loss, we rejoice that his benefactions and his example will continue to bless the world, and that he whose work has been so well done is forever at rest, and his reward is sure.

“ 5. That we earnestly invite the friends of

education to unite their prayers with ours that those who are reaping the fruits of the life "just rounded to its close" may inherit a large measure of the unselfish, Christ-like spirit of their benefactor, that the God of all grace will comfort the bereaved, and that he will raise up worthy successors to him who has fallen."

The amount of his donations is not known. He kept a partial record of them, but probably not a complete account. An estimate in "The Boston Traveler" puts these gifts as high as a million of dollars. It is doubted by those best able to know if it reached that sum, but they were undoubtedly very large, probably larger than any one person, except possibly Daniel Drew, has yet given in our Church.

His first benefaction, it is said, was in connection with the Church at Shrewsbury. He was then a very busy merchant and manufacturer in the rising trade of shoes and leather, which, then in its beginnings, has since won the leadership in the trade of New England. His attention had been seldom drawn to Church enterprises, large or small; but on the persuasion of Rev. Dr. Hascall he interested himself in this struggling enterprise, and then advanced to his ultimate remarkable liberality in that and all directions. His first donation to Wellesley University was made about the same time.

“Zion’s Herald” says : “The oldest of our best-known laymen, Hon. Lee Claflin, died at the residence of his son, Gov. Claflin, in this city, on Thursday morning, February 23, 1871, at half past seven o’clock, in the eightieth year of his age. About two months before his death a kerosene lamp fell from the sill of a window as he was taking it up. In picking up the broken glass some pieces penetrated his hand. Inflammation of the nerves and bone ensued. About two weeks before his death he came from his residence in Hopkinton to the city to undergo the amputation of one of his fingers. His month and over of suffering had reduced his strength, and he did not rally from the surgical operation. He was out of his mind for nearly a week, and he sank away, with only occasional recognition of his family, until Thursday morning, when he breathed his last.

“He is gone! His pleasant smile, low voice, unassuming manner, genial nature, under perfect self-control, will not soon be forgotten. Of but few men can it be more truly said, ‘He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.’ They will long follow him. For ages and ages from the Churches he helped to build, the ministers he helped to educate, the institutions he helped to establish, will there follow him to the city celestial benedictions on his wise beneficence. Few men have ever more faithfully or

successfully applied the advice of our Saviour, 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.' His example will not be lost on his associates and successors. He has taught many a younger member of our Church, growing in wealth, that the only reason why God gives the capacity for business is precisely the same reason as that which makes him give others eloquence, that they may give it back in benevolent deeds, as they give theirs back in preaching the Gospel.

"His last conversations on religion were characteristic; full of humility and self-distrust, yet calm reliance on a Divine Redeemer. He said he had done but little, and left undone much. No self-confidence, no self-praise. 'Less than the least of all saints,' was his perpetual motto. He was happy in his humility, and his last attempted utterance was the singing of the hymn,

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.

His funeral was attended at Hopkinton on the Saturday after his death. A large company was present, including representatives of the Hide and Leather Bank, Shoe and Leather Exchange, ministers, Trustees of Grace Church and of Boston University. Rev. Mr. Bemis

conducted the services. Rev. Messrs. Hambleton, Fish, and Crowell assisted.

Rev. Dr. Clarke made an impressive address. He spoke of the three leading traits in his career of charity: his bestowment of his goods in his own lifetime, the cheerfulness with which he gave, and the conscious sacrifice he made. In illustration of these points he gave several happy incidents, one of which was that since his retirement from active work he has often gone into the woods and cut wood all day, and sent it to the poor people of his town. The hymn he quoted in his dying hours was sung, and also another of his favorite hymns, which every one should read to know how a rich man prized wealth:

“My God, my portion, and my love.”

Read these verses, and think of the man who gave away not less than half a million of dollars to benevolent causes. Thus goes to his rest a good man, full of faith, and love, and works. May many imitate for ages his holy example!

His excellency Hon. William Claflin, son of the subject of this sketch, and late Governor of the State of Massachusetts, says: “My father’s life was filled with labors for the Church, and he delighted in her prosperity spiritually more than in her material success. He was not much of a politician, although he was elected to the House and Senate of the State. He was always

a reformer, being identified with antislavery and various temperance parties. In the Church he early became identified with the lay movement, not because he disliked the ministry, for they will never have a warmer friend, but because he believed the principle to be just."

SAMUEL DEVEAU.

SAMUEL DEVEAU was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., November 18, 1804. He was a descendant of Frederick M. Deveau, who was the first in that place to open his doors and invite Francis Asbury to preach soon after his arrival in America; so his is a historic name. Samuel's parents were Methodists, and he was early taught that the "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." At the age of nineteen, when the dew of his youth was upon him, he went to reside in New York city. Here he early responded to the call of heaven, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." He found it "good to bear the yoke in his youth." It shaped his destiny. It had an influence on all his future history.

He identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church at what was called the "Two-Mile Stone," now Seventh-street, Church, long one of the most honored and useful Churches

in the city. Forty-eight years he was a member of this Church; he was with it in its infancy and its maturity, in its struggles and triumphs. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Samuel Deveau deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance on account of his numerous excellences and virtues.

He was a man of untiring industry. He was diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. He blended both together. "Seest thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Samuel Deveau redeemed the time. While many in the city were in bed, he rose at five o'clock and was attending to his business. And this he did through a long life.

He was distinguished for his honesty, for his fidelity in his business relations; therefore he was employed by one company for a number of consecutive years. He had their fullest confidence. He could be trusted. He "provided things honest in the sight of all men." A volume might be written in regard to his honesty, his fidelity. What we have to do with more particularly is his Christian character. He was distinguished for cheerful piety. He knew nothing of "sour godliness;" he "served the Lord with gladness;" "he walked in the light;" he scattered sunshine; he grew old

gracefully, growing more mellow as the autumn approached.

He was distinguished for decision of character. That is what Robert Pollok called "the fulcrum of the moral powers." There was nothing zigzag in his course. He never turned aside; he never faltered; he never hesitated. The only question with him was, What is duty? and he cheerfully performed it. In answer to the question,

"What now is my object and aim,
What now is my hope and desire?"

he was ever ready to answer,

"To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire."

Amid all the isms that came up during his long Christian pilgrimage he was never moved. He was firm and unyielding as the rock.

He was distinguished for his intense love for Zion. He loved the Church as he loved the mother who dandled him on her knees and watched his infant smiles. He never forgot her interests; he never forgot her claims; he preferred her "above his chief joy."

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood."

He showed his love for the Church by his uni-

form presence in the sanctuary; he was always at his post. He showed his love to the Church by sustaining all her interests, her enterprises, and her institutions. This he did by his services and by his money. He was a liberal man, and he devised liberal things; he was not only converted in his head and heart, but in his purse; he did not think much of any man's religion that did not cost him any thing.

He was distinguished as a Sabbath-school laborer. He did not belong to the class who teach a little while and then retire when the novelty is over. For years he was an efficient superintendent, having great influence with the teachers and the scholars. He was also for a long time teacher of a Bible-class. He had an excellent knowledge of the Scriptures. He searched them; he dug into their precious mines of truth; he diligently prepared his lessons to qualify him to teach successfully, knowing no one can teach what they do not understand. His dying hour found him a Bible-class teacher. He was distinguished for fidelity in every position in which he could be placed. He was a superior class-leader. He led the members into green pastures and beside still waters. As a steward, he was faithful. As a member of the Board of Trustees, over which during his later years he presided, he was energetic and reliable. He was distinguished for his love for the min-

istry, and for holding up their hands. In him they found a wise counselor and a faithful friend. He "esteemed them highly in love for their works' sake." He was a kind of under-shepherd, a kind of pastor; when the regular pastor was away he would see the pulpit supplied. He made himself generally useful. He was not an officious meddler. He never put up an unhallowed hand to steady the ark, nor opened it and looked into it to see if all things were right.

In his domestic relations he was happy. Twice he was married. He leaves a widow and several children to mourn the loss of one of the best of husbands and one of the kindest of fathers. His death was sudden, but it was honorable to the religion he had so long professed. Death cannot come at the wrong time to the Christian. The lamp of life never goes out in the chamber of dying saints, leaving them in the dark; the Angel of the Covenant never forsakes any of his followers in the trying hour when eyes grow dim and hands grow cold.

He spent some time at Saratoga Springs. The Sabbath before he died he attended the preaching of the word. He returned to his boarding-house feeling ill. On Monday he returned to New York, was worse, but was not considered dangerously ill until Wednesday, and

on Friday afternoon, the 11th of August, 1871, he fell asleep. During his illness his mind was kept in perfect peace. He rejoiced that "his house was set in order," his "lamp trimmed and burning." "Blessed is that servant who, when his Lord cometh, shall be found waiting." Several times he said, "What a poor time this would be to seek God!" Before he died he was asked if all was well. He answered, "Yes; no fear."

He said to his weeping companion, "God is with me, and he will be with you and the children." This was his farewell message to her about to be left a widow, and to his children about to be left orphans. It reminds us of the dying Wesley, who said, "The best of all is, God is with us;" and of Jacob, who said, "Behold, I die, but God shall be with you."

His funeral was attended by crowds on the Sabbath day from the Seventh-street Methodist Episcopal Church. Appropriate addresses, full of tenderness, were made by his Pastor, Rev. C. Backman, and his former Pastor, Rev. C. Fletcher. Devout men made lamentation over him, followed him to the grave, and buried him in his native place with his fathers.

The Seventh-street Methodist Episcopal Church has lost one of its strongest pillars, but he has become a pillar in the temple of

his God, to go out no more forever. She has lost one of her most successful laborers, but the heavenly land has unfolded its boundless loveliness, and welcomed him to its rest and refreshment forever.

RALPH MEAD.*

RALPH MEAD, son of Edmund and Theodosia Mead, was born in Greenwich, Connecticut, April 4, 1789. He came to New York when but fourteen years of age, and entered into clerkship in the employ of Mr. Samuel Tooker, with whom he served seven years.

Mr. Tooker always prophesied for young Mead a brilliant future. His long and faithful clerkship gave him a thorough acquaintance with his profession, and constituted one of the chief elements of success. When he had attained his majority he set up business for himself. All the capital he had was his thorough mercantile experience, public confidence, and what little money by strict economy he had saved out of his small salary.

*The material for this narrative came to hand too late to be inserted in the volume in its chronological order. Instead of this being a defect, however, it makes a most fitting and happy conclusion to this book of narratives in honor of our laymen.

Young Mead took the store No. 74 Pearl-street, corner of Coenties Slip—one of those old Dutch buildings with the gable end to the street. At that time it was one hundred and nineteen years old, having the date of its erection on the house.

Miss Sarah Holmes, of West Bloomfield, New Jersey, was a beautiful girl with dark eyes, expressive forehead, handsome features, and graceful form. While visiting her sister, residing in New York city, Ralph Mead made her acquaintance, and in 1813, at the age of twenty-one, she became his wife, and commenced housekeeping with him over his store, in the lower part of the city. Bishop Janes says, "She was a lady of uncommon merit, made his home very happy, and contributed largely to his business prosperity."

During the war of 1812 Ralph Mead, then doing a large business, served two years in the military defense of his country. He belonged to the Second Regiment of New York State Artillery.

The entire regiment volunteered for the war, and it was stationed at the Battery Fort, now called Castle Garden. During the continuation of the war with England speculation ran very high. The price of every thing ran up. Sugar was forty cents per pound by the quantity, molasses \$2 per gallon, hyson skin tea \$3 per

pound, and other things in proportion. At the close of the war prices still continued to advance; there were few goods in the market. Banks were few in number, and refused to aid their customers, and would hardly discount the best of paper. Money was very scarce. It was a time of great financial distress. Those were the days that tried men's souls.

But Mr. Mead, our young merchant and patriot, came out of the storm unscathed, and had the confidence of business men. He was popular among business circles. He prospered and made money. His business increased, and he bought the store next door to No. 13 Coenties Slip. After taking down the old buildings he erected a large and substantial store on the same ground.

The firm was first known as that of Mead & Holmes. Then it was changed to Ralph Mead & Co. This venerable old merchant remained in business at the same place where he began in 1810, until he retired from mercantile life in the year 1859, making forty-nine years.

The business was then continued by his nephews, his son Melville, and son-in-law Edwin Hyde, under the firm of E. & R. Mead & Co. Mr. Mead was a very strong friend of the temperance cause. At the time they commenced housekeeping the custom was very general of keeping decanters of wine and ardent spirits

on the sideboard, to which visitors might help themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Mead soon determined that no guest should drink intoxicating beverages in their house, so the decanters were removed from the sight of their visitors. When he commenced business as a wholesale grocery merchant, according to the almost universal custom he included distilled liquors in his stock. He saw so much evil resulting from their use that he soon began to question the lawfulness of the traffic. He was just beginning business, his capital was small, and the larger part of his profits was from this branch of trade; but, convinced that the traffic was in itself wrong, he promptly abandoned it at all hazards. At the close of the next year's business he was surprised to find that he had lost nothing in profits, and had gained in public confidence. This incident illustrates the moral integrity and conscientious uprightness which characterized his whole business life and insured his success. In his old age he often spoke of this act as affording him great satisfaction in the recollection of it. In 1819 the loss of a beloved child led both himself and wife to seek the salvation of their souls. Immediately after their conversion they joined the John-street Methodist Episcopal Church. He was soon after elected a trustee, and appointed a class-leader. He was one of the brethren who associated

together to build the Mulberry-street Methodist Episcopal Church, and by his money, influence, and personal services, contributed more than any other person to the success of that enterprise. He was a trustee and class-leader during the whole of its history.* He was also among the most active and responsible of the brethren who built the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was both trustee and class-leader from its organization till his death.

He was remarkably prompt and regular in his attention to all his official duties. He delighted in the services of the sanctuary, and in the social means of grace. On his family altar the fire went not out, and daily incense ascended to heaven.

He was for many years a manager of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and also of the American Bible Society. His fellow-citizens manifested their confidence in his business capacity and integrity, and their appreciation of his public spirit, by electing him a director of several banks and insurance com-

* By the energy and large liberality of Mr. Mead and others this church was erected. It was dedicated by Dr. Bangs. Robert Seney was its first pastor. Much prejudice existed at the time against this new enterprise. The church was thought too grand, too costly, etc. But God blessed the work of these men, and soon four hundred souls were converted and added to the Church.

panies, and of that very large corporation, the Erie Railway.

On the occasion of Mr. Mead's death these corporations passed very highly appreciative resolutions as a tribute to his memory. The following is the action taken by the Board of Directors of the National Mechanics' Banking Association of New York at a special meeting held at their banking-house for that purpose, Thursday, July 26, 1866:

"*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God to take from us by death our beloved and respected friend and fellow-director, Ralph Mead; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, 1. That the long and valued association with our late friend, whom we so highly respected for his many virtues, his high Christian character, his simplicity, his charitable, kind, and benevolent disposition, and firm and consistent honesty of purpose in all things, being now brought to a close by his death at an advanced age and full of honors, we bow with humble submission to the all-wise decree, believing that our loss is indeed great gain to him.

"2. That we tender to his family our sympathies in their bereavement of a father so highly esteemed by all.

"3. That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Board, and a copy of the same sent to the family of the deceased."

Extract from the Minutes of the American Bible Society :

" *Whereas* it has pleased God in his infinite wisdom to remove by death our esteemed fellow-laborer, Mr. Ralph Mead, therefore be it

" *Resolved*, 1. That in the decease of Mr. Mead the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, while submitting humbly to the decisions of Infinite Wisdom, mourn the departure of a venerated and highly esteemed coadjutor. Elected a manager in 1840, and in 1846 appointed on the Committee, as it was then, of Publication and Finance, he has served with us in all faithfulness and godly sincerity until called by his heavenly Master from labor to rest. We mourn our loss, while we rejoice that his end was peace. He died at his residence in this city on Monday, July 23, 1866, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

" 2. That the above resolution be recorded in the journal, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased."

Action of the Erie Railroad Company :

" *Whereas* the President has communicated to the Board the intelligence of the decease of Ralph Mead, who has been a director in this company for twelve years,

" *Resolved*, 1. That we have heard this announcement with unfeigned sorrow. As a merchant, he was upright, truthful, honest, and

honorable, and merited the success which he achieved. As a director of this company, he was faithful and attentive to its interests, and ready to aid its officers by his good judgment and common sense, and by the use of his great means. As a companion, he was genial and sunny-tempered; and as a citizen, he was just, charitable, mindful of his duties, and always acted from a sense of religious responsibility.

“2. That as a tribute of respect to his memory the flags on the buildings of the company be shown at half-mast during the week.

“3. That the Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, and that this Board attend the funeral this P. M.”

From the minutes of the Corn Exchange Insurance Company:

“*Whereas* Ralph Mead, our late esteemed friend and associate, who has been connected with this institution for many years, having been removed from our midst by death—and while we bow in reverential submission to His will ‘who doeth all things well’—we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in this bereavement, and herewith tender our sincere sympathy to his family in their affliction.

“*Resolved*, That the Secretary be directed to enter the above in full upon the minutes, and forward a copy to the family of the deceased.”

Mr. Daniel Drew says: "I knew him long and intimately. He was one of our first men in the Church, and in his death not only the Church, where he was most liberal, but the business interests of the community, sustained a great and irreparable loss. Let his energy, fidelity, and moral honesty be copied by all business men."

October 5, 1842, his beloved wife died, leaving six children—two sons and four daughters.

His eldest son, Mr. Samuel Holmes Mead, married the daughter of Mr. F. T. Luqueer, distinguished for the large hardware business he conducted in Hanover Square.

Mr. Melville Emory Mead is a highly intelligent business man and Christian gentleman. He married Miss Elizabeth B. Hyde, a daughter of Mr. Joseph B. Hyde, of Auburn. He was named in honor of Bishop Emory, who expressed himself highly pleased with the new pewed chapel erected on Mulberry-street principally by the energy and benevolent contributions of his father, Mr. Ralph Mead.

The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married Mr. Edwin Hyde, who is partner in the above firm, and is highly esteemed as a Christian gentleman and thorough business man.

Lydia Amelia married Mr. Nathan J. Bailey, formerly of the large grocery house of Hoffman & Bailey.

Harriet married Mr. Philip A., son of the late Mr. James Harper, late mayor of the city of New York.

Caroline H. married the Rev. Archibald C. Foss, a prominent member of the New York Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for some time Professor in Middletown University. He died abroad.

In 1846 Mr. Mead was again married to Miss Ann E. Van Wyck, of Fishkill, New York. Her decease in 1860 left him for the second time a widower. His subsequent years were spent with his affectionate and dutiful children. He was a very loving, considerate, and kind husband and father. He sought assiduously to promote every interest of his family, but especially their spiritual good. God gave him the great happiness of seeing all his children, and many of his grandchildren, walking in the ways of wisdom. A true man, a most worthy citizen, a faithful friend, and a devout Christian, he was held in high honor while living, and is deeply mourned now that he is dead.

THE END.



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